THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

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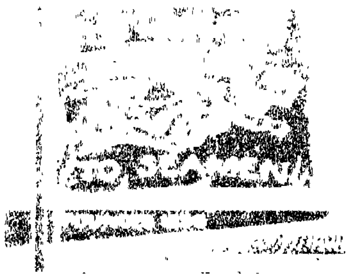
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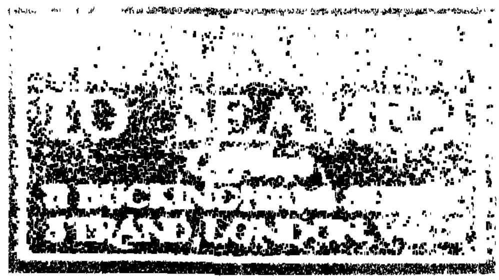
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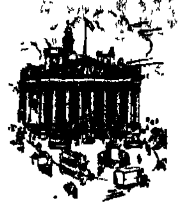
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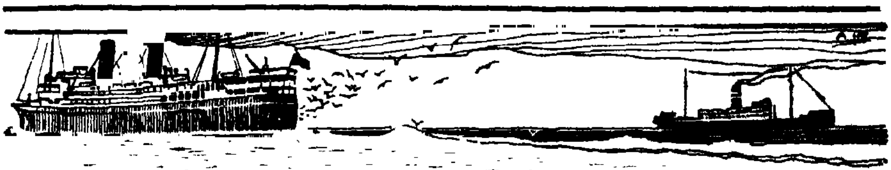
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THE
NINETEENTH
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NO. DLI—JANUARY 1923

FOR THE AVOIDANCE OF REVOLUTION

I

LAND FOR SMALL HOLDERS

CAN we look with indifference upon the ravages that the war has made upon our trade? Can we watch undisturbed and see our great Midland towns—Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham and Sheffield, etc.—die from inertia? It was past European prosperity that increased the population of these towns. How are they now to exist when the bottom has dropped out of our industries?

The world is no longer the old world of 1914. This great upheaval has broken up the old trade routes; antagonism and self-sufficiency have arisen where formerly interdependence and mutual help were the ruling forces.

Our trade has been seriously jeopardised and damaged in all four corners of the world by a new spirit—a spirit of merciless

revenge and greed, born of the unhallowed and unworkable Treaty of Peace in the Council Chamber of Versailles.

The working classes of this country are to-day in a most unhappy position. The greater number of workers are stagnating in congested towns, with small chance of making a bare living, and are absolutely dependent on the uncertainties of commercial prosperity for their daily bread.

The vital question for Great Britain to-day is this: Can we expect a full revival of trade in the near future and hope to give full employment to the people through the medium of international trade?

If you were to ask for an honest reply from the industrial world it would be an emphatic 'No.' Its leaders would tell you that the trade of the country has gone through a radical change. Where their travellers formerly found wealth and opportunity they now find a debased currency and insolvency. Where they found interdependency they now find self-sufficiency and hostility. Under these terrible conditions, what are the workers to do? Their very existence is dependent on the healthy beat of our industries. Are they to sink into destitution and waste away under the pauperising dole? Are they to suffer in perpetuity because of the blunders of past and present statesmen and the callous apathy of our politicians?

The misery bred from the uncertainty of our dark and lowering future is rising to heaven in a dumb appeal from every great city throughout the country.

We have a population of forty-five millions, of whom we can only feed fifteen millions from home produce. This leaves thirty millions artificially fed on imported produce, which costs us annually 700,000,000*l.* a year.

This great burden of import is of our own making, and comes from the large landowning agricultural system which has for many years been established in this country. It is a system which has from time immemorial been the most wasteful and pernicious in the world, and has always ended in bloodshed and anarchy.

It is a system of crude farming with the minimum of labour. All the intensive methods of the small holding system, of utilising every yard of ground and developing to their utmost capacity the farmyard, poultry, piggeries, and garden produce, is eliminated on the big estates owing to the insufficiency of supervision and knowledge and the cost of labour.

To illustrate this: there are big farmers in Lincolnshire who have neither cow, stock, nor vegetable gardens beyond the requirements of the internal economy of the farm, and during the war land girls that worked on these farms had to fall back upon condensed milk and preserved eggs.

Again, when we compare this system with that of the Continental small holdings—France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany—we find that the cost of production, and consequently the cost of living, is far below ours. When our agricultural labourers were receiving the miserable wage of 11*s.* to 14*s.* a week these countries were able to flood our markets with their dairy produce at a price far below that which would have given a profit to our landowners and farmers.

These countries to-day are not in the throes of unemployment; they have reabsorbed their people on to the land, and they have become valuable units of production.

Why is it that we, after winning the war and after four years of peace, are face to face with industrial bankruptcy?

Why is it that we are unable to compete in the world's markets and that our country is flooded with cheap foreign goods?

The reason can be traced down to the fact that these Continental countries are not mainly dependent on industry for their maintenance; that they have not seven-eighths of their population in large towns and one-eighth on the land.

Their staple industry is agriculture, and they have their people firmly placed on the land, owning small farms of 20 to 30 acres, and producing food for their populations at a fraction of the cost that our big farmers can produce it for our industrial workers.

How can a farmer of 500 acres hold his own against twenty-five small farmers of 20 acres each, all working their land themselves with the help of their families?

How can his stockyard hold its own against twenty-five small stockyards filled with pigs, cows, sheep, poultry, etc., that receive the personal attention of the family and are not saddled with heavy wage charges?

Would it not seem from this that our first duty to the country, to our children and to the unhappy unemployed, is to open out the land to the people, to do everything in our power to stabilise labour, and to winnow from the body politic of the agricultural and commercial communities the families that are suitable for cultivating the land on an intensive system similar to that in operation on the Continent?

If this were done, a great army of the best and bravest of our derelict wage-earning classes would avail themselves of this haven of refuge—the small holding—and under the supervision of chosen instructors would become in a few years the finest intensive cultivators in Europe and the most valuable productive units in the country.

Such a policy would transform the whole internal industry of the country. Rural towns and villages would double and

quadruple their trade. Food would become more plentiful and cheaper, and this would set our industries on their feet again.

Would it not be better to raise Exchequer Bonds on settling a quarter of a million families on the land than to spend tens of millions on foreign credit loans which may never be repaid ?

Would it not be better to open up the rich and fertile land of this country to the people on a basis of 3½ per cent. Refunding Loan, to be paid back in fifty yearly instalments, than to continue a system of farming that cannot compete in productivity and cheapness with our efficient rivals on the Continent ?

The crying need of this country to-day is employment, useful employment, for the people. Here on our own soil is a vast field for productive work.

In a few years the rich soil of the country would respond to the careful husbandry of these emancipated men and their families and would begin to yield some 100,000,000*l.* more produce per year.

This great sum saved to the country would be a direct relief to our industry and a stimulant to the national revenue.

This money, instead of going abroad, would pass from hand to hand, through village, town, and industrial centre, and enormously increase the internal trade of the country.

Could anything be conceived or devised more effectively to bring back to us a healthy growth of industrial life than such a natural and sane policy as the opening up of the country to the people ?

Could industry be better served than by increasing the annual yield of agricultural production ? Many of the partially derelict industries would follow the example of the Continental manufacturers and transfer their factories from the congested and expensive towns to the country, where food would be cheaper and an abundance of labour available.

We have a Small Holdings Act of 1908 full of good intentions, but so framed that it is utterly unworkable. It legislates for a class that does not exist, the rich agricultural labourer. It places the administration of the small holdings in the hands of the county, borough, and district councils, bodies that are permeated with interests vested in the very land that should belong to the people. The small holdings that have been developed by this Act carry for all time high land, superintendence, and building charges in their rents, with the result that their rentals stand out in the surrounding countryside as glaring examples of extortion.

To illustrate this, there are thriving and prosperous ex-service men's colonies in the Holland district of South Lincolnshire of over 200 settlers. The total charges on their holdings of from 10 to 12

acres come annually to over 80*l*., making a charge of 7*l*. to 8*l*. per acre, while the surrounding farm land is rented by the big farmer from 3*l*. to 5*l*. per acre.

In spite of this, if we examine the results derived from the few small holdings that have been established under this abortive Act we find it proved beyond dispute that where small holdings have been established on rich land suitable for intensive cultivation their yield of general agricultural produce is immensely greater than that of the big farms of 500 acres, and that the cost of production is lower.

To-day the whole potentialities of this increased output are locked and barred from the people. There is a waiting list of 20,000 ex-service men who have applied for land; there are tens of thousands of men walking the streets in despair in the towns of this country who wish to work and own their own land. If we placed such men as these on the land and maintained them until their first harvest, the production of Great Britain would be enormously increased, and the necessary financial outlay would be the finest investment the Treasury ever made. We have only to examine the financial undertakings of our self-governing Colonies in land settlement to see that it is one of the basic sources of wealth in a State. The Irish peasants were financed by our Government for the purchase of land from the Irish landlords and have already paid off their mortgages. Are we going to deny the same privileges to our own countrymen?

You will be told by urbanised business experts that nothing pays like mass production, and that the cutting up of estates is a retrograde policy which will lead to diminished production.

It must be remembered that land is not a machine: it follows the laws of Nature and is governed by the seasons of the year; it cannot be hurried or retarded in its productivity. It cannot, by the turning of a handle, be forced to produce in and out of season, but requires the constant care and attention of vigilant agriculturists to bring its resources to perfect fruition, and only gives of its best in response to the personal touch of ownership.

You will be told that the man from the town is utterly unsuited by disposition and training to cultivate land.

In refutation of this argument, so commonly used by the enemies of land reform, I can cite the experience of the ex-service men's colonies in Lincolnshire, where there are over 200 settlers. The men who lead in efficient intensive cultivation are the men who have had a town training and were previously artisans by profession.

I need only quote Sir Kingsley Wood's review of the progress of the allotment movement called 'The Call of the Land,' which appeared in *The Times* on August 27, to show that there is a latent

desire for land amongst the town populations of this country. He says:

> There are some 1,330,000 allotments in England and Wales, and the total acreage cultivated is approximately 180,000. Compared with the number of holders before the war the figures show an increase of some 800,000, and the increase in area is about 80,000 acres. It is indeed notable to find such important centres as Birmingham with 18,000 allotments, Bristol with 17,000, Leicester 16,000, Sheffield 13,000, Derby and Liverpool 8000 each, Manchester and Cardiff 7000 each, and Newcastle and Swindon 6000 each. In the jurisdiction of the metropolitan borough councils alone there are, it is estimated, about 25,000 plot holders tilling an area of about 1600 acres.

This shows that the instinct of husbandry is still alive in the people, that if the land was accessible to them, and financial support assured, a great army of destitute men and their familes would become productive units in intensive cultivation. Their spontaneous labour would save this country some 100,000,000*l*., which annually go abroad to purchase what we might well grow at home.

To show the waste that is going on at present, we import pork and bacon to the value of 60,000,000*l*., and our dairy produce, fruit and vegetable imports come to 150,000,000*l*. every year. If we had an efficient Board of Agriculture, run on the Danish or our own Colonial system, with a Land Ministry to see that the people have access to the land, it could save the country this sum, which would go far to liquidate unemployment and stimulate internal trade. There is nothing lacking economically or organically here to make this possible; we have the men and we have the land. Yet those who take up this political fight will have to face a terrible inertia, a terrible apathy, and an appalling ignorance and lack of initiative amongst the body politic of the people. They will have against them the Agricultural Labourers Union, who see in this movement the loss to them of the agricultural wage-earner and consequently diminishing union funds. They will have to listen to endless calculations made by the farmers in their endeavour to prove the fallacies of the small holding system. But against all these arguments this simple fact stands out—that the Continental small holding system has always beaten us in our own markets in the past, is beating our big farmers to-day, and will always beat them.

Why? Because the small holder's outlay on crops is small and his labour great.

If you appeal to the Board of Agriculture you will be deluged with 'proofs' of the utter failure of the small holdings system! Yet the men they have established on the land are transform ng the face of the country into a garden of fruit trees and flourishing crops, and the majority of them have been able to put by during

the last three years hundreds of pounds for a rainy day. The are some small isolated holdings in Kent of from 12 to 14 acres th maintain six adult workers, who are able to keep a motor and w are financially sound.

The ignorance of the well-to-do classes and the short-sight policy of our past and present Administrations towards the pote tialities of our internal resources are appalling. The apathy a blindness of our political leaders are tragic. The whole governi class are so saturated with party politics and party timidities th their vision is clouded and their programmes colourless.

HAMMOND FOOT.

FOR THE AVOIDANCE OF REVOLUTION

II

THE RIGHT EDUCATION FOR THE WORKER'S CHILD

OF the people who count in the public eye there are distressingly few who really understand, or have any wish to understand, what education means. Labour may know, but Capital as a rule does not. Capital, for the most part, is only concerned with technical efficiency; it would teach people how to win a livelihood. Labour knows that, if we would avoid disaster, we must teach them how to live. To Sir Eric Geddes anything beyond the three R's is educating children for higher positions, educating them deliberately for removal from their class. Labour knows that it must be the aim of education to lift the whole class, and no mere beggarly elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic can avail for that.

'What is the use of giving an expensive education to these village children, when they are only going to be farm hands?' said an excellent manager of a country school the other day. 'Why, they need it because they will be not only farm hands, but also citizens, voters, and masters of our fate,' was the reply.

It was a new point of view to him, though truly it should not have been. One had hoped that such people, from Sir Eric Geddes downwards, would have learned wisdom from the appalling fate of Russia, from the disappearance of capital, the destruction of credit, the collapse of industry, the judicial murder of tens of thousands, the death by starvation of tens of millions in a single year. That is what happens when a people take a hand in government who have not had the education necessary to enable them to do so with judgment and discretion.

In these times of upheaval those who are anxious to maintain something like stability should be lavish rather than niggardly in their expenditure on education. Ignorant or half-educated people are ready dupes for the extremist. Every plausible theory sweeps them off their feet. Teach them to think, and they can weigh opinions: they can play their part in the government,

central and local, of a democratic country. Deny them the education that alone can fit them to play that part, and you convince them that you do not intend them to have any part to play. *They will believe that repression is to be your policy*, and if they get that notion well into their heads there will be trouble.

They ask us to educate them, for they know the need. Three years ago, two years ago, it seemed that we really were about to make something like adequate provision. But the great extension of secondary and higher education then promised will not take place, and we must fall back once more upon the elementary schools.

The illustrious pioneers in the field of public education dreamed dreams of what it should do for the children of the people; but the schools of their day had no money. Pestalozzi and his pupils lacked food and clothes. Books in abundance and an adequate staff of efficient teachers he could never hope to have. It was the same in England. Those who established and administered public education in this country had no conception of its true aim. They invented a new type of education—elementary education—that led nowhere, but was good enough, they thought, for the children of the workers, who, as a measure of public safety, must be sent to school. With a ruinous parsimony the State provided the meanest possible equipment. The teachers were few, ill-educated, and miserably paid; the apparatus was contemptible. Teachers had to teach, children had to learn, without anything that could properly be called a book. The system was a grief to Matthew Arnold and to every other enlightened educationist associated with it. There was nothing liberal about it: indeed, it was not the intention of its founders that there should be.

Stevenson somewhere makes play with a good lady who commended a prospective bride to her brother because, among other happy qualities, she had 'about as much religion as my William likes.' The sentiment is eloquent of the days when it was the general hope that the world would sing not only in harmony but in unison, and that education would teach it to do so. Public education had its origin in the days of authority, when it was conceived to be all important to teach people—not to think, that were far too dangerous, but—to believe: to dress them out in those suits of opinions which authority had inspected and passed as safe. The opinions of the world at large, and especially of the 'lower orders,' must be formed with care. There were facts of religion, facts of science, facts of industry, social facts, political facts. They were not to be inquired into; they were to be accepted. Authority, playing the part of 'my William,' selected and interpreted them There never would be happy

union within the State unless the mass of the people would accept opinions carefully prescribed for them, unless they had 'about as much religion as my William likes,' and avoided free inquiry like the plague.

Now 'my William's' views are those of his circle. Their universal adoption would secure the safety, the prosperity, the happiness of William—of all the Williams. William's ideal dispensation requires that other and much wider circles shall surrender their individuality to him and his fellows; that they shall 'think,'—if one may use a word so inappropriate—think, and work, and live as best accords with his advantage; submit themselves to governors and teachers of his choice; order themselves as desired to all their betters. So long as they accept William for the type of their betters all is well—in William's eyes. But what if in the course of time they cast off William and choose a master and teacher from within their own circle, one who shall put their interest and advantage first? They will still take their opinions ready made. There will still be 'facts' to be accepted, but they will be poles asunder from William's opinions, William's 'facts.' When in due time this comes to pass, and some young trade union leader sits in the high place that once was William's, dealing out oracles, William is distressed. When *he* sat in the high place and voiced authority he did not ask that folk should examine—they were to believe. Now that another speaks they should no longer believe—they should examine. Because they do not (and he never gave them the education for the task) at once they are blind; they cannot see reason; their credulity will ruin them—and him, as it has done in Russia. Precisely. Those who are not soundly educated will believe anything. Some of them believe the reactionists, some the revolutionists. The marvel is that many more do not believe the latter. It speaks well for our elementary schools and their devoted teachers that there is so much capacity for sound independent judgment among the workers. There is no Russian *débâcle* ahead of us. But there will be many a rash experiment, great losses, and much suffering unless our people can be taught to take wide views, to interpret the past, to look far into the future—in a word, to judge.

In an elementary education that ends at thirteen or fourteen years of age there must always be much waste. Cheap teaching, cheap books, may succeed in putting a small and resolute minority upon the difficult path of self-education, unguided and often with ill-chosen aims, but the majority will never make much use of what they cease to learn so soon. They forget much, misuse much, and are a ready target for the gibes and sarcasms of the unbeliever who discourses now from the Bench, now to a Chamber of Commerce, now within the House of Commons.

Our elementary schools have never made the use that should be made of books in education. They could not make it, for they never had them. Good books, the work of master minds, were not for them. Such books as they had were very poor in quality; compilations written down to the supposed level of the worker's child. And there were few enough of those. There are many teachers still at work who had no more than three books in the year for each class, and there are those who can remember when, besides the Bible, there was only one. Under such conditions the voice of the teacher was necessarily the medium of instruction. The child was too often a passive listener. In many a school he is a passive listener still. The training colleges aimed at turning out teachers who could lecture, question, and use the blackboard in such a way as to hold the attention of the large class. Training college and teacher alike were in the position of those who must make bricks without straw. By a miracle of ingenuity they did it ; they made bricks of a sort. Unfortunately, having made them, they are apt to think them good bricks after all, bricks perhaps equal to the best. So the importance of the technique of teaching, the place of method, the part of the teacher have been vastly over-estimated. Miss Mason at Ambleside—an educational reformer whose name the centuries will honour—has taught us a better way. Instead of the class as unit she gives us the individual child ; for the endless talk of teachers she substitutes the book (a real book of literary merit, not a mere class-book), for all the multitudinous tricks of method she teaches us to use narration. It sounds very simple ; it is immensely simpler than anything that hitherto we have been taught to do. But behind it lie a philosophy and a faith to which we have been strangers. Now we know, for Miss Mason has taught us, that the child must do its own work on the book (there is no mental digestion unless it does) ; and we are persuaded of the right of every child to a liberal education, and of the child's power to respond to the teaching of the world's great writers. We have learned, too, that the children of Labour are not inferior in brain power to the children of Capital ; and we have proved that, given the opportunity, they show a greater eagerness and will to learn. The best brains of a secondary school will generally be found among those who have come there with free places.

The inadequacy of the text-book and the supreme value of the method of narration had both been pointed out before, and both by the same man—Dr. Johnson.

I dined at Langton's with Johnson [said Mr. Longley, the father of the Archbishop] ; I remember Lady Rothes spoke of the advantage children now derived from the little books published purposely for their instruction. Johnson controverted it, asserting that at an early age it was better to

gratify curiosity with wonders than to attempt planting truth before the mind was prepared to receive it, and that therefore *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Parisenus and Parismenus*, and the *Seven Champions of Christendom* were fitter for them than Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Trimmer.

Perhaps we may bring the Doctor up to date and claim his authority when we suggest that the *Age of Fable* and *Sigurd the Volsung* and the *Morte d'Arthur* are fitter than *Science for the Schoolroom* or *Footpaths of Literature for Children* and the like, prepared by those who believe that children like sections of truth and fiction dealt out to them in numbered paragraphs, and labelled 'for children only.' 'Babies do not want to hear about babies,' said Dr. Johnson on another occasion (Mrs. Thrale is our authority); 'they like to be told of giants and of castles, and of *somewhat which can stretch and stimulate their little minds.*' There is no need of the play way; the child resents it. Miss Mason has shown us how more than right Dr. Johnson was. The child does like to have something that can stretch and stimulate his mind. Madame Montessori cumbers him with much unnecessary help. One need not always approach his mind by the way of sense impressions.

It is Mrs. Thrale, too, who tells us of the use that Dr. Johnson would have us make of the method of narration.

> Little people [he said] should be encouraged always to tell whatever they hear particularly striking to some brother or sister or servant immediately, before the impression is erased by newer occurrences. . . . It was to that method chiefly that he owed his uncommon felicity of remembering distant occurrences and long past conversations.

There is the germ of the method of narration, which many teachers will tell you that they use, but few use rightly. They had not thought, any more than Dr. Johnson, of exciting interest by the use in school for teaching purposes of English books of literary merit (and no others), or of ensuring attention and concentration by always (not sometimes, but always) requiring narration after a single reading. That is Miss Mason's method, the method of the Parents' National Educational Union and their schools. Some eighty public elementary schools in Gloucestershire are following it, and the amazing results obtained in them have been witnessed by hundreds of teachers and other educationists from all parts of the British Isles, and from far beyond them. But let us call another witness.

> As a child of five [says Mr. Robert Blatchford] I fell into a habit of repeating to myself in a soundless whisper whatever I heard spoken or read. In this way, without knowing it, I trained my memory and observation so thoroughly that as a young man I could repeat a long conversation, lecture or a speech, almost *verbatim* after one hearing. . . . Such a practice holds and trains the attention. . . . That is one reason why I want . . . good English literature read to young children in schools by good readers.

The faculties which this habit of narration developed in Mr. Blatchford are being developed in some thousands of Gloucestershire children. The secondary schools admit that they can pick out the children from a good Parents' Union school, because they have learned to work independently, and can concentrate their attention and grasp readily the meaning of what they read. Examiners comparing their papers with other papers are struck by that same power of grasping the meaning of passages that others find difficult, by the familiarity with much good literature, the store of knowledge, the rich vocabulary. Teachers who visit the schools in a steady stream write afterwards telling the same tale, adding sometimes that if they had not seen the books, heard the narration, and watched the amazing composition written by rapid pens before their eyes they would not have believed that such work could be done in an elementary school. Labour on the county council, always in touch with the schools, has borne testimony to its value.

We have, of course, been curiously slow in every type of school to admit English literature, freely read, as a medium of education. In the schools that Miss Mason has inspired English has come into its own. In her programmes the literature course each term is built up round the history. Children of eight and nine years of age, who ordinarily use a very simple 'reader' with numbered paragraphs, read with ease, and with the pleasure that a sense of power imparts, Arnold Forster's *History of England*, a hard book full of meat. Last term it was the story of the Danish invasions and the Norman Conquest. They were reading the same period in the *History of France*, and they came across the now familiar tale, the historic personages and the great events, in the pages of *Hereward the Wake* and *Harold*. In their ancient history—for they are to have a liberal education, and they will read Greek history too—they were learning something of the great tale of Rome; therefore, what more natural than that they should read Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, and side by side with it Plutarch's *Life?* A play of Shakespeare and one of Plutarch's Lives they have every term. But there is not space to enumerate all of the many and most astonishing books that they read, these children of eight and nine and ten, and year by year until they are fourteen and leave school. They are as our own children are, when they have the best teaching, but in some ways amazingly, almost incredibly, more competent.

But, it may be said, how can this be done in a little country school? Some teachers are willing to believe that it may be possible in the large town schools, with a class-room and a teacher for each class; but in a school of forty to fifty children ranging in age from three or four to fourteen, and with only two teachers,

they will not believe it to be possible. But it is. Not only is it possible, but sometimes the work is better done. Miss Mason's influence is more surely felt than in the larger schools, where the class teacher finds it harder to abandon the old practice of constant exposition. He cannot efface himself; he will still dominate the class, will have one pace.

Of course, in these little schools it is not always easy. Genius finds a way (and the amount of teaching genius to be found in the elementary schools would hardly be credited by those who do not know them)—genius finds a way, finds different ways, and the rest follow the leader of their choice.

The writer was lately in such a little school, where the master had three forms to teach of all ages from seven to fourteen. They were working busily by themselves (one class was in the playshed far from the teacher's eye); they were hearing their own reading, their own narration; making their own criticisms and corrections, and keeping their records of the pages read and the work done by each member of the form. The master would say that he cannot teach three classes at once by himself, therefore he chose this way. The children consult him when they want him. He knows all that goes on. From behind the scenes he shapes the course, but he does not dominate. He does nothing for any child that the child can do and should do for itself. A year ago, when he went there, that school was almost inefficient. In a single year, with Miss Mason's help, he has made of it a miracle of activity and intelligence, made it a school to which can be sent from far and near those who would learn what a Parents' Union school can do and how it does it. There is happily no inconsiderable number of such schools in Gloucestershire.

But, it may be objected, how in these times of difficulty, of severe economy and estimates curtailed—how can a rural authority afford the books? When we began nearly five years ago with a tiny group of schools it must be confessed that the cost was heavy. There were schools that were costing 15*s*. to 1*l*. per child each year, and more in the initial year. As Arnold Forster's *History* costs 8s. 6*d*. a copy, this is not to be wondered at, though one set of books were made to serve two classes. But again the genius of the teachers has found the remedy. We no longer provide thirty copies of any book unless it be a play of Shakespeare, for a class of thirty children. Probably we shall not send more than ten of any; of some it will be eight or six. Of course, when a book lends itself especially to reading aloud we send but one. So a class is always broken up into a number of groups; the teacher passes from group to group, and the time-table is exceedingly elastic. In a school so worked you will seldom come across a History *lesson*, but at all sorts of times you will find children

reading, learning history. Once more, what might seem inconvenient has been attended by sheer gain. The teacher cannot dominate.

Other schools follow what is really very much the Dalton plan. The class has its work mapped out ahead for a certain period; the books are on the shelves, and the individuals of the class make diivision of them. And so long as they get through the pages prescribed in the allotted time all is well. This method, of course, is more common with the older children.

By breaking up the classes into groups and taking advantage of other devices we are rapidly lowering the cost. In 1920–21 the county average cost per head of books and apparatus (excluding needlework) was 6*s.* 1*d.*, and the average cost of the Parents' Union schools was 9*s.* 10½*d.* In 1921–22 the county cost was 4*s.* 6½*d.* (prices were falling), and the cost of the Parents' Union schools 6*s.* 7¾*d.* For 1922–23, with the group system fully working (it was not until November 1921 that it was explained to the schools), the difference will be very much smaller. The initial cost was at one time very heavy, but it has been greatly reduced and need now alarm nobody. The two latest schools to join had their books last term. In one, with fifty-eight children, they cost 3*s.* 5*d.* per head, in the other, with a hundred and ninety children, 3*s.* 6*d.*

There is much else that might be told—the effect upon the teachers and the children, and the enthusiasm of both; the marvels that have been achieved with backward children, who respond in a wonderful way to the method of narration; the sudden discovery of children that they can write good prose and sometimes verse of surprising merit; the disappearance of the old difficulties with spelling, of that purposeless drudgery with dictionaries (who ever learned to read and love reading with a dictionary by his side in constant use?), the banishment of those terrible little books on the use of words and aids to composition. But space forbids. These things the incredulous may witness for themselves in the schools, where, if they are really interested, their visits will be welcomed, for teachers and children alike are eager to show to the world what Miss Mason has done for them.

H. W. Household.

ASIA IN EUROPE

Africa begins at the Pyrenees. But where does Asia begin? Take ship down the Adriatic and climb the mountain wall of the eastern coast; the plain beyond will answer your question. The frontier of Europe is not on sea but on land. The sea is Mediterranean, both sides, all round, any way you take it—Venice, Fiume, Ragusa, Durazzo—Phœnician, Greek, Italian, what you will. A few thousand yards from salt water, and the scene begins to change. There in the Balkans lies the sharpest cultural frontier in the world. The great chain of the Dinaric Alps, that towers above the sea lakes of Dalmatia, does more than cut off one level from another—it separates two atmospheres. Down at the quays of Cattaro the stone streets bear the mason's mark of Italy, and will, so long as the little city stands. It is as European as Paris or Piccadilly. Overhead into the sky a road runs up like a ladder laid against the face of a cliff. Climb it; in forty miles it will take you to Asia.

The cliff of this ladder is the face of Crna Gora, the Black Mountain, Montenegro. At the very top is a little lonely cup-shaped valley with a sediment of mountain cottages, and a hotel where the tall Montenegrins drink slowly, leaning across the bar. Further a little, and Cetinje appears—a villa capital, with another little valley, somewhat ampler, all its own. That is Montenegro, that is all Montenegro, which is only a guard-room built in the thickness of the wall. Montenegro is no longer a kingdom; no bureaucracy is formed up now on the frontier against travellers from Austria of yesterday; so you may come from Cattaro to Cetinje and halt above the plain beyond without interference of policeman or soldier. It is well worth while to halt. From the edge of the mountains the road pours down in long golden loops and swirls, led from the syrup spoon of some baby giant to the plains below. It reaches the level by Lake Scutari; it makes across the flats to the town called Podgoritsa, the Foot-of-the-Mountains. Here you will meet very Asia

Above the low houses stands the jag of a minaret. The café terrace overhangs holes where gipsies live in stenches inconceivable, and a gramophone rings in the ears of veiled women

going at twilight to draw water from the well. Here is Asia, and here is Islam. Here, at the door of Rome, men turn to Mecca and pray in Arabic. Here, within hail of Brindisi, is the green turban, and here is the affirmation of the Prophet.

But here it is dying, a strange thing to find in a year which has seen so great a rally against Christendom.

The political boundary is still a few miles ahead. Podgoritsa is nominally within the boundaries of Jugo-Slavia. But follow a few more miles of road, skirting the marshes of Lake Scutari. It runs straight to Scutari itself.

This is a city of Albania, one of the new nations, ten years ago a Turkish province, scarcely known to Europe save by the memoirs of a few hardy souls and a phrase or two in the poems of Byron. To-day it is a full-blown State. This is the oldest country in Europe and the newest. Its people are the cleverest in the world and the most backward. It is a land where the vanquished aboriginals live on fat, red soil, forty feet thick, while the successful invaders scratch together a teacupful of earth to let their stone hills sprout a stalk of maize. Even in economics it is a land of paradox. Too weak to print paper money, it has no currency inflation, and in consequence the cost of living is fabulously and incredibly above that of its more civilised neighbours. But, above all, our interest to-day lies in its situation as border territory, or, as they say in the Cheviots, a 'Debatable Land.' Here between East and West the essentials of the great conflict are clear to see. What is more, you may foresee its future course. Here at least, in Turkey of overnight, the ideals of the West, both high and low, are prevailing.

The inhabitants are known to the world as Albanians and to themselves as the Skiptars. Paradox runs through their every activity. They and their tongue, for instance, are ancient beyond reckoning. Pyrrhus (Burri=the Valiant), who beat Rome before Hannibal, was one of them; Alexander of Macedon was half of their blood. But they were old before that—old when Æschylus wrote tragedies, old when Homer wrote epics, old when the first Greek immigrants filtered into the Balkan valleys. There is no history at all of their beginnings. Yet the men are still at the prime who drew up their alphabet. In religion most are Mahomedan. But there are many Orthodox and many Roman Catholic. The Skiptars greet all these innovations with a kindly tolerance. They remember the coming of Apollo.

Now this State has since 1918 prevailed over both the armies and the arguments of Italy, Jugo-Slavia and Greece, its three warlike and powerful neighbours. Are its successes because of, or in spite of, its connection with Asia? Does it face East or West? At first sight it might seem that the Albanian resistance is part of

the general stiffening which has come over Islam in the last three years. Three-fourths of its people are Mussulman, and all were Turk-ruled within a decade. It is the Mussulmans in general and the Turks in particular who have most successfully reasserted themselves against the Western Powers. Is it from Islam that Albania has gained the philosophy for her effort ? To answer this question some criticism of the spiritual forces of the post-war years is inevitable.

In 1918 the autumn of the victories left the West everywhere unchallengeable in arms and bankrupt in ideas. Europe, in the teeth of the greatest civil war in her history, had taken Baghdad and Teheran, had ruled all Africa off the map with one gigantic scribble from Tangier to Cape Town and had replanted the landmarks of Asia as a man moves shrubs from his lawn. From the height of our conquests we looked round for a belief, and found nothing. One thing alone there was: Nationalism, the new religion of the West. This, as a wise man once said, is neither altruism nor egoism, but nostroism: '*Wir Deutsche; Sacro egoismo. Here's tae us, wha's like us? Sinn Fein,*' a church which admits no converts and dies at the moment of fulfilment of its desire, when geography shows no more *terre irridente* left to conquer.

The great States of France and Britain could draw no sustenance from this philosophy. So within a year all our conquests began to fade. No new doctrine had come to fill our hearts. Whether it was our effort in arms and subsequent exhaustion, or the poisoning of the water of truth by propaganda, or the thundering pestles of Government that pounded all thought into gravel and road-metal for the gun-wheels, the moral superiority of the West had disappeared. The moral is to the material as three is to one, said Napoleon. But he was a materialist, and his was an understatement. The factor is more like thirty than three.

Russia we abandoned to syphilitics and renegade Jews, because they believed and affirmed a gospel, even the low gospel that nothing moves man save greed. With this gospel they carried Hungary and threatened Bavaria. We had nothing to oppose to it but machine guns, and, though we stayed its attack, our counter-offensive of arms failed disastrously. The counter-offensive of ideas was never delivered at all, and the Foreign Offices of the world are still pitifully whining for the cessation of this attack and withdrawal of 'Bolshevik propaganda.'

In Asia we encountered the impact of some undefined but more spiritual force. The shock was correspondingly more formidable in extent and permanent in results. Turkey was reconquered at a breath. India tottered; the barbarous tribes

of the North-West Frontier found somewhere fortitude sufficient to attack the regiments of Ypres and the Somme. Even the *fellahin* of Egypt came out with sticks against the Army which had conquered the capitals of the Near East as beads are threaded upon a string. Away in North Africa the Berbers retook the Riff country in an afternoon, not defeating, but annihilating, their adversaries in the greatest victory of natives over Europeans since Adowa. Some believe this to be the power of Islam making itself manifest, the Holy War against the infidel proving its ancient strength. This they hope to combat by cunning arguments showing that the Caliphate agitation has no historical justification or by producing the Sherif of Mecca as a witness and an ally. They are under a delusion. The driving force in the East is not old but new. It is Nationalism, the same spirit which produced the Dublin rebellion, or the civil war in Finland. It is in many ways infinitely beneath Mahomedanism as a religion. But it is a terribly more vital and savage thing.

The ferment is moving and living before our eyes in Albania. The Balkans were no exception to the general spectacle of the victors vanquished. Nothing in all the world was more heroic or more surprising than the Albanian success. As recently as 1919 her representatives were informed by the Peace Conference that their country no longer existed. The Serbs were to have the north, the Greeks the south ; the centre was handed to Italy with provision for an undefined Mahomedan Andorra, the size of a county, left round Tirana village as a *hic jacet.* Three armed nations, flushed with victory, stood about her in a ring to enforce their decrees. The confidence of the Italians and the Serbs was such as might be expected in peoples which had just annihilated one of the greatest Powers in Europe. As to the Greeks, they had swallowed Turkey-in-Europe wholesale, and were cheerfully undertaking the conquest of Asia Minor.

In two years' time the Albanians had defeated Italy in the field and driven her armies to their ships. They stormed Valona, eighty short miles from the Italian coast, the Gibraltar of the Adriatic, whose possession has been an ideal of Italy ever since she became a peninsula. They stood off the Serbs to the north, and the Greeks to the south. Diplomacy, desperation, idealism, luck—explanations are innumerable, but the facts remain.

This bald statement is enough to show that the Albanian effort is comparable in endurance and success to that of any other part of the Eastern world, and its victories will bear comparison with the most resounding of the recent victories of Islam. The capture of Valona was a stranger phenomenon than the capture of Smyrna. The Albanians were 800,000, the Turks ten millions. Valona Bay

is as near to Italy as Ostend is to London; it was so ardently coveted that *she* occupied it many months before entering the war. And the Albanians were attacking a nation of thirty-five millions with an army of two to three million men ready to its hand, and a fleet of Dreadnoughts riding at anchor under the very hills which were the object of the assault. Compare this with the Turk drive against Ionia, precariously occupied for two years by a nation of raw and ill-cemented provinces, with an army under a continuous reshuffle of officers, and the whole body corporate gasping and trembling beneath the burden of ten years' war.

To prevail against Jugo-Slavia was scarcely less miraculous. The Serb army is the best in South-Eastern Europe. It was within two hours' march of the capital when it turned. True, it turned under orders from the League of Nations; but the Serbs knew of the existence of the League of Nations before they set their divisions on the move. They intended to present the Powers with a *fait accompli*, and the fact that there was any Albania left to protect was the work of the indomitable Skiptars themselves.

Now even the shortest study of this success will show that it owes nothing to the creed of the Prophet. Mahomedanism in Albania is in its agony. Partly this is due to its own inherent weakness, partly to external factors. The pathos of the ruin of that which once was great may be savoured to the full in Albania to-day. One day we rode to a hill-top outside Tirana where stands a mosque built by the Sultan who conquered Constantinople. 'Come in,' said the priest; 'come in and see the service.' 'Will it not offend your people?' we asked, since the place was small and the presence of alien visitors obviously concerned only with a spectacle might anger any congregation. 'Offend! No, not a bit,' he said. 'Come in. It will interest you. And the ladies? Why, certainly they must come too.'

So we stooped to remove our shoes. 'Oh, rubbish!' said the priest cheerfully. '*I* invite you to come in; I am the priest; don't worry about these things. Come along; come along!' So we filed in, booted and spurred as we had dismounted ten minutes before, and the ritual of the great religion was solemnly performed before us, a ritual, and nothing more. Outside the Albanians chattered and joked noisily—they cared for none of these things. They chaffed the call of the muezzin to prayer as 'the Albanian telephone.' 'What does it matter,' said a high State official, 'that I go to church on Friday or my brother on Sunday? All sensible men know that these things did not take place.'

The two women of our party watched with set teeth and smiles Women have never forgiven Mahomet and never will, and

because of that there is no future for Islam. It has no religious future, of course, because it is a logical creed and does not allow for the kink in the universe. The kink necessitates mysticism in everything from biology to mathematics. But there is no room for it in the straight and rigid assertions of the Koran, whose fundamentals are the equality of man and the superiority of God. It concentrates with the rigidity of common-sense on God, the spiritual superior, and man, the physical superior. Inevitably it neglects woman, since man is a much finer creature than woman, and the will of man, since this cannot even be mentioned beside the will of God. But a thousand years have proved that it provides no lasting impulse—it is static and not dynamic, which is to say, it does not square with facts. The reason is the existence of the kink, which Western religion meets by the mystical doctrine of the Holy Family and Western science by oracular dogmas upon the species.

The political future of Islam as an inspiring philosophy looks more hopeful, but this is a surface hope. The late collapse of Western belief has led certain fools to talk of Mahomedanism as the only creed in which it could be possible for a rational man to believe. They may sigh for a Mahomedan reformation, the coming of the fifth great sage of Islam, but it will never appear. The reformation which is to alter that religion from top to bottom is here; its doctrines are preached broadcast; its evangels are omnipresent. It is the creed of Nationalism. Like every other creed, it is one in which it is not possible for a rational man to believe; because a creed is mystical and of necessity irrational.

This is the philosophy which is driving Albania to-day, and, I believe, the rest of the East as well. One need not go all the way with Colonel Lawrence in his stinging phrase that, politically, 'Mahomedanism is as dead in the East as Christianity in the West.' But there is no debate possible about Albania 'We have three religions and only one religion,' said the spokesman of the Tirana Government, 'the Flag.' In the schools, in the Army, in the songs of the people, there is no hint or trace of Christian or Mussulman, of Europe or Asia, but simply of the nation. In this belief men are willing to suffer and die, even to work and live. One may meet Army officers who fought shoulder to shoulder with Nuri Bey and the Senussi in the African attack on Egypt. They betrayed neither pity nor concern for the struggles of the Caliph. In the schools the children say: 'What will serve my country? Let me learn that.' Up and down on the roads you will meet the acolytes of the faith—the little bands of young conscripts, not driven but led.

There was a song, a song of Koritza, the land in dispute with

Greece, sung to us by these men or their brothers on the raw ground before the barracks one dusty summer's night:

> A man goes out to till his field,
> He meets Greek soldiers.
> He goes another way,
> Again he meets Greek soldiers.
> He returns to his village and calls his relations.
> He says, 'It is well to die for one's country.'
> He fights and is wounded.
> To his mother he says, 'Do not fear, it is not mortal.'
> But he dies all the same.
> Oh! Koritza, what heroes are in thy country.

This was sung in the old style, the words given in a vivid thread of high song against the monochrome background of a droning chant, produced and maintained throughout the recital by some score of fellow-soldiers. Another ballad, Western in tune and verses, commemorates Achmet Zogu, Achmet of the Birds, Home Secretary and strong man of the present Administration. He is exalted as 'nephew of the nephew of Scanderbeg.' But Achmet Zogu is Mahomedan, and Scanderbeg gained his glory as leader of the Christians in a long and murderous guerrilla warfare. The ballads of a people and its laws—when both are framed in the same spirit, it is a sign for all the rest of the world.

What is more, in this sign, the sign of the nation, the Government is beginning to work. Coming in from the north, we encountered one Manhoty, garlanded about with weapons, who explained that he was the civil authority for the district and that he was superintending the disarming of the clans. Remembering Belfast and Cork, it seemed an unpromising task. This impression was reinforced when later, at a farmhouse, a great Albanian slid from his pony and strode in for coffee and eggs. He had a rifle slung at his back as naturally as a man carries a mackintosh. Explanations were illuminating. 'He is in blood with someone,' they commented, which is to say at feud. Clearly it would be unreasonable, they thought, to deprive a man of something so immediately useful to his daily task. And yet, coming again through that country, we passed a little party, two men on nags and two walking, with sheaves of guns beneath the arms of the horsemen. Obviously Manhoty was getting to work. All this country is within sight of Jugo-Slavia and has been entered time and again in the past three years by Jugo-Slav troops. In these circumstances, to get rifles away from the clansmen is to get butter out of a dog's throat. The Irish Governments would certainly be unequal to the task.

The political future of Islam is difficult to discern. That of Turkey is more easy. It must never be forgotten that the Ottoman Turks came to Europe not as conquerors bearing the sword,

but as administrators wielding the policeman's baton. It is written that the Balkan peninsula is haunted by the ghosts of dead empires. Vampires, not ghosts, who suck blood. The Turk laid those ghosts. He established a compromise to the millennium of savage slaughter. He worked out and put into practice many of the experiments in minority protection which are being brought out as panaceas to-day. He did this sincerely, and better than it will be done to-day, because he believed in it. His religion taught him that Moslems were equal above the line of salvation and infidels below. What has happened is the final breakdown of this compromise before the implacable ferocity of the spiritual aspirations of mankind.

A faith may die, but it does not go till someone comes to push it over. There is a fable of the building of the Temple, how Solomon, who commanded the genii by virtue of his wisdom, felt death coming upon him before the task was done. And so he stood day and night before his building, himself the overseer, leaning on his long staff. And he died so, but still he stood, bent upon his staff and watching the work. The genii, not knowing, still toiled desperately and incessantly. But a little white ant came to the staff and gnawed. Its companions followed, they ate out the heart of the wood, and when the strength had perished it broke in a cloud of dust, and dead Solomon fell. The fable says that then the task had been finished and the genii all fled away; but that is mistaken. First they tore to pieces the work they had accomplished, with whoops and shriekings.

So the ideals of Islam have perished, but the forces it controlled are imperishable and strong. If we wish to govern them we must find some fresh talisman. Meanwhile let us understand the problem. The turmoil in the East is the same as the turmoil in the West. Within its borders it is all-powerful, but it cannot move beyond them. If we attack the problem along the lines of nationality, we shall come speedily and surely to a fortunate conclusion.

WALTER ELLIOT.

BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA

The Allied Prime Ministers are to resume in Paris on January 2 the conversations they began in London on December 9. Simultaneously the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England will negotiate with the American Funding Commission at Washington a settlement of the British debt to the United States. It is indispensable that the European and the American discussions be kept rigorously separate, lest suspicion arise in American minds that British policy, in its relation to German Reparations and inter-Allied war debts, is still contingent upon American treatment of the British debt to the United States.

Keenly though taxpayers in this country may feel the connection between British liabilities to America and European liabilities to Great Britain, there are cogent and urgent reasons why their Government should obey the injunction, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,' while it is seeking to adjust matters at Washington and is striving, at the same time, in Paris to withhold Europe from ruin. The key to the American and to the European situations may still lie, as it has long lain, within England's reach. For a short space she may still be able to use it. But her power to use it may depend upon her perception that it cannot open, at one turn, two doors in two different hemispheres, and upon her steadfastness in resisting those who would fain persuade her to make so foolish an attempt.

While the funding negotiations proceed at Washington the Allied Prime Ministers in Paris will meet with the knowledge that the economic fate of Europe, and not her economic fate alone, is likely to depend upon the degree of their agreement or disagreement. Mere agreement to differ will not avail to avert misfortune. Economic disaster and the dislocation of the present system of international relationships may follow a failure to reach full agreement upon definite principles of joint Allied policy in regard to German Reparations and inter-Allied indebtedness. Without such agreement, the Paris meeting of the Prime Ministers may be their last meeting as Allies.

Hitherto the Allies have never frankly faced their task. England and France, in particular, have been to blame in various

ways, and each in turn. They have not been honest with themselves or with one another. During the Naval Disarmament Conference at Washington last winter they tried to escape from their responsibilities as the leaders of Europe by suggesting that an international economic conference should be tacked on to the Washington Conference proper, obviously in the hope that President Harding's Administration might thus be induced to incur, in regard to Europe, obligations which the American people had emphatically disclaimed. Earl (then Mr.) Balfour and Sir Auckland Geddes, the two chief British delegates at Washington, promptly and rightly opposed this suggestion. They knew and —unless I am misinformed—they said plainly that the European Allies could not expect direct or indirect assistance from the United States unless an effort were first made to promote, on a European basis, a settlement of European difficulties.

Upon this rebuff followed the abortive Conference at Cannes and the ill-conceived Conference at Genoa. Neither of these Conferences was convened with singleness of aim. Even the half-hearted attempt at Cannes to redress an ungenerous mistake on the part of British statesmen—when they withdrew from the Pact of Guarantee which they, jointly with the United States, had given to France in the Treaty of Versailles, as soon as the United States had thrown it over—ended by embittering Anglo-French relations, instead of improving them. The draft pact offered to France at Cannes was made an object of barter instead of being based solely on recognition of the truth that the security and welfare of France are cardinal British interests, the defence of which cannot be merely contingent upon the attitude of the United States.

Thus the discussion of the Pact of Guarantee at Cannes tended to stimulate French distrust and to diminish the chances of fruitful agreement, political or economic, at Genoa. Yet the very failure of the Genoa Conference, and of its sequel at the Hague, served to show the dangers into which France and Great Britain alike were drifting. The French Prime Minister, M. Poincaré, began to take a larger view of the reparations problem. The British Treasury, the leading financial authorities in the City of London, and important newspapers were all urging the Government to adopt a bold, broad policy both in regard to the United States and to Europe—when the position was suddenly compromised, on August 2, by the strangest diplomatic aberration of recent years.

How the very statesmen who had warned their Government from Washington in December 1921 not to attempt to involve the United States against its will in the financial and economic affairs of Europe could have written or sanctioned, only eight

months later, such a document as the Balfour Note is a mystery that may never be explained. Yet they did it deliberately, notwithstanding competent advice to the contrary; and the consequences of their action soon showed how grievous had been their error. The Note tied the hands of England in dealing with European debtors; it placed the United States in a position to decide how far England might go in cancelling or reducing European debts; it disheartened and irritated the European Allies; and, while declaring the resolve of this country to meet its obligations to America, it said to her, in effect, 'We will pay you if we must, but you will be a sorry jade if you ask us to do so.'

One result of the Balfour Note was to render the Reparations Conference in London last August a cacophony of discordant futilities; just as one of the happier features of the meeting between the Allied Prime Ministers on December 9–11 was an indication that the Balfour Note no longer governs British policy. In this respect, at least, the Prime Ministers will meet in Paris next month under better auspices. The heads of the French, Italian, and Belgian Governments will know also that their British colleague is a man of plain speech, saying what he means and meaning what he says, unwilling to promise more than he may reasonably hope to perform, and shrinking neither from the positive nor from the negative implications of his words. If he can agree with them, he will agree; but, if he cannot agree, no agreement on his part to differ from them will justify them in believing that, should they elect to follow a path divergent from his, it will be easy to make his path and theirs again converge.

Since the adjournment of the London meeting on December 11 it has been freely stated in the French Press that, if the Allies cannot work out a joint policy in Paris, Great Britain will tacitly acquiesce in separate action by France against Germany, and will not regard a French seizure of 'productive pledges' in the Ruhr basin as a weakening of the Entente. These statements may be based upon M. Poincaré's interpretation of Mr. Bonar Law's standpoint; but if so, the British Prime Minister's attitude has, almost certainly, been misunderstood. Mr. Bonar Law may not have told M. Poincaré that single-handed action by France would mean, in practice, the end of Franco-British co-operation; but those who know him are convinced that he believes this would be the case. Mr. Bonar Law is averse from the use of menace or pressure. He trusts rather to the perception by others of the probable consequences of their acts. No leading British statesman has a deeper regard for France than he, and none has a keener or a more sympathetic insight into her needs and difficulties. But he knows that some things are repugnant to the British people, and that the occupation of additional German territory by France

would be one of them. He has no wish to let Germany off lightly or to connive at German evasion of liabilities which it is right and expedient that Germany should be made to meet. He might not object to the spontaneous reduction, or even the extinction, of British claims upon European Allies, or to the reduction of British claims on Germany, if by these means the total of the German Reparations debt could be brought within such limits as to render it practically manageable, and if, at the same time, a general European settlement could be attained. Yet French statesmen would be wise to reckon with the possibility that Mr. Bonar Law may think that a French occupation of the Ruhr, or of important centres in the Ruhr, would be as harmful to France as to Europe; and that it would, in any case, profoundly and adversely affect relations between France and England.

If these be, indeed, the views of the Prime Minister, who can truthfully say that they are not in substantial agreement with the main tendencies of British public opinion?

Despite much misrepresentation and disingenuous propaganda, there persists among the masses of the English people an abiding affection for France which irritation at some French methods and at the language of some Frenchmen has not seriously abated. Moreover, in proportion as Englishmen realise the shortcomings of their own Government during recent years, they are inclined to make corresponding allowances for France. But there is in England a feeling that France was a little late in shouldering the burdens of her own financial situation; that she has relied overmuch upon Reparations payments and has paid too little heed to the dangers of inflation; that not all the vast total of her official outlay upon the devastated regions has in reality reached its ostensible destination; and that, over and above these impressions, there has been a singular unwillingness on the part of French public men frankly to tell the French nation what they themselves know to be the truth about the Reparations debt and the real capacity of Germany to pay it.

A sense of their own country's advantages and their dislike of self-righteousness have deterred many English friends of France from speaking openly their thoughts on these matters. They realise that, in the matter of reparations as in that of security, the British Empire has held, and may seem to the unthinking still to hold, a privileged place. The German navy no longer exists. The German mercantile marine has largely made good the losses inflicted by German submarines upon British shipping. Some important German colonies have passed under the control of the British Dominions which were instrumental in capturing them. British economic sufferings and disabilities are themselves due in part to British fiscal virtues, that is to say, to the determined and

patient efforts of British taxpayers to put the pound sterling again on a par with the soundest currencies of the world. The very success of these efforts has, for the present, handicapped British trade. If France, on the other hand, has recovered Alsace and Lorraine with their actual and potential wealth, she has suffered more severely than Great Britain in the loss of economic man-power, and from the obliteration of thriving industrial centres in her north-eastern departments. But Englishmen feel that, apart from niceties of political account-keeping, one factor deserves special consideration. It is that there can be no return to political or economic health in Europe without such an approach to stable conditions of international trade and intercourse as shall avail to cure the anæmia from which the whole life of Europe is suffering. This factor, France seems not to take fully into account.

Nevertheless, I still believe that the peoples of Europe have now a fleeting and, probably, a last chance to set their feet on the road towards recovery—if the British Government will take some risks, and if the French Government will join it in thinking more of Europe and less of the immediate and special claims of France.

Great Britain should face unreservedly the ' risk ' of having to pay, in course of time, the total British debt to the United States. In truth this is no risk, but an obligation which a solvent country cannot evade ; and it may well be found that the greater the alacrity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in meeting the wishes of the American Funding Commission the less onerous, in the long run, are those wishes likely to prove. The only precaution which British negotiators in Washington need observe is that their readiness to meet American requirements shall not be qualified by any condition, antecedent or other. They should trust the good faith and good sense of the eminent American statesmen who form the Funding Commission.

If, concurrently but separately, the German Reparations Debt of 6,600,000,000*l*. were reduced approximately to 2,000,000,000*l*. by cancelling the German Reparation Bonds of the ' C ' category (4,100,000,000*l*.), together with 500,000,000*l*. of the (1,900,000,000*l*.) Reparation Bonds of the ' B ' category, in consideration of the simultaneous extinction of European inter-Allied debts, a basis might be found upon which the European Allies could intimate to Germany their joint and definite resolve to hold her to the payment of the reduced debt in such manner and at such times as might be equitably determined. It is so manifestly in the interests of Germany to work her way back into a comity of nations enjoying ordered relationships and facilities for international credit, that a practical agreement upon these terms should not be beyond reach. Some readjustment of the inter-Allied percentages of Reparations payments might be expedient.

Political provision for the security of France, England, and Belgium by a defensive pact, providing, *inter alia*, for the demilitarisation of the Rhine Provinces under the supervision of the League of Nations, should also be feasible.

The effect upon the United States of a successful European attempt to grapple with the European problem upon these or similar lines could hardly be over-estimated. If made independently of the funding of the British debt to America, it would assuredly modify the American disposition to hold aloof from European affairs. Great Britain would have used, in two distinct operations on each side of the Atlantic, the key that can alone unlock for the world the doors now closed upon a better future. She would gain in renown, in moral strength, and, ultimately, in wealth; and France would share them with her. In this truly fateful hour England stands to-day as a potential link between Europe and America; but with the French Government may lie the decision whether France shall in future stand with England as her partner.

WICKHAM STEED.

December 14, 1922.

MINISTERS OF HEALTH—DEFEND US!

CAN anyone imagine what would happen in the minds of the public in general, and the members of the legal profession in particular, were any man not a lawyer placed in the position of Lord Chancellor? The consternation that would occur would be difficult to exaggerate—the belief of the nation in the proper administration of the law would be threatened immediately. The position of Lord Chancellor in its mind would be rightly regarded at once as being the perquisite of brilliant politicians who deserved well of their party, but whose knowledge of law and its administration would be first acquired when they entered the doors of their new position, and law would suffer in consequence. The unsettlement in the mind of the public would be like the introduction of Bolshevism into business affairs. The uproar in the legal profession would be beyond the bounds of wild imagination.

It is with the same consternation that I view a Ministry directly concerned with public health placed in the hands of any person other than a member of the medical profession. It is essential, in the interests of public health, that the office of Minister of Health should of necessity be held only by a medical man of recognised position in the medical profession, as the office of Lord Chancellor can be held only by a man of recognised position in the legal profession. Public health can never be authoritatively and effectually controlled until the Minister responsible in Parliament to the people and to its Government is a member of the medical profession. It seems to me that the fundamental mistake was made at the creation of the Ministry of Health when it was not definitely arranged that a member of the medical profession should always hold the controlling office of Minister.

What has happened is this: the Ministry of Health is only another name for the old Local Government Board. The duties assigned to it include only some of the problems of public health together with a general assortment of other matters which have nothing directly connected with it, and all these things are under the control of politicians whose knowledge of the great subject of medicine in relation to public health is at zero. To place an appointment so tremendous in its potentiality in the hands of a

politician, however brilliant, is a mistake, and must be totally subversive of all sound practice. Moreover, it is a mistake that shows a profound ignorance of what the profession of medicine can do for public health when scientifically led.

It appears that those who framed the constitution of the Ministry allocated to it duties that no other department cared to adopt, and gave to it a few only of the functions with which it alone could efficiently deal. At present public health matters are separated and have no unity or direction of action.

Is there not more than a touch of bathos as well as pathos in the following facts?

'Model Byelaws issued from the Ministry of Health: VII.—Hackney Carriages' shows that this Ministry has the supervision of the behaviour of taxi-cab drivers and the place where they and their cabs can stand, etc., etc.

Sir George Newman writes annual reports upon 'The Health of the School Child' to the Board of Education, showing that it has the supervision of this important branch of public health.

In his 'Third Annual Report of the Ministry of Health, 1921-1922,' which deals with such curious subjects as emigration, vagrancy, and assistance to destitute aliens, Sir Alfred Mond states, 'As in previous years the report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Department will be published in a separate volume'—showing that the Minister's report is comparable with the play of *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

The relations between the diseases of animals and human beings are under the control of the Board of Agriculture.

The direction of Research is in the hands of the Privy Council.

What a state of things! And how do they agree with the Ministry of Health Act, 1919, which says:

> 2. General Powers and Duties of Minister in relation to Health.—It shall be the duty of the Minister, in the exercise and performance of any powers and duties transferred to or conferred upon him by or in pursuance of this Act, to take all such steps as may be desirable to secure the preparation, effective carrying out and co-ordination of measures conducive *to the health of the people, including measures for the prevention and cure of diseases, the avoidance of fraud in connection with alleged remedies therefor, the treatment of physical and mental defects, the treatment and care of the blind, the initiation and direction of research, the collection, preparation, publication, and dissemination of information and statistics* relating thereto, and the *training of persons for health services.*

The matter surely requires adjustment by Parliament.

The Ministry of Health, to be more than a name, should deal with and be responsible for all questions that directly concern public health. These would not encumber the Ministry, but would make it what it ought to be, and what it will one day

become, one of the most important Ministries of the State. Should it ever be considered desirable to introduce a Bill which is only remotely connected with questions of public health, the Minister of Health should not be entrusted with its charge during its perilous journey through the House of Commons. Why should any Bill or any Ministry be placed in the hands of men whose training and knowledge of the subjects with which they have to deal is outside the provinces of their life, education, and training? The fact of the matter is that, on the whole, this is the scheme of government adopted in this country. It is absurd and Gilbertian in its humour that the country should be run by men who know nothing of the subject for which they are responsible, and whose qualifications for the posts they occupy depend upon the readiness and astuteness they have shown in juggling with political issues. It is a bad, inefficient scheme, and if the Labour Party, or any other party, would conceive it as part of its programme radically to alter the scheme, it would receive the support of the nation and would bring the party into great and honourable power.

I will attempt to explain how it is that (1) the public and (2) the medical profession should tolerate for a moment such an appalling state of things as the Ministry of Health being in the hands of a politician, however brilliant, who is not a doctor of high and special qualifications for the post.

1. *The Public.*—Though the medical profession has shown itself capable of exerting its stupendous influence on public health, the public ear has never been able to listen to a collective, authoritative, and efficient opinion delivered by this great profession. It has been able to hear opinions only from individuals by means of special interviews, of letters in newspapers, or from occasional addresses delivered to professional bodies. Important as these opinions may be, they are only opinions of individuals, and consequently their value is lost by their inability to possess a collective consensus of opinion. Take, for instance, Mr. James Berry's address before the Surgical Section of the Royal Society of Medicine at the opening of its winter session. It contains many outstanding problems (one in particular) that directly concern the health of the public, yet probably, apart from members of the medical profession, no one has read a word of this address. Again, sometimes the public manages to hear of isolated inefficiently reported statements concerning its health made at the yearly meetings of the British Medical Association. The Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons are composed of men capable of making individual statements of the utmost importance with regard to public health, but it is not their province to make collective pronouncements on this subject. These colleges possess no right to state the collective views of these institutions, their main function

being to examine and pass into the profession men who are qualified to practise. In the halls of these colleges lectures are delivered which occasionally touch on public health, and fundamental principles concerning it are buried in the archives of these colleges or current medical journals. The General Medical Council has functions of a disciplinary nature. None of these bodies can speak to the nation with the tremendous authority on questions of public health with which the Lord Chancellor can speak on questions of law, so the fact remains that the public has never heard any pronouncement made upon its health from a medical man with the whole weight of the medical profession behind him, and therefore he and his profession are dumb creatures. The only position from which such a man could make his profession speak is that of Minister of Health in the Parliament of the day. The public would listen to him knowing full well that his words would have the weight of authority and that his opinion would be well considered.

It would be no sound argument to assert that the Lord Chancellor is a political factor as well as a Government official. There is no doubt that he is always a great political factor. I am sure it is unnecessary to point out that, great as the political claims of a Lord Chancellor are, he would never dare to interfere with the administration of justice to suit a political issue. I believe it is on account of his membership in the profession he represents that his duty to law is uninfluenced by the claims of political issues, and he would not, in any circumstances whatever, allow a political issue to interfere with his administration of law. This is such an obvious fact that I believe, if the public and the medical profession were once to realise their truth, both would at once clamour for a doctor of equal position in his profession to be of necessity Minister of Health.

Take the position of a Prime Minister, who in this matter would be only one of the public. To whom should he apply for help and advice, or how should he ascertain the opinion of the medical profession on the great questions of public health which are of ever increasing difficulty? In law he would go to the Lord Chancellor. In medicine would he go to Sir Alfred Mond or to Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen? For his own sake he ought to see that he has a member of the medical profession responsible in Parliament to him, to the Government and to the public for the opinion and advice he gives. I heard Sir Alfred Mond say he found it impossible to get a united opinion of the medical profession. He seemed almost merry about this deplorable fact. He would have the same difficulty in obtaining it in law in the absence of the Lord Chancellor or the Attorney-General or Solicitor-General. The public would find a united profession behind a medical man who

spoke from the high and dignified position of Minister of Health. The unimportance of the post as it now stands is well illustrated by the complete apathy of the medical profession as to who should hold this appointment. It has no interest in the astute successful politicians who occupy the position. The public has the same apathy, and takes no notice of what they think or say on a medical question.

2. *The Medical Profession.*—In early times the medical profession considered their only function to be attendance upon the sick and all their endeavours were focused upon the treatment of the individual and his ailment. It was only during recent and contemporary history that the profession began to orientalise its functions from an additional standpoint. It now realises that the ailment of an individual may have desperately important relations to people with whom he comes in contact, the whole population of his country, and the populations of all countries outside it. Thus the profession now regards its functions as threefold: (1) its effectiveness as applied to the individual; (2) as applied to the nation; and (3) as applied to all other nations. That statement represents an obvious, true, and great conception of its functions. Further, it realises that all these functions are so correlated that one cannot be performed badly without adversely affecting, either immediately or remotely, all the other functions. In spite of having arrived at this clear perception of its duties, the medical profession, as a corporate body, remains dumb. I believe its dumbness is due to the fact that, having realised its functions, it has not realised how it can make them properly effective, and so it comes about that measures for the prevention of disease are in the hands of a layman at the head of the Ministry of Health who knows nothing about the questions on which he is consulted.

Turning to other important matters, I referred just now to Sir Alfred Mond's rather chaffing allusion to the want of unity on medical opinions. The cure for this deplorable state of things lies directly in the hands of the public and the medical profession. They should demand that a member of the medical profession, with responsible and special knowledge of his subject, should always be appointed as Minister of Health.

The great consequences that must follow neither the public nor the medical profession yet seems to see. One would be that not only would a Prime Minister desire the advice and guidance of the medical man he placed there, but also he would not dare to implant in the problems of public health any scheme that would be considered by his Minister as being directly opposed to the national welfare.

With the concurrence of his Minister of Health his plans might

fail to carry Parliament with him, but a Prime Minister would lose his Minister of Health if he attempted to carry through Parliament a plan which the Minister judged subversive to public health. The resignation of the Minister on a question of public health would be a menace he dare not face. The menace might only delay an unfortunate measure, but at least the public would have a chance of appreciating the question at issue between the profession and the Prime Minister As things are, there is nothing to stop retrogressive measures.

However estimable the intentions of a Prime Minister may be, his blind uncertain measures may ignorantly plunge the whole country in chaotic and inefficient legislation on questions of public health. The waste of money is prodigious, but what is of more importance is that public health is thrown into the cockpit of political strife, where its problems can never be helped nor improved except by lucky accident.

It is quite true that individuals occasionally find some relief while being attended by an unqualified practitioner, but there is no one to tell them how many eventually consult the qualified, efficient man after they have been hopelessly knocked about by the unqualified practitioner. I quite understand; it is almost a natural sporting idea that the public should like to go to unqualified practitioners, if it were only because they are unqualified and therefore probably objects of jealousy on the part of those who are qualified. All those ideas are natural and easily understood. I do not blame the public; if it is contented, the matter concerns it alone. As Mr. Bonar Law pointed out, every country has the Government it deserves, and in the circumstances I have mentioned the public has the unqualified practitioners it deserves. It may sound naïve on my part to say it is more important for a country to have its public health efficiently guarded by a continuity of efficient medical men than it is for a country merely to possess the Government it deserves. The country, after years of political strife, understands the wiles of political officials. It has never yet heard nor realised what great power for good can grow from advice given by the corporate opinion of the medical profession.

It will be said: 'Yes, that is all very well; but there has been a doctor as Minister of Health, and he is considered by many to have been a failure in that position.' I do not intend to enter into a discussion on an individual; I merely want to point out that a Minister of Health should deal with questions of public health, and not have foisted upon him the conduct of political affairs that have no concern with public health, or if they have, the question of his success or failure should not be visited upon him as Minister of Health. A man can be a good Minister of Health and a bad

political tub-thumper. He may be a great doctor and a bad Minister of Health; in the same way a man may be a great lawyer and a bad Lord Chancellor. The housing of the population is no more a question for the Minister of Health than the building of the Law Courts is a question for the Lord Chancellor. I can quite see that the Minister of Health should advise the Government to build more houses, and that he should be consulted as to whether the houses provided are sanitary and fit to live in; other than that function, I cannot see how the policy involved can possibly be a question for a Minister of Health. It is a great Government problem, and if any department were more involved in it than another it would surely be the Home Office.

If it were considered desirable that questions of public health should first be discussed in the Commons and that therefore it would be an advantage for the Minister of Health to control the debates from a seat in that House, it might be said then that the members of the medical profession in the House of Commons available for such a great post are very limited in number, and there may come times when the kind of man wanted for the post would have no seat. The same question has before now arisen in connection with such appointments as those of Attorney-General and Solicitor-General on the legal side of the question. What has happened has been that a certain man has been approached and told that if he is given a safe seat and returned to Parliament he will be made Solicitor-General.

The same procedure ought to apply in the medical appointment.

Should it be considered desirable that the occupant of the post should be a member of the House of Lords, the remedy is obvious.

There are other matters connected with this part of the question.

There is no incentive for the correct type of medical man for the post of Minister of Health to enter Parliament; if he be there, he is there by accident. There is no incentive at the present moment, because every man in the medical profession knows that the post is open to any man of any profession who may happen to be in Parliament and who has done fairly well by his party. All lawyers who enter Parliament know that the legal appointments are open to them by right, and to them alone, so as a rule the right lawyers for these posts are induced to become members of Parliament.

The following question may be urged against my contention. Is it necessary to have a professional man to represent the opinions of his own profession in the Government when the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Secretary of State for Foreign

Affairs, the President of the Board of Trade, the Secretary of State for War, and the First Lord of the Admiralty may be unprofessional men representing professional matters of which they know nothing until they enter these respective offices? Should any controversy arise upon this question, I shall be quite prepared to argue the matter. For the present moment I will content myself by asking why, if these professional offices are so successfully held by unprofessional men, is it considered essential to appoint a lawyer in the position of Lord Chancellor? It cannot be because the public think law is more important than health; nor is it only because in the past legal luminaries have been able in the passage of time and by the acquisition of great power to secure for themselves and their profession great worldly positions and princely emoluments. I give them the credit of possessing higher ideals than these.

There is another argument with which I may be met. It is this: Some of the greatest discoveries which have influenced medical procedure have been made by men like Pasteur, who are not members of the medical profession; and would I exclude a man like Pasteur from the position of Minister of Health? My answer to that argument would be: Yes, I would; because the permanent rule of the appointment of a medical man as Minister of Health would be for the greatest ultimate benefit to the health of the public. There is nothing to prevent a man who is not a lawyer suggesting to the legal profession an alteration of law that would benefit its administration. That would be considered, as things are at present, by the Lord Chancellor and acted upon accordingly. It would not delay epoch-making alterations of law: neither would the exclusion of a Pasteur from the office exclude from the processes of medicine epoch-making changes in the public health; on the contrary, it would probably hasten them.

One of the present evils due to the absence of a high dignified exponent of medical opinion is this: A poisonous seed which may lead to the utmost danger to public health is at the present moment germinating in the mind of the public, which scarcely realises to what extremities the growth may lead. It is the recognition of unqualified practice. The term is used in its widest sense.

There is a vast amount of unqualified practice permitted to men who possess no medical qualification at all. The danger can never be stopped so long as the public sees the control of its health in the hands of a man who is not a member of the profession he represents. It is such a menace that people are beginning to think twice before investing money and time in attaining medical qualifications when they see large practices and general appreciation meted out to men who possess no medical training or

qualifications. Can the public imagine the Lord Chancellor allowing the rise, control, and practice of legal affairs being placed in the hands of men with no training or qualification for the practice of law? It seems to me a medical Minister of Health would have greater power and influence to protect the public against its ignorant rush into the hands of unqualified practitioners than a Minister who is himself a layman.

There is no subject on earth of which the public believes it knows more, and of which it really knows less, than medicine. The public does not hear the facts from a man who knows and has experience of them; let it listen to a man who knows them from his own experience and then let it judge for itself.

If the public, knowing the facts, wants uneducated medical treatment it will have it, in spite of all advice to the contrary; but let it know what it is doing, and to what results its practice will ultimately lead. I believe in the wisdom of the public. Take an example: the public reads with interest and instruction the works of unprofessional writers on war, but it would not allow any civilian to lead the Navy or Army into battle.

Turning to medicine: the public, without a guiding influence, not only reads and listens to unqualified writers, speakers, and practitioners, but it allows them to lead in the battle for health.

I wonder how long the public and the medical profession intend to tolerate so gigantic and far-reaching an appointment being placed in the hands of men who can give only *ex parte* opinions which they gain from permanent medical officials? I have no complaint against these permanent officials; among them may be one who is the very man who could best occupy the position of Minister of Health. My contention is that the man who gives these opinions should be in the medical profession and responsible to Government, to Parliament, and to the public for every word he utters on public health. The truth, dignity, and force of his utterances would convince and benefit mankind.

G. LENTHAL CHEATLE.

'WHY WE SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON THE EMPIRE'

THE CASE OF INDIA

IN an article in the October number of *The Nineteenth Century* Lord Long of Wraxall set forth cogent reasons why we should concentrate upon the development of the trade and resources of the British Empire. His arguments were supported by an imposing array of figures showing the nature and volume of trade between the United Kingdom and the Dominions and Dependencies. A striking feature of these tables was the frequency with which India appeared in the lists of countries from which the Mother Country draws her supplies of raw materials; and little more than a cursory glance at them is necessary to disclose the importance of the part which India plays in the commercial economy of the Empire.

Summed up, the provisional figures for 1921 show that of merchandise imported into the United Kingdom from the rest of the British Empire, valued at 331,000,000*l.*, India provided goods, in the main raw material, valued at 42,250,000*l.* More striking still are the figures which show how Britain disposed of the goods which she supplied to the other parts of the Empire. Of merchandise, valued at a sum a little short of 300,000,000*l.*, she sent goods, nearly the whole of which consisted of manufactured articles, worth 109,000,000*l.* to British India. In face of these figures it is unnecessary to labour the point that India is already a valuable market for British goods, and a highly important source of supply of those products of which Great Britain has particular need. And if this is true of her to-day, the possibilities of the future are so great as scarcely to be calculable.

The British flag flies over 13,250,000 square miles of the dry surface of the globe. Of this vast area India claims 1,800,000 square miles, or something approaching one-seventh of the whole. But this seventh part of the British Empire possesses far more than an equivalent share of the Empire's man-power. Of the estimated total population of 440,000,000 India claims no less than 320,000,000, a proportion which exceeds two-thirds of the

whole. This vast human hive of workers is engaged, for the most part, in cultivating the land, and for many years to come will continue to be so. Indeed, no greater contrast in occupation than that between the people of Great Britain and those of India could well be found. Whereas the former live in vast aggregations in huge towns—recent figures show that in England and Wales 90 per cent. of the population must be classed as urban—the latter live spread over the countryside in villages. There are in the whole of the huge continent, the size of all Europe excluding only Russia, less than 750 towns with a population of 10,000, and only thirty towns with a population of 100,000 and upwards. Ninety per cent. of the whole population is rural, and 72 per cent., or approximately 219,000,000, are dependent upon agriculture in one form or another for its livelihood. Every year some 225,000,000 acres in British India bring forth crops of sugar, tea and coffee; rice, wheat, barley and other food grains; linseed, sesamum, rape and other oil seeds; cotton, jute and other fibres; indigo, opium and tobacco. In a single year[1] these spreading acres have yielded 34,750,000 tons of cleaned rice, 10,250,000 tons of wheat, 370,000,000 lbs. of tea, 4,500,000 400-lb. bales of cotton, 8,300,000 bales of jute, 500,000 tons of linseed, nearly 1,200,000 tons of rape and mustard, the same amount of groundnut, and 2,750,000 tons of raw sugar.

Nor has this immense territory reached anything approaching its full development. The tiller of the soil in India is, to say the least, conservative in his methods. With the aid of modern science the crops upon the land already cultivated can be enormously increased. Take an example: Bengal and Assam hold a practical monopoly in the production of jute, the raw material of the gunny bags in which year by year are moved the harvests of the world. During the war the fibre was put to another use of supreme importance to the armies in the field: sand-bags for the protection of the troops took the place to a large extent of the ordinary gunny bags of commerce. The mills of Calcutta, which exported 367,000,000 bags of one kind or another during the year before the war, increased this number to 802,000,000 during the year 1916-17, when the war was at its height. These are but examples of the importance of the product in peace and war. Much painstaking research on the part of the experts of the Agricultural Department has resulted in the discovery of varieties of the plant which give a yield much in excess of those hitherto grown by the Indian peasant. A variety known as *Kakya Bombai*, giving, on the average, 160 lbs. of fibre more per acre than the local varieties, has been distributed amongst the villages of Eastern Bengal during the past few years, and by the year 1921

[1] 1916-17, taken at random.

was being grown on an area of 200,000 acres. So successful was the crop that it was estimated that the eventual increase in the yield of the plant on the jute lands of Bengal might easily amount to 400,000,000 lbs. of fibre, worth probably 2,750,000*l.* sterling. Scarcely had this estimate been made when a still more highly productive variety was discovered, giving on the average a yield of 80 lbs. an acre more fibre than *Kakya Bombai* itself. A similar story can be told of rice. Research produced not long ago two varieties giving yields greater by some 250 lbs. per acre than those of the local variety. In 1919 these two varieties were grown on 250,000 acres, with the result that the food supply on this area was increased by 60,000,000 lbs. of grain worth 200,000*l.* Be it remembered that round the head of the Bay of Bengal alone lie 20,000,000 acres of productive rice land and some idea of the ultimate value of this discovery can be formed.

These are not the only ways in which the agricultural output is being increased. By means of irrigation vast tracts of land formerly desert are being brought under the plough. The Punjab provides a notable example. Here an arid waste has been transformed into a bounteous granary. Canal colonies have been plotted out and nearly 9,000,000 acres in the province have been brought under cultivation by irrigation works classed as productive, *i.e.*, works capable within ten years of their construction of producing sufficient revenue to cover their working expenses and the interest charges on their capital cost. It was only when these great projects began to bear fruit that the North-Western State railway—a system with nearly 4000 miles of track—began to pay. In British India as a whole 67,000 miles of canal irrigate 28,000,000 acres of land, the estimated value of the crops irrigated by Government works amounting to over 156,000,000*l.* a year. Existing schemes are constantly being added to, and it is officially estimated that by the time that projects now under construction are in full working order, and assuming that a great scheme in Sind known as the Sukkur Barrage is carried through, the present irrigated area of 28,000,000 acres will have increased to 40,000,000 acres. All these things are sign-posts pointing the roads along which India is travelling towards a vastly increased production of raw material.

Another large potential source of wealth are the forests, which cover over 250,000 square miles of territory. These immense tracts are gradually being taken in hand, but the output of timber and firewood at present amounts to only 2 cubic feet per acre; while the manufacture of paper pulp from such things as bamboo—of which there are vast quantities—has only recently been undertaken. A useful product of the forests is the fruit of certain trees widely distributed over the continent, to which the

commercial name of myrobalan has been given. Its value is due to the tannin it contains, which renders it an important tanning agent. It is exported at the rate of from 40,000 to 60,000 tons a year. By a happy coincidence the country which produces a tanning agent on so large a scale likewise possesses in almost unexampled quantity material which when tanned becomes a commodity of universal consumption—namely, leather.

No statistics are required to apprise anyone who is familiar with the Indian landscape, whether in north or south or east or west, of the part played by the cow in the internal economy of the country. Let him call to memory any rural scene, and he will find it dominated by the bullock or the cow. A vast expanse stretches away in flat monotony to a distant horizon. Overhead the sun steers its course across space more monotonous in its featureless uniformity even than the dusty plain below. A small cloud of dust rises from the ground. As it approaches it is accompanied by the creaking and groaning of crude wooden wheels upon primitive wooden axles. The procession moves with the slow, unrhythmical motion which is peculiar tothe draught bullock. The string of bullock carts which emerges from its fog of dust is a thing of immemorial antiquity and of universal distribution. You will see it threading its leisurely way along dusty country lanes, and you will also see it lumbering the streets of great cities—hauling bales of cotton to and from the mills of Bombay and blocking the riverside streets of Calcutta. There is scarcely an operation in Indian agricultural life in which the cow does not play an essential part. It treads out the grain on countless threshing floors; it drags with patient resignation the archaic plough with which the Indian peasant turns over the soil of the continent; with a similar imperturbable indifference it raises water to be poured over the thirsty land from innumerable wells, plodding out interminable circles as it turns the Persian water-wheel, or stamping out straight lines as it passes up and down the inclined ramp of the simple haulage variety. In another connection it is only too often the unwilling cause of fierce racial rioting. Hindu veneration for the cow as a sacred animal is ingrained and very real, and no orthodox Hindu can think of its slaughter without feelings of positive pain. On the other hand, the religious observances of the Mohammedans demand the slaughter of cattle—hence the ever-present seeds of trouble. These things have been recalled in order to clothe the dry bones of statistics with flesh and blood. It was estimated by the Indian Industrial Commission that there were in India 180,000,000 head of cattle and 87,000,000 sheep and goats; and in any case the export of hides and skins is not a matter of com-

putation, but of fact. The year before the war the quantity of hides and skins exported was 1,906,931 cwts., valued at 10,606,000*l.*

The mineral wealth of the continent is still more a matter for future development. The output of coal has increased fairly rapidly during the past few years, from 12,000,000 tons in 1910 to 22,500,000 tons in 1919; and with the introduction of electrical cutting plant should continue to show expansion. In 1919 over 300,000,000 gallons of petroleum were produced, mainly in Burma, and varying quantities of such minerals as manganese, wolfram, mica, saltpetre, and gold. More significant is the fact that recent surveys have disclosed the presence in the hills of Orissa of immense deposits of iron ore of unusually high grade. These discoveries include what appears to be a range of iron ore running almost continuously for forty miles and rising to heights of from 2000 to 3000 feet above sea level. It has been asserted that at one place a ravine cutting across the iron ore range shows a continuous thickness of 700 feet of high-grade hematite containing over 60 per cent. of iron. And it requires but little imagination to perceive that as time goes on such deposits of iron must become a first-class Imperial concern.

It will be seen, then, that in the matter of raw materials India is one of the most valuable storehouses within the Empire. As a market its value is even now of paramount importance, for it absorbs nearly one-sixth of the total exports of Great Britain to the world. Its potential value depends upon the rise in the standard of living and the increase of wealth of its population of 320,000,000; and to its eventual possibilities, therefore, it is difficult to assign a limit. The case of India, in short, calls for the most careful thought on the part of all those who, like Lord Long, realise the vital importance of concentrating upon the Empire.

How, then, is India to be included in any sort of scheme of commercial federation? Her case is far more difficult than that of the Dominions. Preferential tariffs in her case are possible, as I have shown elsewhere [2]; but, owing to the nature of her external trade, the scope for mutual assistance by this means is limited. Moreover, Indian public opinion is at present very far from accepting the principle enunciated by Professor Hewins in the November issue of *The Nineteenth Century*, that 'wherever it is possible, the imports which are required by any part of the Empire from external sources should be obtained from within the Empire.' Her public men are profoundly suspicious of any proposals for the manipulation of her tariffs in the interests of Imperial trade. And, if we are to be quite frank with ourselves,

[2] In an essay entitled 'India and Imperial Reciprocity' included in *An Eastern Miscellany* (W. Blackwood & Sons, 1911).

we must admit that they are so, not without cause. The story of the Indian cotton duties—first the omission of cotton goods from the general Indian import tariff of 1894, followed by the imposition of an equivalent excise duty upon the Indian cotton industry when, shortly afterwards, as a result of the storm of indignation which broke out in India, it was found expedient to abandon this invidious exception, and the further manipulation of the duties under pressure from Lancashire in 1896—has left behind it a legacy of bitter memories. As we have sown so are we now reaping.

A temperate statement of the Indian attitude is to be found in the October number of the *Indian Modern Review*, an admirably conducted periodical voicing the views of a large section of educated public opinion in India, which, without necessarily being extremist, is emphatically nationalist. After arguing that while Great Britain has certainly much to gain from preferential relations between herself and India the latter country stands only to lose by them, the writer touches upon the political aspect of the question :

> However striking the idea of an Imperial Zollverein may be to the imagination, it must remain an absurdity so long as the different countries remain separated, not merely by long distances, but by feelings and prejudices based on race, colour and political status. So far as India is concerned, Imperial Preference is not a practical proposition at the present moment. The question rests largely on sentiment. But to appeal to Indian sentiment in the existing state of things in the country is to misread human nature.

And he concludes with this warning :

> Imperial Preference forced on the people under present circumstances is likely to make them regard it as another device invented for the further exploitation of the country. It would, indeed, be extremely unwise to take a step which is calculated to embitter feelings and strengthen prejudices, and which may easily lead to disastrous consequences.

These are the words, not of the politician seeking popularity in an appeal to race prejudice, but of Dr. Pramathanath Banerji, Minto Professor of Economics at the Calcutta University. Indian opinion is not afraid of tariffs ; quite the contrary. The men who are now qualifying in the legislative councils to take over the government of the country in the future—all those, in short, who have accepted the recent reform scheme as an instalment of responsible self-government and are classed compendiously as 'Moderates'—are quite frankly Protectionists. They desire to see tariffs employed for the protection of Indian industries, and that means protection against the competition of British goods, since Great Britain is by far the largest salesman in the Indian market. It must be taken, therefore, that a preferential tariff

as between Great Britain and India is not, at the present time, a matter of practical politics, and other means of developing trade between India and the rest of the Empire must be sought.

The most effective course will be to see that the capital, the business acumen, and the science which India requires, and for long will continue to require, from outside for the development of her resources are provided by Great Britain. The direction of the flow of trade is influenced by many things besides tariffs. A notable object-lesson is provided by the trade in Indian hides, which up to August 1914 was dominated by German interests. When war broke out we woke up to find that the export hide market of Calcutta was entirely in the hands of German firms or firms with German affinities, who were bound by trade arrangements to sell to the Continent through a ring of German dealers at Hamburg and Bremen. In 1913-14 Germany alone took 35 per cent. of India's raw hides, and in the four months before the outbreak of war 39 per cent. As the war progressed the importance to Great Britain of the rough-tanned cow hides known as East India kips was realised, and from August 1916 the Government of India assumed complete control of the trade in the interests of the War Office, which took the whole available supply for use in the manufacture of boots for the British and Allied Armies. The quantity required by the Army for the 'uppers' of its boots was estimated for the year 1917 to be a minimum of 80,000,000 feet; and the quantity of tanned hides shipped from India rose from less than 200,000 cwts., valued at less than two crores of rupees the year before the war, to 365,000 cwts., valued at nearly five crores of rupees, in 1917-18.

Conditions brought about by the war were, of course, abnormal, and permitted Government action of a kind that would scarcely be tolerated during times of peace. Indeed, with a gradual return to more normal conditions, the sentiment expressed by the phrase 'India for the Indians' has developed with great rapidity. Nor have we any ground of complaint on this score. It is perfectly natural that Indians should desire to develop their trade and their resources primarily in the interests of their own people. And it behoves us to make it clear that in bringing to her aid our capital and our business skill we are not animated by a selfish desire to exploit her to her own disadvantage. That it is to our own advantage that her resources should be developed by British rather than by foreign enterprise may be frankly admitted; what we have to do is to prove to her, if we can, that it is equally to her advantage that this should be so. And if we are to do this, there must be no more episodes on a par with the Tariff Acts of 1894-96 to which reference has been made.

Our task in this respect is not an easy one. The mere fact that British dominion in India arose out of the trading operations of a commercial corporation leads a certain school of Indian thought to look askance at the development of their resources and their industries by British merchants. There is, indeed, a not inconsiderable section of Indian Nationalists which takes the extreme view that Western industrialism is in itself an accursed thing which at all costs must be denied access to the sacred soil of India. Mr. Gandhi is the most prominent exponent of this view. But he is not alone. Quite recently an Indian Nationalist scoffed at the suggestion that the conditions under which the labouring population lived and worked in Bombay might be improved. 'What is the good of trying to improve Bombay?' he asked. 'It is a foreign wen on the face of India; there is only one thing to do with it: abolish it.'[3] And before ever Mr. Gandhi had launched his campaign against the civilisation of the West men prominent in the public eye were urging the same thing.

> This one thing [said Mr. C. R. Das, the leader of the extreme party in Bengal] we must remember for ever, that this industrialism never was and never will be art and part of our nature. . . . If we seek to establish industrialism in our land we shall be laying down with our own hands the road to our destruction.

I have mentioned this because it is important that we should realise the complicated nature of the problem with which we have to deal. It may assist towards an appreciation of the difficulties if I now sum up briefly the conclusions which have to be deduced from what has been written above. Broadly speaking, they may be said to be as follows :—

(i.) That India is now a factor of supreme importance in the commerce of the Empire.

(ii. That as time goes on this importance is likely to increase to an incalculable extent.

(iii.) That her public men are hostile to any tariff concessions to British trade.

(iv.) That the wise course for Great Britain to pursue is to concentrate upon increasing India's wealth by the development of her resources.

(v.) That in seeking to provide India with capital, business skill, and scientific advice with this end in view, she has to take into account two tendencies at present prevalent in India—that of the section of Indian public men which appreciates the advantages of industrial development, but is jealous of outside aid, and that of the idealists (a stronger force in India than is realised here in Britain),

[3] See the *Manchester Guardian* for July 1, 1922.

who view with intense dislike the whole system of industrialism, which they regard as one of the worst products of the materialism of the West.

The question of importance, then, is how far are these two tendencies likely to militate effectively against British enterprise in the development of Indian trade and industry? The answer is, I think, not nearly so far as might *primâ facie* be supposed. To deal with the former first. The extreme idealism of those who look askance at the civilisation, and particularly at the industrialism, of the West is scarcely likely to prevail against the hard necessities of daily life. Mr. C. R. Das gave up an exceedingly remunerative practice at the Bar in pursuance of the life of renunciation which he preached. But neither he nor Mr. Gandhi found it practicable to give up the use of railways and motor cars, against which the latter so fiercely inveighed. And, despite the campaign conducted against the use of foreign cloth, the imports of cotton manufactures in 1920–21 were valued at 102 crores of rupees, as compared with 66 crores of rupees in 1913-14.

Then with regard to Indian jealousy of external aid in the development of her resources. It is easy to obtain an exaggerated idea of the pace at which the industrialisation of the country by means of indigenous agency is taking place. Some ten or twelve years ago, for example, Sir Theodore Morison published a book under the title of *The Economic Transition in India*, in which he painted a picture of the growing industrialisation of the country. Rural India, 'with its brown villages and never-ending fields,' he spoke of as 'the India which is passing away'; Bombay, where 'the industrial revolution has already been accomplished,' he pointed to as 'the presage of the future.' The great industrial concerns of Bombay are, it is true, almost entirely in the hands of Indians—notably the great cotton mills, with their 6,000,000 spindles, their 100,000 looms, and their yearly output of from 600,000,000 to 700,000,000 lbs. of yarn, and 1½ billion yards of woven goods. But it would be a mistake [illegible] assume that Bombay is typical of India. The lines of its development have been determined largely by its geographical situation, and are exceptional rather than typical. Moreover, its population is essentially cosmopolitan, and is made up largely of the keenest trading races in Asia. The foreign-born element is larger than in any other Indian city—no less than 804 per thousand. Amongst its great captains of industry the Parsees are prominent—refugees in days gone by from the devouring sword of Islam, and never handicapped, as has been so large a part of the people of India proper, by caste restrictions. Jews there are, too, from Baghdad, Khojas from Cutch, and Banias and Bhattias from Gujerat.

With Bombay compare Calcutta. Like her sister city, Calcutta is the centre of a large and flourishing textile industry —that of jute. Congregated on the banks of the Hughli river are innumerable jute mills, with something like 850,000 spindles and 40,000 looms, employing in all some 275,000 hands. But with scarcely an exception the mills are in European hands. The same thing will be observed in the case of other big industries. Along the border of Bengal and Bihar and Orissa, in the neighbourhood of the coalfields and the iron ore deposits, of which mention has been made, great iron and steel works are springing up. The best known are the Tata works at Jamshedpur, which began operations some few years before the war. An Indian venture certainly, but an offspring of the great Parsee family of Bombay; and Bombay, as has been pointed out, is not typical of India in this respect. Of the other great iron and steel works in existence or projected, nearly the whole are European, and not Indian, enterprises. The attitude of indifference on the part of Indians generally towards modern industrial development is well illustrated by the case of leather, of which a good deal has been said already. By applying her tanning materials to her hides, India had it in her power, if she cared, to increase the value of each hide which she sold by from four to five rupees. Yet with a prodigality which cannot be attributed to altruism, and must, therefore, be set down to indifference, she exported them side by side in shiploads to other countries. Many other examples could be given did space permit, but enough has been said to show that there is ample scope for outside enterprise in developing the resources of the country. It must be for the good of India that her wealth should be increased, and, since outside aid is necessary to this end, what we have to do is to make it clear to India that the aid which we are able to offer her is given to our mutual benefit; that, if we look to receive a reasonable return ourselves, we have no desire to deprive her of her legitimate share of the total profit. In other words, that what we desire to do is, not to exploit her to her disadvantage, but to co-operate with her in a business of mutual benefit.

The question is really one in which sentiment plays a paramount part. India has reached a stage of political growth when, having acquired a share in the control of the government of the country, she is thrusting out her hands to grasp the whole. While the dangers of too precipitate a leap from the stage of partial to that of complete indigenous control are staringly apparent to all who are familiar with conditions prevailing in India, no surprise need be felt at the sensitiveness of the *intelligentzia* of the country in the matter of foreign—which in this case means British—interference. India's awakened national consciousness insists

that acquiescence on the part of her public men in the continued exercise of control by men of another race, whether in the sphere of administration or in any other field, is tantamount to an admission of their own inferiority. Need it, then, cause us surprise if such acquiescence is, for the most part, not forthcoming? Or that, where it is, it is but grudgingly given? And while we may be convinced in all sincerity that, in the interests of India herself, the guiding hand of Great Britain must remain for some time yet, we may, at least, try to banish from the mind of a proud and sensitive people the idea that on this account we harbour towards them feelings of contempt.

As a people we have been all too prone to pass by with insular indifference India's contributions to the progress of the human race—not, perhaps, because of any deliberately formed conclusion that these were not worthy of our interest or our admiration, but because, in India, the performance of the task immediately to our hand has absorbed the whole of our energies and attention. Let us lift our gaze from the ground immediately beneath our feet, and at least attempt to pierce through the veil which our own distinctive outlook upon the universe tends to draw across the achievements of another race; and let us pay our tribute to the upward aspiring spirit which inspires the great masterpieces in her literature and her art. Let us, above all, render homage to the lofty spiritual ideals which have marked her progress as, along with the other civilised races of the world, she has struggled forward up the steep ascent by which humanity, with halting steps, has groped its way from that long and brooding night of barbarism which lies behind the first faint light of civilisation's dawn.

It may be that not until India has attained full self-government—as Professor Pramathanath Banerji holds—will such a community of interests spring up between her and the other units of the British Empire as will lead her spontaneously to become a contracting party in some scheme of Imperial federation. But much in the meantime may assuredly be done to bridge the yawning gulf which, to the detriment of both, has opened in recent years between the Indian and the British peoples.

RONALDSHAY.

THE OLD DIPLOMACY—I

We hear a great deal about the old diplomacy in these days, and usually hear it compared most favourably with modern practice. Men grown grey in the diplomatic service bewail the decadence of their profession, which, they say, lacks information, is not adequately consulted, is not made the real medium for international intercourse, is elbowed aside, and finds its *rôle* assumed by Missions and Conferences, Councils and Leagues, which leave this poor suffering world considerably worse off than they found it. Now that the unregretted demise of the Coalition has restored our Foreign Office to its proper sphere of activities it is convenient to throw a glance back upon the past, and to observe how our foreign relations were conducted by recognised masters of the craft.

In order to be able to appreciate what the old diplomacy was we must begin by being almost offensively industrious. We must read the lives and memoirs of the old diplomatists, and must have a good knowledge of their times and of the politics and personalities of the period. This involves, for an Englishman, an examination of the work of Rosebery and Salisbury, of Clarendon and Palmerston, of Wellesley and Canning, of Castlereagh and the Pitts, and then when he has read the memoirs of the contemporary ambassadors he must continue with Walpole, Burghley, and Wolsey, not to speak of others, to the very threshold of the Middle Ages. The history of the foreign nations with whom we were dealing at the time, the lives of their great men and women, and the foreign point of view are no less important, because we have regretfully to observe that almost all history is written from a national point of view and with a national, not to say a bigoted, bias; so it is necessary to observe the period in question with most judicious eyes, and to separate permanent and doctrinal diplomatic practices from those which are temporary and evanescent.

We desire in each case to know how the great masters and artists in foreign policy were prepared by education, training, and experience for the mission which they successfully fulfilled, on what lines they worked, how they acquired their information, how they chose their agents, how they organised their offices, how they

sent and received reports, how they influenced the Courts and Councils of their time, what general doctrines they followed or created, and last, but not least, what part of their doctrines we can carry forward as valuable for the guidance of diplomacy in the future.

It is not correct to suppose that the condition of the modern world is so different from the past that research is wasted. Diplomacy is the art of dealing with men, women, and things for the profit of one's own nation. If to-day, by reason of the spread of democratic ideals, we have to add that it is also for the profit of the world, we can observe that though this admirable addendum is the source of much rhapsody and rhetoric, and the text for many resounding perorations, the modern diplomatist does not forget his nation's interests, except by inadvertence, and, in fact, is guided by them just as much as his predecessor in the past. Men and women remain as of yore complicated creatures, by no means immune from the preferences, prejudices, and passions of ancient days. In a word, diplomacy is the art of dealing with men, and men have not changed much since the dawn of history.

The Elizabethan Period

The sixteenth century was the century of the Reformation. Luther died in 1546, Calvin in 1564. From the Reformation came modern England, and from the Puritan element of the Reformation there came modern America. It was a great period, and a time when the renascence of great ideas in art and letters spread over the States of western Europe. Machiavelli belonged to the century, and had written *The Prince* before Elizabeth came to the throne, tearing the veil from the hypocrisy of diplomacy and thereby incurring the malediction of the powers of the day, for nobody, of course, likes to be shown up. For England it was the century of the Tudors, matchless in governance and statecraft; for Scotland, the century of the Stuarts and the Congregation, who were quite the reverse; for Ireland, a century like others, with rebellion, repression, crime, and counter-crime following their customary and mournful course.

The second half of the century was the Elizabethan period, fruitful in wise men, great women, and effulgent ideas; with a galaxy of talent round the throne unequalled in merit either before or since. Throughout the half-century Queen Elizabeth reigned, and her great Minister William Cecil, Lord Burghley, piloted the ship of State. To assign the precise share of credit which belongs to Queen and Minister for the successful conduct of foreign affairs throughout this period is a difficult task, so inextricably are the characters of the two interwoven together up to the day of Burghley's death. As a broad generalisation we can say that

Cecil advised and Elizabeth decided. But it would be more correct to say that thanks to the co-operation of these two choice spirits, and to the aid of many other loyal servitors, at a time when loyalty to the Crown was still imperfect, England came through great dangers unscathed, almost without waging serious war, and, from being a little country surrounded with powerful enemies, grew into a Great Power, shaped and disposed to fulfil those high destinies which have since been accomplished, not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but throughout the world.

England was neither a powerful nor a united country when Elizabeth ascended the throne. A little population of three million souls in the days of Henry VIII., and possibly four millions in the time of Elizabeth, was faced by some sixteen millions of Frenchmen and about the same number of people under Philip II. of Spain. England became officially Protestant after Mary Tudor's death, but was divided on religious questions throughout the new reign. The process of conversion from the old faith to Protestantism was never quite completed, and in its first stages was slow, prudent, and unhasting. The majority of the Scottish nobility and landed gentry were still Catholic. So were many of the English, especially in the North and West, and not a few placed their duty to Rome before that to the Queen. The South of England, the Midlands, and the towns, London and Edinburgh, were the Protestant strongholds, and the Queen's progresses were almost wholly restricted to the home counties.

Rome was the implacable foe of Elizabeth from first to last, even if the character of the hostility varied with that of successive Popes. Ireland was Catholic, and Mary Stuart, throughout her troubled life, was devoted to the same faith. A combination of Rome with the Catholic Powers against Elizabeth, and the participation by Scotland, Ireland, and the Catholics of England in the coalition, was always a possibility, and often a dreaded and imminent possibility, throughout Elizabeth's reign. The excommunication of Elizabeth by the Pope in 1570 absolved good Catholics from their allegiance to her in the eyes of the Roman Church, and thereafter came the Ridolfi, Babington, and other plots, which aimed not only at the forcible reconversion of England to Catholicism, but at the Queen's life and at the lives of the chief members of her Council. The claim openly made by Mary Stuart to the throne of England and Ireland when she married the Dauphin of France, even if engineered by the French King, was an additional thorn in Elizabeth's side, and the more because many people in England considered Mary's claims to the throne better than those of the Queen.

These dangers created many and serious difficulties for Elizabeth and her Council. It was necessary for them to pass from the

old religion to the new by slow stages, and with the least possible interference with the customs of the people. Ireland needed firm government, while in Scotland Elizabeth supported the Protestants and helped them, by a well-timed stroke of diplomacy and arms, to evict the French troops which had been sent to the support of the Regent Queen-Mother. On the continent of Europe the policy was, above all else, to prevent a combination of the Catholic Powers against England, and surreptitiously to support the Protestants in Germany, the Low Countries, and France, and in fact to resist Catholic ascendancy everywhere without involving England in a regular war. It was a policy of balance and compromise requiring extraordinary sagacity and finesse. England's friendship and alliances might change, but the objects of the policy never changed. The hand of Elizabeth was sought by all the marriageable princes of Europe, and courtship became part of the great game of diplomacy, and a part in which Elizabeth was peerless. She kept the princes dancing attendance as long as statecraft required, thereby influencing the action of their countries to her own advantage, but she never committed herself to an irrevocable step.

At the same time the Queen and her Council reformed the currency at home, aided the merchants, and sought new outlets for their trade, while the Royal and Mercantile Navies were increased, and an indulgent eye was turned upon a number of ventures oversea, against Spanish commerce in particular, which partook of a piratical character and brought Spain into war at long last, but meanwhile trained the country to sea affairs and rendered the English seamen capable of affronting the dominant navy of the day with confidence in success. The great safeguard of the times, slowly though the fact dawned even upon Cecil, was that Spain could not afford to allow France to dominate in the Spanish Low Countries or in England or Scotland, while France desired to abate the power of Spain and would not follow her when she aimed at England. If the Low Countries figured so prominently in the events of the time it was largely due to the fact that they were the best market for English merchandise and the door through which the products of Europe best reached England. Not many doors for trade were open then, for the Turks controlled the Eastern Mediterranean, Spain had forestalled England across the Atlantic, and the Muscovy Company and other similar associations were affairs of recent growth.

Character of Elizabeth

When the Lady Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, and Cecil began his forty years of faithful service to her, both Queen

and Secretary were well prepared by hard experience to guide policy and to control themselves. From the moment when Anne Boleyn was executed until the day when the courtiers trooped to Elizabeth's retreat at Hatfield to worship the rising sun her lot was one of sorrows, difficulties, and dangers. She passed through the hands of stepmothers who were not unkind to her, but whose over-rapid succession must have implanted in her mind a distrust of matrimony. She refused the hand of the Protector's brother when she was fifteen, and only her clear head and admirable courage saved her from falling with the Seymours. Accused later of complicity with the Wyatt rebellion and of intriguing with Edward Courtney, she was found to have done nothing to compromise herself, but she was consigned to imprisonment in the Tower, and if her enemies could have had their way she would have been brought to the block. Though outwardly conforming with the old religion in Mary Tudor's reign, she was the recognised head of the Protestants in England, and remained in danger until her sister's death. While Mary Stuart spent her youth surrounded by the luxury and splendour of the French Court, her life-long rival lived her first twenty-five years in a hard school of adversity, never perfectly sure what the next day might bring forth. All the time her coolness, courage, and self-restraint never left her, but it was a bitter experience for a girl fond of gaiety and amusement. Religiously minded Elizabeth was not. She would have liked an Anglican Church with Romish embellishments. There was nothing of the Puritan about her. She had very little liking for John Knox and disapproved of his famous *First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstruous Regiment* [*rule*] *of Women* as much as Mary Stuart or Catherine de Médicis herself.

But during all these years of apprenticeship to sovereignty Elizabeth's education was not neglected, and she was in the first flight of the learned ladies of her day. Her father had made a great point that his children should be highly educated by the best English and foreign masters and mistresses, and the retired life led by the Princess until her accession was favourable for her studies. Henry VIII. had been well educated. No mean author, honoured by Rome for his theological disquisitions, and well schooled in Latin and modern languages, he chose for his children the best talent of the colleges. John Cheke, William Grindal, and Roger Ascham were the most competent tutors and the best scholars of the day, while Lady Tyrwhitt was an admirable governess. The pupil was certainly an apt scholar. She had immense application, a retentive memory, and almost a man's mind. She soon knew Latin and Greek well, besides several modern languages, and continued her readings and her study of

them after her accession. Her crushing impromptu reply in Latin to a Polish ambassador who had been insolent provoked the amused admiration of the Court.

It can occasion no surprise that Latin was the *lingua franca* of the times, the medium preferred by historians like Camden, Scottish scholars like George Buchanan and statesmen like Wolsey and Cecil. English had not then acquired the volume and flexibility of to-day, and as a medium for conveying precise thought Latin was supreme. The language of France differed even more from modern practice, and as for Scots letters, not even the penetrating and acute remarks of Maitland of Lethington inspire in us the wish to read many of them. Latin was the language of treaties as it was of the Mass. Cecil's private diary was written in Latin in abbreviated form, and even Latin numerals were used in his accounts. The letters of great classical scholar-statesmen like Sir Thomas Smith—and very amusing letters they often were—are interlarded with Latin and apt quotations. So, not uncommonly, are the Queen's.

The tributes to Elizabeth's learning are many, and most of them ring true. The compliments paid to her sagacity and statecraft by the far from friendly foreign ambassadors at her Court (Feria, Guzman, Aquila, Mendoza, and the rest), in their secret reports, testify to her superiority, even when one of them suggests that she has a hundred thousand devils in her, and another that she must be the daughter of the devil. She could outplay them all at their own game and they did not like it. Her clear and simple style of writing, her superb handwriting and gorgeous signature, fascinate us to this day.

In her wisdom, not to speak of her thrift, Elizabeth recalled her sagacious grandfather Henry VII. ; in her occasional outbursts of furious passion and in her love of display she was her father's daughter ; while her lighter moods were reminiscent of poor Anne Boleyn. She had many faults. She was slow in reaching resolutions. In her later days she was barbaric in her dress. She was not very delicate in her language when angry, and her oaths are traditional. She was an accomplished coquette, and cared not at all that her blatant and most public love-making with a favourite, a suitor, or a foreign courtier should amaze the Court and cause scandalous tales of her behaviour to be spread throughout Europe, She was the embodiment of vanity, and the carefully prepared *mise-en-scène* when an envoy was adroitly placed to surprise her dancing, playing, or singing must have been more comical than convincing. She was an adept with the cross-bow, and often brought down half a dozen does during the very unsportsmanlike drives in the parks of her nobles. There was a vein of frivolity running through her to which Leicester above all pandered. But they had been companions, and almost brother and sister, since

the age of eight, and there was a touch of the schoolgirl about it all while youth still excused it, flashing out into the temper of a hoyden in later years, when she soundly boxed Essex's ears, tore a foreign order from a courtier's coat, or sent her high-heeled shoe flying across the room with unerring aim at Walsingham's head. Her rage became ungovernable when one of her favourites—Leicester, Essex, or Raleigh—secretly married, and inferentially the Queen's favourite of the moment was not authorised to look elsewhere. She was incredibly mean to Davison in the matter of the warrant for the execution of the Scottish Queen if we accept his story of the occurrences, and to many of her faithful councillors she was stinginess itself.

But if Cecil could afford to wink one of those great luminous eyes of his in benevolent indulgence at the Queen's foibles, then surely so can we, recalling the many great merits of her character and her statesmanship. She brought with her to the throne a thorough education, a great knowledge of the world, profound judgment of men, most of whom she could see through, and an equipoise of mind combined with unfailing prudence and caution in State affairs. If she hated to spend money, the Treasury benefited, but to her favourites and foreign visitors she was open-handed. Her generosity was returned by her nobles when they entertained her during her progresses. Her twelve visits to Burleigh cost the Lord Treasurer 2000*l.* to 3000*l.* on each occasion, which we must multiply many times to compare with the value of money to-day. She certainly gave royally, but she expected her favourites to entertain on the same scale, and many of them ruined themselves in the process, or in supplying ships and troops for national purposes when Elizabeth refused to find them. She made her Court the centre of attraction for all the youth and chivalry of the day, and her judgment of character and quickness of eye enabled her to pick out the best and advance them. She had her father's quick eye for a man and her own discernment for a good-looking one. She rarely dismissed a councillor or a courtier, and her kindness to Cecil when he grew old greatly honoured her. She bore herself with unequalled majesty in great State ceremonials, and men went in fear of her; but among her people she was a popular favourite and conversed with them in such familiar fashion that she won all hearts and deserved her name of Good Queen Bess. She was a great character and a great Queen, and brought to her Council the priceless support of an almost unerring sagacity. In the first twelve years of her reign she advanced but four men to the rank of Baron. She knew her own mind and made all her marriage projects subservient to State interests, while determining in her own mind, and repeating since the age of fifteen, that she would never marry. Accept this

statement as a literal truth, and Elizabeth's love affairs are explained. But all the fervent love letters to her swains are certainly not excused. In love-making no one should ever have credited a word she said. But her courage was great, and most conspicuous in the hours of greatest danger. She was every inch a Queen.

Lord Burghley

William Cecil was no tyro in statecraft when, at the age of thirty-eight, he became the Queen's first Secretary of State. At Stamford and Grantham, and later at St. John's College, Cambridge, he had worked hard and had displayed excellent abilities which were subsequently confirmed during his studies at Gray's Inn, which were followed by his appointment to an office in the Court of Common Pleas. Taken up by the Protector Somerset during the reign of Edward VI., Cecil accompanied his patron to Scotland, and was present at the battle of Pinkie. He sat in Parliament in 1547, became Somerset's State Secretary, and was imprisoned at his fall, but was soon released and returned to office in 1550 as Secretary of State and member of the Privy Council, making himself as indispensable to Northumberland as he had been to Somerset, and remaining similarly in the background during the trial of his new chief. In 1554 and 1555 he was employed on diplomatic missions abroad in positions of no great prominence, but the experience was useful to him. He sat for Lincoln in the Parliament of 1555, but not in that of 1558, for he was now in close touch with Elizabeth, and was preparing for the death of Mary Tudor, which was foreseen. When the event occurred it was found that Cecil had drawn up a document providing in all detail for Elizabeth's accession, that her proclamation was already drafted by him, and that he had assumed the direction of her government in his old post. He retained the position of principal Secretary of State till he became Lord Treasurer, but the most important foreign affairs passed through his hands until his death in 1598. His barony was conferred in 1571, the fourteenth year of the Queen's reign.

Never did Elizabeth display more wisdom than when she appointed Cecil to his post, and in no way did she better display the constancy of her character than by supporting him throughout his official life as she did. It was not as though the age was poor in statecraft or in character. As we meditate over the names of the Elizabethan nobility and gentry, we can easily suggest some half a hundred men who were worthy of places in her Council, men whom we would be proud, not to say relieved, to see now in a British Cabinet. A Council which could not find room for such a

wise head as Walter Raleigh's must have been rich in talent indeed. Yet Cecil, we recognise, was unique. Not a finished courtier and still less a gallant, hating war and unskilled in arms, careless of exercise and ignorant of games, short in stature and sober in his dress, he was essentially the statesman with civilian mind. Work was his amusement, his library was his joy, and his gardens his relaxation. His capacity for work can only be described as prodigious. He was the factotum of the Government, and nothing escaped his observation or was too small for his attention. Religion, judicature, taxes and subsidies, customs, commerce, ships and soldiers, as well as his own considerable affairs, to which he paid meticulous attention, as he did to those of every one of the petitioners who wrote to him, seem to us enough to have exhausted the energies and overloaded the time of the most active of men. Yet he remained in close attendance on the Queen or the Council, and gradually concentrated in his hands all the strings of foreign affairs until he was completely master of them.

Cecil had many enemies. There are episodes in his early career which show that he had no instinct of self-sacrifice, nor any hankering for martyrdom. The fall of a patron was to him an episode which he allowed to pass by as a mere incident of history. But he was no political schemer. Dignified, sedate, balanced and most moderate, he thought out his counsel, delivered it, however unpalatable to others, and if the opposition was too strong he had a positive genius for stage exits and diplomatic illnesses. With all the knowledge in his wise head he was indispensable, and when his colleagues found themselves in difficulties they had to beseech him to return and get them out. He came back without reproaches and without resentment, coolly took up the argument where he had left it, and by sheer force of character and acquired knowledge carried conviction to all minds. He was very calm and very judicial. He was seldom deflected from a course, and though he despised heat in argument, and would never give tit for tat in debate, by a gentle obstinacy he returned to his point and had his way. To the fury of ambassadors he returned the soft answers that turn away wrath, and his very moderation was a force.

The relations between the Queen and Cecil have been so well described by themselves that the following letters may be quoted:

I am no opiniaster but an opynor [he wrote to his son Robert]. As long as I may be allowed to give advice [he wrote in 1595] I will not change my opinion by affirming the contrary, for that were to offend God, to whom I am sworn first, but as a servant of God I will obey Her Majesty's commandment and in no wise contrary the same, presuming that she being God's chief Minister here, it shall be God's will to have her commandment obeyed, after that I have performed my duty as a Councillor, and shall

in my heart wish her commandments to have such good successes, as I am sure she intendeth. You see I am a mixture of divinity and policy, preferring in policy Her Majesty afore all others on the earth, and in divinity the King of heaven above all betwixt Alpha and Omega.

Serve God by serving the Queen [he wrote in his last letter to the same son], for all other service is indeed bondage to the devil.

Sir Spirit [wrote the Queen to Cecil one day], I doubt I do nickname you, for those of your kind (they say) have no sense, but I have of late seen an *ecce signum*, that if an ass kick you, you feel it too soon. I will recant you from being my spirit, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, fear the King, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appear in you for such a rumour, but let them well know that you desire the righting of such wrongs, by making known the error, then you be so silly a soul as to foreslowe that you ought to do, or not freely deliver what you think meetest, and pass of no man so much, as not to regard her trust, who puts it in you. God bless you and long may you last. *Omnino.*—E. R.

The trouble that we experience in tracing the conduct of great affairs in Elizabeth's day is partly due to the bias of historians who allow their religious preferences and prejudices to colour their stories, and partly to the secretiveness and double-dealing of the times when language was often used to conceal thought rather than to express it. But we see clearly enough, especially since the Spanish manuscripts have been laid bare, that the conduct of foreign policy required sleepless vigilance. Cecil followed up the policy of Henry VIII. and Wolsey in his endeavour to hold the balance between France and Spain, to prevent the union of these two Catholic States against England, and to weaken them by aiding their rebellious subjects unofficially, so that England, while gaining her point, might not be committed to open hostilities. Cecil detested war, and so did the Queen, largely owing to its cost. Walsingham would not advocate wars because he considered their issue doubtful, and it must be admitted that the pursuit of Continental policy in arms brought to the reign very little profit. It deserved no more, for it was usually conducted in an underhand way and on every sort of pretext except the real one.

The Council often appears timid and irresolute in action, both at home and abroad, until the plots against the Queen's life goaded them into reprisals, but we have to remember that a capital defect of government in those days was the absence of police and soldiers, which left the field only too open to intrigue, while the cost of war revolted the Queen's economical mind.

Internal Reforms

But this penuriousness of the Queen which has been so frequently blamed was to a great extent the cause of her popularity. She must have had a clear recollection that the exactions of her

father and his great Minister had produced the contrary result, with all the impediments that it then placed in the way of the prosecution of a strong foreign policy. At Elizabeth's accession her Treasury was at a low ebb and the coinage debased; her armouries were depleted; arms and weapons, as well as powder, could only be obtained abroad; and the Navy was ill-appointed. She was at great charges on many occasions—to hold the Scottish border, to maintain her troops in Ireland and in the Low Countries, and to finance those princes who were her friends. In such conditions economy was a necessity for her, and she found that there was no better means of making her people contented than the reduction of their burdens to the lowest terms.

In this branch Burghley excelled. 'He looked narrowly,' says the admirable Camden, 'unto those who had the charge of Customs and Imposts by whose Avarice many things were underhand imbezeled and through whose Negligence the just Dues were not exacted.' The person who farmed the customs on payment of 14,000*l*. a year was made to pay 42,000*l*. and to hand over other sums for profiteering in the past. It was not permitted that the Treasury should be filled by the spoiling of the poorer people. Extortions and rigid contributions were banned, and Elizabeth would not suffer the poll-tax to be so much as mentioned. Thus released from the rigours of the Wolsey system, the people granted subsidies cheerfully to a larger amount than the Estates of the Realm estimated them. It was the policy to make as few demands upon the Estates as possible, for it was known that taxes were the greatest detriment to popularity, and that the poverty of a people was a prime cause of revolt.

If conflicts with the Commons, in Elizabeth's day, occupy but a small place in the history of the reign, we must ascribe it to the frugality of Cecil and to his regard for the revenue, which was ever a royal road to the heart of the English Estates. The Commons met rarely, and seldom sat for long. What most concerned them was the unsettled succession and the precariousness of the Queen's life. For this reason they attempted in 1562, 1566, and 1575 to force Elizabeth to marry or name a successor, but met their match in the Queen, who would never take either course, though she was prodigal enough in soothing words.

The Estates were in fact silenced by the frugality of the Government. By remitting a subsidy already voted she pacified the Commons in 1566. Cecil often resorted to the ancient practice of sending privy seals to borrow money from the rich, but they were repaid punctually, and their loans were only anticipations of the regular revenue. Drake and his comrades often poured wealth into Elizabeth's lap after some successful raids on Spanish territories and commerce, but in such adventures Cecil was never

a partaker nor a shareholder. While Philip was ruining his country with the *alcabala* owing to his perpetual wars, England grew rich by legitimate trade, economical administration, and the avoidance of war, while the Commons, mainly Protestant with a strong Puritan element, had no quarrel with such a provident administration, and were ready for any sacrifices in the cause of the new religion.

In a few notable maxims Cecil has handed down to us the main features of his economic policy. 'The realm cannot be rich whose coin is base'—a maxim carried out in practice by the reform of the currency, which was one of the most popular measures of the reign. 'A realm can never be rich that hath not an intercourse and trade of merchandise with other nations'—and this trade he sought to extend, and extended, by every means open to statesmanship. 'A realm must needs be poor that carryeth not out more merchandise than it bringeth in'—the 'favourable balance of trade' principle in a simpler form, and applied by a succession of measures at home and abroad, to fisheries as well as to land commerce. 'War is a curse, and peace the blessing of God upon a nation,' was proved by his own experience, as was his other aphorism 'that a realm gaineth more by one year's peace than by ten years' war,' which truth the present generation, at least, has no need to learn. Wars other than the defensive war of the Armada year, and the surreptitious expeditions to help Huguenots or Dutch, Elizabeth never waged. She was the first ruler of England to stay at home, and neither wars of aggression nor annexations ever entered her mind or Cecil's. This successful home policy was the foundation of a sound foreign policy, for such policy based on an over-taxed and discontented people must fail.

C. À COURT REPINGTON.

KEATS AS A CLASSICAL SCHOLAR

LORD HOUGHTON, in that delightful labour of love, the *Life and Letters of Keats*, published originally in 1848, which, however it may be corrected or superseded by subsequent researches and discoveries, must always keep the credit of having been a pioneer and prophetic volume, and will remain itself a work of art, the proportionate and affectionate appreciation of a true man of letters and of the world, has a very happy passage in which he compares the classical knowledge of Keats with that of Shakespeare.

He quotes from Leigh Hunt :

> Though not a scholar Shakespeare needed nothing more than the description given by scholars, good or indifferent, in order to pierce back at once into all the recesses of the original country. They told him where they had been, and he was there in an instant; though not in the track of their footing: *battendo l'ali verso l'aurea fronde*. The truth is, he felt the Grecian mythology, not as a set of schoolboy commonplaces which it was thought wrong to give up, but as something which it requires more than mere scholarship to understand. His description of Persephone and her flowers in *The Winter's Tale*, of the characteristic beauties of some of the gods in *Hamlet*, and that single couplet in *The Tempest*—
>
> 'Ye nymphs called Naiads of the wandering brooks,
> With your sedg'd crowns and *ever harmless looks*.'
>
> are in the deepest taste of antiquity, and show that all great poets look at themselves and the fine world about them in the same clear and ever-living fountains.

'Every word of this might,' says Lord Houghton, 'have been applied to Keats, who, at the time, himself seems to have been studying Shakespeare with the greatest diligence.'

'Captain Medwin,' he continues, 'in his *Life of Shelley*, mentions that he has seen a folio edition of Shakespeare with Keats's annotations, and he gives, as a specimen, part of Agamemnon's speech in *Troilus and Cressida* :

> 'Sith every action that has gone before
> Whereof we have record, trial did draw
> Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
> And that unbodied figure of the thought
> That gave't surmised shape,'

on which Keats remarks:

> The genius of Shakespeare was an innate universality; wherefore he laid the achievements of the human intellect prostrate beneath his indolent and kingly gaze: he could do easily men's utmost—his plan of tasks to come was not of this world. If what he proposed to do hereafter would not, in the idea, 'answer the aim,' how tremendous must have been his conception of ultimates!

This comparison of Shakespeare and Keats is obvious. The famous phrase of Ben Jonson about Shakespeare's 'little Latin and less Greek' applies exactly to Keats, more particularly if less Greek means, as far as the language goes, no more than none at all.

It may be taken as certain that while Keats knew much about what was contained in the Greek language, Greek mythology and Greek ideas, and could enjoy the Elgin Marbles, and divine the majesty of Homer from Chapman's version, of that tongue itself he knew nothing. He talks of some day learning it. In a letter to his poetic friend John Hamilton Reynolds, written from Teignmouth, in the spring of 1818, he says:

> I have written to George for some books, shall learn Greek and very likely Italian, and in other ways prepare myself to ask Hazlitt in about a year's time the best metaphysical road I can take. . . . I long to feast upon old Homer as we have upon Shakespeare, and as I have lately upon Milton.

It is interesting in this connection to remember that Shelley when, to his eternal credit, he tried to persuade Keats to come as his guest to Italy, talked of teaching him Greek and Spanish there.

But the auspicious moment never arrived. With Italian Keats did make considerable way, but the dream of learning Greek remained a dream unfulfilled.

Rather more than a year later, in September 1819, we find him writing:

> In the course of a few months I shall be as good an Italian scholar as I am a French one. . . .
>
> I do not think of returning upon Greek. I would not go even so far if I were not persuaded of the power the knowledge of any language gives one. The fact is I like to be acquainted with foreign languages.

He was then fond of languages and quick at them, and this fondness and quickness showed itself in regard to Latin. Of that language and its literature he knew more than is always recognised.

His parents, in their first flush of prosperity, thought, it is said, of sending him to Harrow. It is interesting to speculate what would have been the result had they done so. The boy was fond of languages; he was also fond of boxing, and acquainted with cricket. He would have held his own quite well in the famed school on the Hill, which had just been left by Byron and Peel,

better, indeed, than some of that rough day. Did he not, like David Copperfield, vanquish a butcher-boy in a stand-up fight ?

As it was, he went to a good school where he fell in with good classical teachers and companions, Mr. Clarke, of Enfield, and his son, Charles Cowden, who introduced him to the poets old and new: to Spenser and Chaucer, to Homer in English, and to Virgil and Horace, and perhaps Ovid, in Latin.

One of the most interesting statements about his early years is that he made a translation of the whole of the *Æneid.* If he did so it was as good a gymnastic as he could have practised. And there is no reason to doubt the statement. His letters and his poems both show more acquaintance with the *Æneid* than is usually noted. In a letter to his publishers, one of the earliest in Sir Sidney Colvin's collection, No. XI., he writes :

> Finger me the paper light as the Sibyl's leaves in Virgil.

He repeats the allusion in Letter No. XXVI., to Dilke. It is his phrase for bank-notes.

Later on he alludes to the 'Trojan Horse,' and later still to the labyrinth of Lethe, and in the lines on Staffa and Fingal's Cave he introduces Proteus. But these are, of course, classical commonplaces. A far more important reference to Virgil in the letters is the exposition of the doctrine of 'soul-making' and the adoption as a definite creed and solution of the mystery of the world, of the ancient doctrine of the *Anima Mundi* expounded by Virgil in the Sixth Æneid. Keats may, of course, have borrowed it from some general philosophical reading, but Professor A. C. Bradley credits him with little of such reading, and when we know that he was acquainted with Virgil it seems more likely that he derived it from this source.

That he attached the greatest importance to this doctrine is shown by his language about it in this letter, where he says :

> This point I sincerely wish to consider because I think it a grander system of salvation than the Christian religion,

but even more emphatically by his introduction of it into a most important passage of *Endymion*, I. 71-76 :

> Wherein lies Happiness ? In that which becks
> Our ready minds to fellowship divine.
> A fellowship with Essence till we shine
> Full alchemised, and free of space ; behold
> The clear religion of Heaven."

And, to make the point still more unmistakable, he writes to Taylor to press for its being put in :

> My having written that argument will perhaps be of the greatest service to me of anything I ever did.

The poems and poetic fragments contain other allusions to Virgil which are very interesting. In the poor, early lines entitled the *Ode to Apollo*, after speaking vaguely of Homer, he writes more particularly of

> The sweet majestic tone of Maro's lyre,

and goes on to make special mention of his description of 'grief around a funeral pyre,' the allusion being doubtless to the funeral of Pallas in Book XI. of the *Æneid.*

> Tho' Dido silent is in undergrove,

he writes in *Isabella*, and he mentions Dido's grief again in his *Imitation of Spenser.*

But perhaps more significant still is the passage at the beginning of the second book of *Endymion :*

> The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
> Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing shrieks, keen blades,
> Struggling and blood and shrieks.

It is an obvious condensation from the Second Æneid.

What is even more striking is that the newly recovered letter to Woodhouse, sent by Miss Lowell to the Keats Memorial Volume, contains a very clever punning adaptation of a line in Virgil's *Eclogues* (iii., v. 79) well known to scholars for its unusual rhythm and prosody. Describing in a truly Pickwickian manner the stage-coachman of the day saluting 'the Girls on the road' with his whip, Keats breaks out :

> *Sed thongum,*[1] *formosa, vale, vale, inquit, Heigho la !*

To have been capable of such a parody, Keats must have been no unready Latinist.

And if this one new letter gives us a new Latin allusion, it should remind us how scanty is our collection of Keats' letters or our record of his talk. In the same letter he uses Latin again :

> I am an *otiosus peroccupatus* [2] man.

And if Keats knew his Virgil he also knew his Horace :

> I will be with you to-morrow morning and stop all day [he writes to Haydon, December 27, 1818]. We will hate the profane vulgar, and make us wings.

The phrase about the 'profane vulgar' he had already used, and in Latin (*profanum vulgus*), in a letter to his brother Tom (July 11, 1818).

[1] The memorial volume last year printed *thougum*, but *thongum* is much closer to Virgil's *longum* and gives sense instead of nonsense

[2] This, as Sir Sidney Colvin happily says about Keats' use of the expression *penetralium*, would be an excellent word if only *peroccupatus* were Latin

He may, of course, have known the phrase merely as a current Latin phrase. But this cannot be said of an allusion made in a letter to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds when he was just about to sail from Dover to Calais :

> If I were well enough I would paraphrase an Ode of Horace's for you on your embarking in the seventy years ago style. The Packet will bear a comparison with a Roman Galley at any rate.

It is obvious that the ode which he would have paraphrased is Horace's famous *propempticon* to Virgil on his setting out for Greece, *Sic te diva potens Cypri* (*Odes*, I. 3). How lamentable that Keats was not well enough, and that we have not the paraphrase! It would have been of singular interest.

There is yet another passage, in yet another letter, which, if it could be trusted, would again show him to be acquainted both with Horace (*Odes*, II. 20) and, probably, with Dryden's translation of Persius. This letter, however, given by Lord Houghton, but rejected as a forgery by Mr. Buxton Forman, is, it is true, of doubtful authenticity. Oddly enough, the strongest argument in its favour is to be found in its classical allusions :

> As Horace [the author of the letter writes], amid the groves of Tibur, already pin-feathered in imagination, could plume himself on the prospect of being one day read beside the Rhone, let it also be remembered what a stretch it is from Arno to the Thames.

The allusion is, of course, to Horace, *Odes*, II. 20 : *Non usitata nec tenui ferar, penna*. The phrase *profanum vulgus*, of which Keats was so fond, comes from the very next ode (III. 1). The strange expression 'pin-feathered' is very rare. It is found in Dryden's translation of Persius' *Satires*, and Keats, who borrowed much of his vocabulary from Dryden, may well have found it there. Which is more likely—that he did so, or that the forger also knew and introduced this almost unique expression ?

With the other writers of Greece and Rome it cannot be shown that Keats had much, if any, first-hand acquaintance.

Yet some acquaintance he had. The list of his library, printed by Sir Sidney Colvin, shows him to have possessed a Greek grammar, and the *Poetae Minores Graeci*, a Latin dictionary and several authors in Latin, Horace, Terence, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Cicero's *Speeches*, and the *Auctores Mythographi Latini*. There is no doubt that he possessed a working knowledge of Latin. He certainly used it to read portions of the last-named work, and his letters show that, like Bunyan and Burns, he was fond of a Latin tag or phrase.

At school he had been constantly attracted, says Cowden Clarke, by Tooke's *Pantheon*, Lemprière's *Classical Dictionary*

(which he appeared to learn), and Spence's *Polymetis*. This last, especially if he saw a fine edition, is indeed an attractive work.

He kept up some of his loves after he left school, for he completed his version of the *Æneid*. Later, while, like 'Bob Sawyer,' he was lodging in the 'Borough,' he used to discuss, we are told, the merits of the poets of Greece and Rome with a classical fellow-student, one Newmarch.

A year later he stayed in Magdalen Hall at Oxford with an undergraduate, Mr. Benjamin Bailey, who was then reading for his 'final schools' with a view to taking a degree, and proceeding to Holy Orders, practising what was then called 'Latin writing,' which Keats mentions, and studying the ancient literatures.

Keats describes Bailey's delight in the old authors:

> If the old poets have any pleasure in looking down at the enjoyers of their works their eyes must bend with a double satisfaction upon him. I sit as at a feast, when he is over them.

There can be little doubt that they discussed these old poets as they discussed Milton and Wordsworth, and that the feast was not one of the eye alone.

He mentions Plato and Apuleius *apropos* of the story of Psyche. While staying with Bailey, who was probably reading the *Republic* of Plato at the time, he speaks, in a letter to Haydon, of 'Gyges' ring,' and later, in a letter to Bailey himself, he makes an allusion to Sophocles and his 'tragic themes.' It is only an allusion, it is true. But in *Endymion* there is a passage (Book I. 351) which has not, I think, been hitherto noticed. In a description there of the Argonauts, which Mr. Buxton Forman thinks may have been inspired by Shelley, Keats writes:

> Until from the horizon's vaulted side
> There shot a golden splendour far and wide
> Spangling *those million poutings of the brine.*

Is this a coincidence? Is it not rather a deliberate introduction of Æschylus' famous phrase about the 'myriad laughter of the sea waves' (*ποντίων δε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*), of which he had somehow heard? This too he may have got from the author of *Prometheus Unbound*, but he went over *Endymion* again after he had been with Bailey, and I am inclined to think that from Bailey, and possibly from his fellow-undergraduates, Gleig and others, he may have picked up not a little classical allusion. We know that Bailey gave him a copy of Livy.

This phrase is the more noticeable because, as a rule, it is the incidents, the stories, and not the phrases, of the ancients with which he is acquainted. By a subtle sympathy he felt their mood and spirit. Bailey tells us he was much interested in the

Homeric character of Achilles, and especially in the story of his shouting from the trenches.

But Keats tells us the very same thing himself:

> According to my state of mind [he writes in a well-known passage] I am with Achilles shouting in the Trenches, or with Theocritus in the Vale of Sicily, or I throw my whole being into Troilus, and repeating those lines,—'I wander like a lost soul upon the Stygian Banks staying for waftage,' I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone.

'Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage'—the words are found in *Troilus and Cressida*, III. 2, ii., which Keats knew and loved. But that is not their original source.

They are Shakespeare's pretty close and exquisitely beautiful adaptation of Virgil's

Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum

What a pity Shakespeare did not also translate the next yet more wonderful line, or that we have not Keats' version of it:

Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.

Yes, Shakespeare's 'little Latin' included the best, and Keats knew his *Æneid*, too, and, as has been seen, knew and loved especially the Sixth Book, and made his poetic flights, like Virgil's, own birds of Venus in the mystic forest, *battendo l'ali verso l'aurea fronde.*

HERBERT WARREN.

A GREAT SHORT STORY

About thirty years ago there was published a small yellow paper book of a curiously narrow shape which at once created a literary sensation. *Mademoiselle Ixe* was not only the pioneer volume, but, it is said, was also the origin of the Pseudonym Library created especially to fit this story, which was too short for the conventional novel and too long for a magazine, but a great deal too good to be rejected.

According to Mr. Wells, the short story flourished exceedingly in the 'nineties, but afterwards, for lack of intelligent and adequate criticism, it fell into disrepute. Be this as it may, there was undeniably good work in the sixty odd volumes which followed one another in the Pseudonym Library, but none which reached the high-water mark of *Mademoiselle Ixe*. The public scarcely waited for Mr. Gladstone's eulogy in *The Nineteenth Century* to sanction their enthusiasm. The book ran rapidly through several editions. Here was a new and unknown writer who had produced that most difficult accomplishment the perfect short story, and in the opinion of not a few it was the work of a genius.

After the lapse of thirty years—years which have seen the rise and fall of several fashions in manners and morals, and consequently in fiction, and in the last decade a rather forced development—it is interesting to turn to the slim yellow book and to recapture the thrill of a previous generation. It is not difficult, and yet, since the story is long dead and mostly forgotten, probably unknown to the younger readers of this century, we may well ask ourselves in what its astonishing merit consists.

In the plot itself there is nothing very remarkable, beyond the fact that the introduction of a desperate Nihilist disguised as a governess into the quiet circle of an English countryside is bound to present dramatic possibilities.

In the welter of blood and horror which has flowed over Russia in the last few years, the comparatively respectable and patriotic crimes of the Nihilists have been obliterated. But in the last decades of the nineteenth century people in England were perpetually appalled by accounts of the brutalities practised upon

political offenders in the Russian prisons. When she wrote *Mademoiselle Ixe* Lanoe Falconer had never met a Russian. But her imagination had been stirred by a shocking report in *The Times* of the flogging and other barbarous treatment of female prisoners, and also, it is said, by a Russian air played upon a zither, which so appealed to her musical temperament that she determined to know more of these unhappy people and turned to the study of Turgenieff and Stepniak.

The success of the story, even in the 'nineties, when plots were important, was due rather to the setting and to the handling than to the action itself. And it was here that this new author showed a mastery that was indeed little short of genius. For it is the Merringtons, the unexciting, essentially English family, living in the mellowed house filled with the traditions of their own people, and the small social circle about them, who remain alive in our memory, when the tragic Russian woman and her attempted crime have become remote. Here are the caustic country gentleman, his matter-of-fact and kindly wife, the pretty young daughter who is never for a moment insipid, and her lover, the young squire whose stolid devotion at present only suggests to her the general dulness of the countryside. In the background we have the vicar's wife, the High and the Low Church parsons, and the fashionable beauty who inconsequently tramples over every county prejudice to obtain her own wishes. The characters each and all speak for themselves—no introduction from the author is required. There is not a word too much nor a word too little; we know at once all about them as we know about the characters in Miss Austen's novels, and through it all runs the same vein of humour. Into this picture of uneventful life, one sunny afternoon, is thrust a flaming sword in the shape of 'a short plain woman of uncertain age, in a brown ulster and a black straw bonnet,' to be received with that pleasant friendliness which would be shown by such people as the Merringtons to their new governess. There is no better scene in the book than that of the governess's arrival and the conversation which precedes it. Mlle. Ixe's exact nationality is unknown to her new employers, and also her religious views, but upon both these matters Mrs. Merrington is happily satisfied because she has been employed by her sister, Lady Carline, 'who is so very particular.' Not so Mrs. Barnes, the vicar's wife, who is present on the occasion and eagerly suspicious of the foreigner.

'Ixe, did you say?' enquires Mrs. Barnes of her hostess.

'Yes. It is spelt I.X.E. Evelyn says it should be pronounced Ixe like 'eeks in weeks, but we don't know whether it is a French or a German name.'

'At any rate she is a foreigner?'

'Oh, yes!'

'A Roman Catholic?'

'Oh, no! Oh, dear, no!'

'The great objection to foreign governesses in my opinion is that they are always either Roman Catholics or nothing.'

Mrs. Merrington gave a little cry of dismay, but recovering herself, said:

'But that cannot be the case with Mlle. Ixe, for my sister is very particular—most particular in that way. On the contrary, I remember now, poor thing; she has had a great deal of trouble about her religion, for she is separated from her family on account of her views.'

But Mrs. Barnes is unsatisfied, and after the governess's arrival, when the latter has been supplied with all her material wants, and also most unsuspectingly with certain information regarding the neighbourhood, the vicar's wife makes a direct attack upon her victim. 'You speak English so fluently,' she began in her high, harsh voice; 'I suppose you know England very well?'

The governess gently explains that this is her first visit.

'Indeed, you must already have noticed a great difference between this and—and——'

'Every other country. Indeed I do, Madame.'

But this was not the information of which Mrs. Barnes was in quest. She made another attempt upon a different line.

'Do you consider the Roman Catholic Church is gaining ground in your country?'

'No, Madame; on the contrary, the Roman Catholic Church is losing ground.'

'You mean in—in——'

'All over the Continent, Madame.'

'I am thankful to hear it,' cried Mrs. Merrington fervently.

'But what takes its place?' cried Mrs. Barnes.

'Nothing can take its place, Madame.'

'Ha! And the people, what becomes of them?'

'Well, Madame, they adopt emancipated opinions of various kinds; chiefly atheistic.'

'Just what I imagined!'

'But why do they not become Protestants?' cried Mrs. Merrington, in an aggrieved tone, exasperated by this instance of human perversity.

'It would be of little good if they did,' said Mrs. Barnes, 'for the Protestant sects abroad are all, it is well known, beyond the pale of the Catholic and Apostolic Church.' Mrs. Barnes, as she spoke, looked steadily and defiantly at the martyr to Protestant convictions, but Mlle. Ixe's only acknowledgment of the assertion was a bland smile which would have been equally, or perhaps more appropriate, if Mrs. Barnes had said that it was a fine day. Mrs. Merrington coughed and suggested that Mlle. Ixe might like to see her room.

'I think she is nice,' observed Mrs. Merrington looking cheerfully and inquiringly round when the door had closed behind Evelyn and the new governess. 'She seems to me a plain, sensible young woman.'

'There is certainly no doubt about her being plain,' said Mr. Merrington dryly. 'As to young, that is a matter of opinion; but if she is as sensible as she is plain, she ought to do.'

'I am sure I shall like her,' cries his wife enthusiastically a little later, when Evelyn reports favourably upon her management of the children. 'She is so nice and quiet.

Evelyn, whose youthful eyes are more discerning than those of her parent, alone perceives that there is something more than 'nice and quiet' about the new governess. She dimly feels the magnetism of the strange, ugly face, the low penetrating voice, and the powerful personality concealed under an incomparable tact and baffling gentleness, by means of which Mlle. Ixe speedily holds not only the whole family, but the whole neighbourhood in the hollow of her hand. Without explanation the reader is made to feel that the Russian is intrinsically a good woman of high ideals, but charged with a terrible mission before which all scruples vanish. It is to Evelyn on the night of her arrival that, having satisfied Mrs. Merrington with a lifeless but technically admirable performance on the piano, she reveals herself in that same air which, heard upon the zither, had proved so great an inspiration to the author.

The spirit thus revealed was anguish that cannot rest, torment that sees no outlet on earth, no comfort in heaven: the shadow of an unrighteous and pitiless dominion in which the hope of generations has fainted, and their faith has waxed dim.

The impressionable girl quickly conceives an admiration for the fascinating older woman, which does not, however, prevent her from observing the transparency of Mlle. Ixe's efforts to get into touch with the foreign Count staying at Lingford Castle, but ascribes them, as a girl would, to sentimental reasons. Had her ideas and interests been a little wider, and her 'reading anything besides stories in the magazines or fashionable gossip in the papers,' Evelyn would probably have suspected the true nature of the half-confidences that were made to her. As it is, she blunders on to the idea of the mysterious Count as a lover, and the voice of love to which Mlle. Ixe professes herself to be listening to be his. She is startled at the effect of her timid suggestion, and 'she hardly recognised the cold set face that turned slowly towards her.'

'I beg your pardon,' stammered Evelyn, in great confusion; 'I thought, perhaps, as you seemed interested in the Count, Mrs. Fox's friend I mean —at least you knew something about him.'

The governess soon pulls herself together. 'You startled me just now, because my thoughts were so far away from that of which you spoke. You have divined aright. I am interested in the Count, but my interest is not a personal one. I am charged with a message for him from others. . . . I seek an opportunity to deliver it.'

'Perhaps you will have an opportunity to-night,' said Evelyn, much relieved to find the little cloud was so quickly dispersed.

'I hope so.'

'I should like to hear you give it.'

'You shall.'

And she did. That night, in the midst of the ball which Mrs. Cosmo Fox has somehow induced the reluctant Mr. Merrington to give, an ordinary ball in an ordinary household, the message is delivered ; the shot is fired which wounds, but does not kill, the Count. In the scene of confusion that follows :

A central point of complete repose was afforded by its author who still stood, or rather leant, against the wall, a few steps below that on which Evelyn herself (who has been sent to fetch the governess to supper) was standing. Her arms pendant, her hands clasped loosely together, her head thrown back against the tapestried wall, with steady eyes and melancholy firm mouth, she might have stood for the statue of Patience awaiting the inevitable.

One of the guests, who has hurried up to form a kind of bodyguard, suggests that she is a Nihilist.

'Impossible !' exclaimed Mr. Merrington ; 'why she has been teaching the children for weeks. . . .'

He paused and his speech sounded as inconsequent as many another which only gives one link in a long chain of thought. For in the twinkling of an eye he beheld this assassin as he had known her during all these quiet commonplace days, sitting demurely at table, knitting, beside Mrs. Merrington's armchair, keeping time beside the piano while Evelyn played, wandering over the sunny lawn with the children clamouring joyously at her heels. . . . 'Can such things be ?' thought poor Mr. Merrington.

And then Mlle. Ixe spoke, and the sound of her voice seemed to silence every other in the hall.

'Forgive me, Monsieur ; I have used your protection to attain my end. It was to kill the Count that I came here. . . . I did not wish to stain your house with his blood. I would have shot him at Lingford Castle yesterday, but he escaped me. In this matter I have been unfortunate.'

'And why, in the Devil's name, did you wish to kill him ?' cried Mr. Merrington. 'What harm has he done you ?'

'Me ? None,' cried Mlle. Ixe, scornfully ; 'what would that signify if he had ? He is not my enemy ; he is the enemy of my people, and of humanity, too. Ah ! if you knew all, all that he has inflicted on innocent men, and even women, you would shudder to eat at the same table with him. He has been tried and judged by his fellow creatures ; I would have been his executioner.'

'This is all very fine,' said Mr. Merrington, 'but in England, Mademoiselle, we call this sort of thing murder, and we hang people for it.' . . .

Evelyn gave a slight cry and sank down upon the steps.

'In England you are quite right,' said Mlle. Ixe composedly. 'In England you have a law which protects and avenges you. In our country it is not so. Our law is the will of our tyrants. We must protect, we must avenge ourselves.'

'Vengeance is mine,' interrupted Mr. Golding (the Low Church parson) holding up his hand, '"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."'

Mlle. Ixe turned on him a swift keen glance, bright as the flash of a steel blade. 'True, Monsieur, and sometimes the minister is a woman.'

'Oh, what is the good of talking to her ?' said Mr. Merrington. 'The question is what are we to do with her now ?'

In a situation which could easily be merely theatrical the author has not forgotten the commonsense and practical resource of the most distracted English gentleman in a crisis, however embarrassing. The would-be assassin is, without any reluctance on her part, locked in her bedroom, from which Evelyn, with the assistance of her young man, induces her to escape before the arrival of the police. It is only at the end that we have a touch of melodrama in a letter written in blood from a Russian prison, which reaches Evelyn in the first year of her happy married life at Lingford Castle.

'I think of you often and of all the kind innocent people around you: and then strange hopes come to me for a world in which such lives are possible. The prison walls vanish, and I see the great elms and the flat meadows, and the thatched cottages, all sleeping in the English sunlight . . . and I dream that there *is* a God who smiles at least upon England, and that perhaps some day He will remember us too.'

But, after all, it is a not inartistic finish and in the 'nineties a story was expected to have a finish—the reader had no mind to be left wondering when indeed the story was going to begin.

It is noticeable also that this is the only direct reference to the landscape, the influence of which we yet seem to have felt throughout.

Meantime, who was Lanoe Falconer? The identity of the author was at first only known to a small circle of her own friends. Miss Marie Hawker—for that was her name—came of an old Hampshire family who had owned property at Longparish, near Whitchurch, since the days of Queen Anne. The fact that she was living at this rather remote distance from London probably made it easier, and also more convenient, for her to shelter herself behind a *nom de plume*, since the scene of *Mademoiselle Ixe* was undoubtedly laid in her own neighbourhood. This 'shallow low brimmed valley, fed by streams, glassy, cool and translucent . . . which even the winter winds visited not too roughly, and the summer half buried in luxuriant bloom,' she describes later in *Hampshire Vignettes*. The river is the haunt of fishermen, and for all its softness and fertility the valley lies close to the rolling chalk downs. It was here in the village of Hurstbourne Priors that Miss Hawker was living with her family at the time that Lanoe Falconer sprang suddenly into fame.

Mademoiselle Ixe was not, as was at the time suggested, the sudden inspiration of a young writer flung off quickly in the first joyous discovery of her own powers. Miss Hawker was a woman of forty when this little book, her first, was published, and she did nothing very quickly. She was a scrupulously conscientious woman of fastidious taste who had studied the technique of writing ever since she was a child and with little previous attempt at

publication. *Mademoiselle Ixe* was an inspiration, but not one that was brought to fruition without infinite pains and effort, and it is the more remarkable that we nowhere hear the creaking of machinery, and that the whole effect is one of complete spontaneousness.

In the *Life of Lanoe Falconer*, written by the late Miss March-Phillipps, as well as from the evidence of those who remember her, Marie Hawker is represented in her youthful days as the ruling spirit of a large and lively circle of young people, taking her full share in the amusements and social life of a rather exclusive neighbourhood. If she had never met a Russian, she had certainly had ample opportunity of being familiar with such people as the Merringtons and their neighbours, for the valley was at that time principally inhabited by landowners who had been settled there for generations.

The Hawkers and their cousins, like many another family of Victorian days, amused themselves, even after they came to years of discretion, by producing an amateur journal entitled the *Midge*, of which Marie was the editor, and to which she was the principal contributor. From the extracts which have been published by Miss March-Phillipps in her *Life* we get some intimate impressions of her lively humour and of a power of cheerful ridicule which spared the weaknesses neither of her family nor of her friends, nor least of all her own.

Here we seem to find a forecast of the theological discussion between the High and the Low Church parsons, so brilliantly induced by Mlle. Ixe at a tea-party to distract attention from herself.

> On Tuesday Mrs. Fennell entertained a luncheon party. After luncheon a meeting of a singular kind was held by the Rev. F. Lloyd, representing the Church, and Miss Hawker, representing the agricultural interest. Both the speakers being kind enough to raise their voices to concert pitch, everyone in the neighbourhood was able to enjoy the discussion. The style of argument was of the highest order, and consisted mainly of the abuse of the delegates by Mr. Lloyd, and the abuse of the Church by Miss Hawker.

All the family jokes and interests and worries and those of their more intimate friends were aired in the *Midge*, and we get the impression of a pleasant, easy society and of much informal hospitality. To the editor this amateur effort represented her jumping-off ground, and was the forerunner of those notes and observations in which later she pursued her training, polishing and repolishing, until she achieved that lucidity and distinction of style which alone could satisfy her. The fashion of these family magazines has probably long gone by. Nobody in the twentieth century has time either to write or to read them, unless it is perhaps with an eye to future publication. But Miss Hawker was a

student of her craft; nothing escaped her nor passed unnoticed, and for many years she was content, rightly or wrongly, that her creative powers should be reserved for the benefit of her immediate circle. We may regret that she did not take greater advantage of the rather exceptional opportunities that offered in her own neighbourhood for extending her contact with a larger world. She was an intimate and valued friend of Lord Portsmouth's family, and must have met many people of interest at Hurstbourne and other neighbouring houses, and on those visits she occasionally paid to different parts of the country which provided her with fresh material. But she was constitutionally shy, a shyness which increased with age, and a certain degree of intimacy was necessary before her ready wit was realised and the charm of her mind could unfold itself. Later in life she speaks of being encumbered by 'shy cramp' among strangers. She had few superficial social attractions, though her friends tell us that a plain face was transformed by a very wonderful smile. Unhappily, in the matter of dress she was woefully ignorant, and thereby lost, if she had but known it, the most efficient defence against shyness that a woman can have. She had a fatal but not uncommon habit of confusing philanthropy with business, and as a result employing the most incompetent dressmaker. This defect is constantly and humorously deplored, not only by herself, but by her relations in the family archives.

After her only sister's marriage in 1880 the troubles of life began to press heavily upon her. Her mother while they were still children had made a most mistaken second marriage, and the stepfather, always an uncongenial element in the household, became a greater burden when there were fewer to share it. At this time she took to writing in earnest and to serious study, and the mystic and spiritual element in her which was to find an outlet in *Cecilia de Noel* began to develop.

It was ten years later that achievement came to her. *Mademoiselle Ixe* seemed to spring into life—the perfect short story, with no hint of the toil and trouble that had prepared the way for such delicate finish. The appearance of the little book was awaited with intense anxiety by the Hawker family. The author herself, though she knew the work to be good, had been discouraged by so many rejections that she scarcely allowed herself to think of its reception, and to find herself suddenly famous as Lanoe Falconer must have been a little staggering. Not only were the reviewers almost unanimous, and Mr. Gladstone's appreciation of great and widespread value, but she was the recipient through her publishers of letters from various distinguished sources hitherto unknown to her. Mme. Darmesteter wrote that she had shown the book to M. Taine, 'the

August himself,' who 'finds it extremely interesting and well written, in fact, full of promise.'

At the time that *Mademoiselle Ixe* appeared, *Cecilia de Noel*—the book upon which Miss Hawker had probably been engaged for a much longer time, which she spoke of as 'her own child'—was already in the hands of the publishers, introduced to them by Miss Ireland Blackburne, the friend to whom it was dedicated, and it appeared a few months later.

Authors are seldom the best judges of their own work, and though this new and more serious book caused a considerable sensation and added undoubtedly to her reputation, there were not a few to whom it brought a chill of disappointment. She writes of it herself in a letter to a cousin:

> It is *peculiar*: an Allegory as well as a story, and is an attempt to express my conviction that in the goodness of human nature, especially of some exquisite characters, we possess a revelation which scientific criticism cannot account for or explain away.

Cecilia de Noel is indeed her message to the world, and perhaps because the story is weighted with a purpose it is a much less artistic triumph than its slighter predecessor. Nevertheless, it attracted considerable attention of a certain serious kind. More than one preacher took it as the text of his sermon. Canon Ainger preached of it as a book containing a great truth. Mr. Hutton reviewed it in the *Spectator*, and another editor spoke of it as being 'an almost flawless gem.' It is not quite a ghost story, but it tells of the terrible vision of a lost soul, and of the shattering effect of that soul's appearances upon several different people of both sexes and varying temperaments and professions. It remains for Cecilia's boundless love and pity for the creature, and forgetfulness of herself and her fear, to bring it release. The book has some beautiful writing, and in several instances the characters are admirably drawn, especially the minor ones, where the author's sense of humour is allowed fuller play. Lady Atherley, amiable and matter-of-fact, is a worthy successor to Mrs. Merrington. Her chief concerns amid the agitating visits of the ghost under her roof are that the cook threatens to leave and that she cannot discover whether the new ascetic curate is an Austyn of Temple Leigh, as in that case he must be asked to dinner. The beautiful conception of Cecilia is not quite satisfying in its fulfilment. She does not make the decisive effect that we expect of her. Andrew Lang considered that Cecilia was better before she got lost in theological discussions. In an otherwise appreciative letter to the author quoted by Miss March-Phillipps he complains that she is a little like

> The Bandicot, the Bandicot
> That wildly sympathetic brute.

a criticism which would certainly have been enjoyed by its recipient.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre and Other Stories, another volume in the Pseudonym Library, followed quickly; indeed practically the whole of Miss Hawker's output, with the exception of *Hampshire Vignettes,* may be said to have been contained in the space of one year. These five little sketches, written probably at different times in the preceding years, have the same distinction and lightness of touch which belong to all her work, but with the exception of the *Violin Obligato*, a kindly study of mistaken sentiment in the young person, they are not remarkable. The flame that had burned so brightly in *Mademoiselle Ixe* was wavering sadly, and was soon to be finally extinguished.

The 'promise' spoken of by M. Taine, and which to the majority of English readers seemed already achievement, was never to be fulfilled; its failure is one of the unwritten tragedies of literature. During the next ten years Miss Hawker continued to make notes of her observations of people she met of all classes and of circumstances which appealed to her imagination. Exquisite fragments of scene painting, some of which found their way into *Hampshire Vignettes*, were left among her papers. But ill-health and increasing family worries preyed upon a sensitive nature, gradually absorbing her vitality and depriving her of the power of creation. To some writers so situated their work might have been their salvation, but for Miss Hawker the intense concentration, the minute finish which her standard exacted from her, made too great a strain on her physical capacities. We get an occasional glimpse from her *Thought Notes* of this period, published in Miss March-Phillipps' *Life* of her, how acutely she felt the loss of her powers. The habit of self-analysis and introspection grew upon her, and as the spiritual side of her nature developed, her more critical literary instinct decreased. Her critical faculties became, it seems, concentrated chiefly upon the defects in her own character, superfluously so, for her unselfishness and courage through all her trials were unfailing. Her love of music and her sense of humour, which, according to the testimony of her friends, never failed her, were responsible for preserving her balance, and with her intimate friends of all ages she retained to the end something of her old joyousness. By her mother's death in 1901, after much suffering, she lost the most valued companionship of her life, and her strength was further exhausted by the management of her stepfather's affairs and attendance upon his last illness, which followed a few months later. It seems that she now hoped that with a return to a more normal life some power of work might be restored to her. But it was too late. She had acquired the habit of squandering herself and her substance upon others

whether they were always deserving or not; there was nothing left for herself. It is true that *Hampshire Vignettes* were published in the last year of her life, but they had been in process of writing over a long period. She was obliged finally to abandon all her ambitions, and the few years that remained were a perpetual struggle with increasing bodily ills. She died in June 1908.

In an unfinished MS. which she left among the papers which came into the hands of her biographer, Marie Hawker gives us a clue to the method by which her characters are made to reveal themselves:

> If you attentively consider the character of someone you know and understand, you may discover that it is revealed and epitomised in particular words and actions, and that by repeating these, you might present a much more striking portrait of the original than by a lengthy memoir.

And she adds:

> Nowhere can signs of weariness, of haste, or scamping be so inexcusable as in the miniature ivory of the short story Rather it deserves the finish of the finest cameo, of the most highly polished gem

The fashion of fiction changes with every age. To some it means the search for beauty, to others the brilliant analysis of pure ugliness. But, whatever the matter, the manner of it must aspire to the same finished standard if it is to be regarded as literature. Few writers of the present generation know anything of *Mademoiselle Ixe* or the author. If they did, they would probably pity, if they did not condemn, her laborious and conscientious methods; but if they are true artists they can hardly quarrel with the results.

Marie Hawker was the product of the Victorian age. Reserved, self-effacing, she had acquired no consciousness of any duty which she owed to herself and her unusual talents. She was the victim, and the willing victim, of family duty and an overworked conscience. The twentieth century will lose no writer of promise in such a fashion. Even ill-health in these days is not necessarily a deterrent. The writer who recognises her own value will probably be free to reserve her strength that the world may receive as much as possible of what is the world's due.

But in the 'nineties it was different, and the spark of Lanoe Falconer's genius was too easily extinguished.

ROSE M. BRADLEY

SHAKESPEARE—AND BACON

In *The Nineteenth Century and After* for September last there appeared a scholarly article on 'Nature in Shakespeare,' the effect of which on my mind was suddenly to recall the controversy in which I was deeply interested some years ago. Mr. Morton Luce —an ardent Shakespearean—has, quite unconsciously, made a notable contribution to the Baconian theory. He points out that Shakespeare 'was a student and a borrower to the very last' —meaning, no doubt, to the last of his works, and not to the end of his life. Undoubtedly no other writer has ever drawn so copiously upon such a wide range of authors, the Greeks and Romans especially, and Mr. Luce's careful study of nature as depicted in Shakespeare leads him to certain literary judgments of much importance. He discovers that, while we might naturally have expected from the Warwickshire rustic that his earliest work would provide us with 'the freshest and the most vivid transcripts from nature,' this expectation is falsified by the facts— 'the earlier the less natural.' 'The conventional treatment of the natural world in his dramas gradually gives way to creative and first-hand work.' 'As he pursues his literary career he becomes less a mere copyist, and more creative,' etc.

The earliest poem attributed to Shakespeare is *Venus and Adonis*, and he might well be expected to have taken some knowledge of horses to London about 1585. Sir Sidney Lee, in fact, credits him with 'a detailed knowledge of horses' at this interesting period. Nevertheless, his description of the horse is taken, as Mr. Luce points out, from *The Fower Chiefyst Offices belongyng to Horsemanshippe*, and in addition appears to owe something to Virgil. Of gardens the actor from Stratford could know little, and would learn nothing by hanging about a theatre, while Bacon was an expert; but Mr. Luce ascribes to him 'the finest piece of writing on the subject of flowers that is to be found in all poetic literature,' which he traces in part to Pliny—' an author . . . read no doubt in the original.' Of 'Shakespeare as a poet of nature' he concludes that:

> he often saw with the eyes of other men, and found his imagery in books rather than in the world around him.

Now here we have, lucidly set forth, a purely literary judgment, resting upon elaborate research, and curiously supporting the Baconian hypothesis. Bacon left Cambridge before he was sixteen, having found the University teaching 'barren of the production of fruits for the life of man,' and for his remaining forty-nine years was a profound student—the most learned man of his age. Assuming him to have been a poet, would he not, almost inevitably, follow the course which Mr. Luce traces, building at first upon his already rich stores of knowledge, and later giving free rein to 'creative first-hand work'? On the other hand, Shakespeare would naturally draw at first upon his 'freshest and most vivid' impressions and later give evidence of learning. Burns possessed the poet's genius in a high degree; but he showed the inexorable limitations of his training. The vast gulf which separates his work from that attributed to Shakespeare measures the difference of achievement of two men, one of whom mastered all the accessible knowledge of his day. The gift of genius, wedded to great power of concentration and untiring industry, can accelerate the acquisition of learning, but only if opportunities are given, and no one has produced a shred of evidence proving that Shakespeare of Stratford had the time, the means, or the brains to acquire the huge amount of varied knowledge which his works profusely display.

The deposition of Shakespeare, appropriately first suggested in the year of revolution, 1848, rests upon a large number of indisputable facts, which, however, may be differently interpreted and may strongly appeal to, or as strongly repel, different minds. In the first place, the works of Shakespeare are replete with the thoughts and the phrases of Bacon, and they are everywhere made to serve as settings for the learning with which Bacon's writings abound. This whole aspect of the question was laboriously investigated by the late Mrs. H. Pott, and I will give a few examples taken at random:

BACON.

As to philosophy, men worship idols, false appearances, shadows not substance.

SHAKESPEARE.

He takes false shadows for the substance.—*Titus Andronicus.*

Your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

BACON.

Poesy has produced a vast body of art, considered not to the matter of it, but to the form of words.

SHAKESPEARE.

Who will for a tricksy word defy the matter.—*Merchant of Venice.*
More rich in matter than in words.—*Romeo and Juliet.*
Words, words, mere words, nothing from the heart.—*Troilus and Cressida.*[1]

BACON.

By poesy, I mean here nothing but feigned history.

SHAKESPEARE.

Audrey. I do not know what poetical is. . . . Is it a true thing ?
Touchstone. No truly for the truest poetry is the most feigning, and what they swear in poetry, as lovers they do feign.—*As You Like It.*

BACON.

' Mustard ' has in it ' a quick spirit ready to get up and spread.'

SHAKESPEARE.

Where's Monsieur mustard seed ?
Ready . . . what's your will ?—*Midsummer-Night's Dream.*

If these were only isolated examples, one might dismiss them as accidental coincidences, due to the harmonious working of two great minds ; but they can be multiplied indefinitely. The works of Shakespeare are saturated with the learning and the ideas of Bacon. One coincidence is so remarkable as to receive notice even from Sir Sidney Lee, who ignores all other parallelisms. Both Shakespeare and Bacon make the same error in quoting a sentence of Aristotle. The explanation that the error was natural in the circumstances is peculiarly unsatisfying.

In 1883 Mrs. Pott first published Bacon's *Promus of Formularies and Elegancyes,*[2] the commonplace book in which he noted down phrases or ideas as they occurred to him. Many of these notes are in Latin and a few in Greek. Against them there are marks or letters indicating their use, and all have been traced in Shakespeare's works. The *Promus* has a line containing the word *honorificabo.* In *Love's Labours Lost* the processional word *honorificabilitudinitatibus* occurs. Setting aside the ingenious numerical clue which has been founded upon this monstrosity, the coincidence is most suggestive, and I am aware of no attempt to explain away this startling evidence of the close connexion between the two writers.

Among the many corroborations of the Baconian theory, due to the ' wasteful labours . . . of Mrs. Pott ' [3] and others, there are three possessing peculiar significance : (1) When, in 1598, Queen Elizabeth was gravely offended by the appearance of *Richard II.,*

[1] There are several repetitions of this idea in other plays, which I forbear to quote.

[2] The *Promus* was republished from a fresh transcript by Sir E. Durning-Lawrence in 1910. The last entries are dated 1595.

[3] Sir Sidney Lee.

she desired Bacon to report upon it. He replied that he could not discover 'treason,' but that the author had committed 'felony' by appropriating passages from Tacitus. (2) In a letter to James I. in 1622 Bacon quoted Wolsey's speech, qualifying it, in the original draft, by adding :

> My conscience says no such thing. For I know that, in serving you, I have served God in one. But it may be, if I had pleased men, as I have pleased you, it would have been better with me.

Henry VIII. appeared in the first folio the following year with Shakespeare's name, he having been dead six years. (3) Writing upon the drama, Bacon quotes from Tacitus the following description of an actor who

> in a fiction, in a dream of passion, could force his soul so to his whole conceit, that from her working, all his visage warm'd, tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, a broken voice, and his whole function suiting to his conceit

It is a strange coincidence that this idea should have been transferred to *Hamlet*, while it was Bacon who revealed a theft from Tacitus in *Richard II.* The identity of words and phrases in the works of the two authors being beyond dispute, it is not honest to withhold mention of them or to omit descriptions of works by Bacon in which this identity is most conspicuous.

The Baconian theory has suffered from the acceptance of two gross fallacies—that Bacon's known works prove him not to be a poet, and that he never took part in the production of plays. What is still, perhaps, a common view was brutally expressed by an American writer in 1874 :

> The idea of robbing the world of Shakespeare for such a stiff, legal-headed old jackass as Bacon is a modern invention of fools.[4]

Macaulay, whose biased judgments generally need correction, managed to convey a most unpleasant and wholly unjust impression of Bacon, which still widely prevails ; but he could not help paying notable tributes to the poetic genius of the author of the *Novum Organum.* Here is one :

> The creative fancy of a Dante or a Milton never called up more gorgeous images than those suggested by Bacon, and we question whether their worlds surpass his in affording scope for the imagination.

Shelley was as emphatic :

> Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect.

Mrs. Pott's and other conscientious researches have revealed

[4] 'The Humbug of Bacon' (letter in the *New York Herald*, quoted by Mrs Pott).

much evidence of contemporary opinion of Bacon's genius, and more remains to be unearthed. Ben Jonson's tribute in his *Discoveries* (1641) is well known. After mentioning other writers, not including Shakespeare, he spoke of Bacon as:

> he who hath filled up all numbers and performed in our time that which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome.

But Jonson in 1623 had written of the *soi disant* author of the plays:

> Leave thee alone, for the comparison
> Of all that insolent Greece or haughtie Rome
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Ben Jonson knew Bacon well, and once at least wrote in his house. What is the meaning of this double use of a striking phrase?

Some of Sir Tobie Mathews's letters to Bacon are enigmatic and prove him to be deep in Bacon's confidence. The following extract is significant:

> The most prodigious wit [5] that I ever knew . . . is of your Lordship's name, albeit he is known by another.

The 'only sane interpretation' of these words, according to Sir Sidney Lee, is that the writer referred to 'some Englishman of the name of Bacon, whom he met abroad.' This, in American parlance, is really too 'perpendicular.'

Bacon referred to himself as a 'concealed poet,' and in the Sonnets there occur expressions which seem to have only one rational explanation.

> Why write I still all one, ever the same,
> And keep invention [6] in a noted weed, [7]
> That every word doth almost sel my name,
> Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
>
> *Sonnet* 76.

> The earth can yield me but a common grave,
> When you entombéd in all men's eyes shall lye.
> Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
> Which eyes not yet created shall ore read.
>
> *Sonnet* 81.

In the second place, Bacon's biographers have either ignored or slurred over one aspect of his life. His essay on 'dramatic poesy,' which was kept back and first published in *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, some years after his death, claims the theatre as an educative instrument and shows intimate knowledge of stagecraft. The records of the Inns of Court disclose the fact that, whenever it was desired to produce revels of more than ordinary importance

[5] 'Wit' is of course used in the Elizabethan sense.

[6] 'Invention' was used by Bacon in this sense in a letter the same year.

[7] 'I have (though in a despized *weed*) procured the good of all men.'—BACON.

in which Gray's Inn was anxious to shine, the assistance of Bacon, not of Shakespeare or Ben Jonson, was sought and obtained. Here *The Comedy of Errors* was first performed before the Prince in 1594[8] under Bacon's management. There is no doubt of the authorship of *The Conference of Pleasure*, printed as 'by Mr. Bacon in praise of his Sovereigne,' or *The Order of the Helmet*, both redolent of Shakespeare. Mrs. Pott has dealt fully with this important class of evidence,[9] establishing the fact that Bacon was a playwright and a producer of plays, which is not recorded even in Spedding's monumental *Letters and Life*.

'Only two of Shakespeare's works—his narrative poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—were published with his sanction and co-operation,' states Sir Sidney Lee [10]; but sixteen plays, some with his name and some without, appeared before his death in 1616. Seven years later the first folio of collected works, with his name and a portrait subsequently 'altered' and used for various purposes, was printed. The whole story of the successive publication of the poems and plays, with which Sir Sidney Lee deals at length, is shrouded in mysteries still unexplained.

Supporters of the Baconian theory point to certain periods in Bacon's life which seem to connect him with the plays. Thus, being in want of money, he gave a bond to a 'hard Jew,' from whose clutches he was rescued by his brother Anthony. In the following year *The Merchant of Venice* appeared, with Antonio as the chivalrous surety. Sir Sidney Lee, on the other hand, believes that Shylock was partly drawn from Queen Elizabeth's Jewish physician, Roderigo Lopez, who was hanged, and finds in the fact that this man acted as interpreter to one Antonio Perez a 'curious confirmation' of his far-fetched explanation. There is no evidence that Shakespeare was a borrower, and, from what *is* established of his proclivities, he might well have been a fellow tribesman of Shylock. Shakespeare could never have gone abroad; but Bacon 'put forth into the world with happy auspices in his sixteenth year,' [11] in the train of the English Ambassador to the Court of Henri III., visiting Blois, Tours and Poictiers, remaining for several years in France, 'probably' (as Sir Sidney Lee would say) making trips to Italy, studying law, and becoming familiar with scenes depicted in Shakespeare's plays, and notably

[8] It was in this year that Anthony Bacon, who worked in concert with Francis, left Gray's Inn to live close to the Bull Inn, where some Shakespearean plays were performed. This shocked Lady Anne Bacon, who just after the production of *The Comedy of Errors* admonished the brothers that they should 'not mum, nor mask, nor sinfully revel.'

[9] *Bacon and his Secret Society*, 1911. First edition, 1891.

[10] There is of course no evidence whatever of 'co-operation,' though 'sanction' must be presumed, as Shakespeare's name was attached to the dedication.

[11] Spedding.

in *Henry VI.*, Pt. I. Certain of the plays appeared at times when the nature of Bacon's activities is somewhat obscure.[12]

The late Sir E. Durning-Lawrence draws special attention to evidence of a totally different kind. He reproduced [13] an engraving of the bust originally erected at Stratford, showing it to have no resemblance to the horrible effigy put up more than a century later in which Shakespeare holds a pen, his left hand resting on a sheet of paper. In the first memorial [14] the hands press a sack (a woolsack ?) towards the body. The existing bust shows no connexion with the portrait, which formed the title page of the first folio of 1623, and is stated to be by Martin Droeshout, a Flemish engraver, who, according to Sir Sidney Lee, was fifteen when Shakespeare died and had no personal knowledge of his subject. The face is a mask which appears clearly in the enlargement, and 'the dress, in which there are patent defects of perspective,'[15] shows two left arms. These are most suggestive facts. The frontispiece of Bacon's *Cryptography*, significantly published at Lunoeburg the year after the Shakespeare folio, is an astonishing production. This engraving, which is beautifully executed, represents a figure, evidently Bacon, handing a book or paper to a man with a spear and an actor's boots. Another figure on horseback, with a spur emphasised, rides towards a city blowing a horn. At the top, a boat is being rowed towards the beacon (then pronounced 'bacon') lights of a city. At the bottom, a figure, elaborately dressed, is taking a cap of maintenance from the head of a writer plainly intended for Bacon.

The title page of Bacon's *History of Henry VII.* (1642), also printed in Holland, presents a most carefully elaborated allegory, in which a figure, with one spur and a sword on the wrong side, grasps a spear held with both hands, apparently by Bacon. There is much more symbolism, difficult to interpret, but evidently pregnant with meaning. The title page of Bacon's *De Augmentis* (1645) is even more remarkable. Bacon, seated, with his right hand in full light resting on a folio, pushes forward with his left, in dark shadow, towards a temple (of fame ?) on a hill the figure of an actor, who holds a clasped book bearing the symbol of a mirror. Baconians naturally claim that these most carefully drawn pictures were intended to reveal the Shakespeare imposture. Who thought out in detail these pictorial allegories, two of them published years after Bacon's death, but one appearing

[12] Thus *The Merchant of Venice* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which is crowded with Bacon's fancies, appeared when he was living in seclusion at Twickenham.

[13] *Bacon is Shakespeare*, 1910.

[14] From Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare*, 1709, and corresponding with the engraving in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, 1656.

[15] Sir Sidney Lee.

as a prompt antidote to the first folio? What meaning did their designers intend to convey? Sir E. Durning-Lawrence's book deals with many other matters of great importance which demand, and have not received, explanation.

Sir Sidney Lee's *Life* is a mine of valuable information of all kinds relating, directly and indirectly, to Shakespeare's works and times, and is a shining example of industrious and highly skilled research. I read the first edition many years ago, and it instantly convinced me that the Shakespearean authorship was absolutely untenable, though I never examined the Baconian theory till long afterwards. There are 720 pages in the last edition; but six would more than suffice to contain all that is known with certainty about the life of our greatest genius, while of direct evidence connecting him with the poems and plays there is not a shred. When Shakespeare the man comes into the *Life*, we are presented with such phrases as 'probably,' 'It may be justly inferred,' 'It may be presumed,' 'There is no reason to doubt,' etc. Occasionally, however, Sir Sidney Lee ventures upon such amazing statements as that 'Ovid's poems filled the predominant place among the studies of Shakespeare's school-days.' If he had been able to produce any evidence that Shakespeare ever went to school, this pronouncement, prefixed by 'probably,' might be pardoned; but he tells us incidentally that in 1578, when Shakespeare was fourteen, his father 'was unable to pay, with his colleagues, the weekly sum of fourpence for the relief of the poor,' and the books alone necessary for the 'studies,' among which Ovid held a 'predominant place,' would have involved a heavy charge on John Shakespeare's dwindled income. All that we really know with certainty is that Shakespeare went to London about 1585, eventually became an actor, made money in some way which enabled him to purchase land and New Place when he was thirty-three, was able by some unexplained means to obtain a grant of arms for his father, engaged in much litigation for the recovery of small debts,[16] promoted the enclosure of common lands, returned to Stratford in or before 1611, living on for at least five years and accomplishing nothing of a literary character. To this lean record may be added a few traditions of doubtful validity and some discreditable, collected after his death, when, apparently, people were beginning to talk about the authorship of the plays. Rowe, 'his first biographer'[17] (1709), coldly remarks:

> His Name is printed, as the Custom was, amongst those of other Players before some old Plays, but without any particular account of what

[16] Sir Sidney Lee, referring to a sharp suit against a Stratford blacksmith, who may have been Shakespeare's playfellow, ingeniously explains that the author of *Romeo and Juliet* had 'caught the prevailing spirit of rigour'!

[17] Sir Sidney Lee, who, however, refers to an earlier effort in Fuller's *Worthies*, which apparently failed.

sort of Parts he used to play, and though I have inquir'd, I could never meet with any further Account of him this way than that the top of his Performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*.

Sir Sidney Lee admits the probability of the story that the devoted student of Ovid looked after the horses of visitors to Burbage's Theatre, and for a time served 'in a very mean rank'[18]; but we are to suppose that he was nevertheless engaged in absorbing, at headlong speed, the wealth of learning which a few years later he began to exhibit.

Not one word written by Shakespeare remains, except six signatures, not certainly authentic—three on the will and the rest on legal documents, in which the name is differently spelled in crabbed old English script which scholars like Bacon had abandoned. Only one letter written to him and asking for a loan has been discovered.[19] The appearance of his name on some of the works during his life and on others after his death, together with the dedication to Lord Southampton, whom there is no sufficient reason to believe he ever knew, constitutes the basis of his claim to authorship. There is not even a scintilla of evidence that he had learned to write.

What Shakespeareans have to explain on the positive side can be briefly stated. By what means did their author obtain the vast stores of learning with which his works are replete? In days when good translations must have been few and rare, how did he make himself perfectly familiar with Aristotle, Plutarch and the Greek plays, with Ovid, Virgil and Tacitus, with Petrarch and a mass of other literature quite inaccessible in his days to ordinary persons? How did an actor, busy in his profession, find time for deep study of all these authors? Why did he suddenly cease to write in the very prime of his life? How can we reconcile his last five or six years at Stratford with the intensive and omnivorous study which preceded them? How are we to account for his leaving (in a codicil) his second-best bed to his wife but no books to anyone, for the fact that his daughter was illiterate, for the total disappearance of the immense correspondence which the greatest writer of the age must have received and indited? It is easy to pose more conundrums of this kind.

On the negative side, it is necessary to furnish explanations of a large number of contemporary allusions which appear intended to discredit Shakespeare's authorship. Such suggestive allusions are evident in *The Return from Parnassus* (1601), *Ratsei's Ghost*, *The Great Assises holden in Parnassus* (1645), and elsewhere. Of the many apparent attempts of Bacon or his friends to reveal the

[18] Rowe.

[19] The father of the writer of this letter cautioned his son as to money dealings with Shakespeare.

truth by oblique means I have been able to give only a few examples. It is for Shakespeareans to explain away their apparent meaning.

The controversy, which began in 1848, has already reached voluminous dimensions, and there still remain, on the Bacon side, avenues to be explored. Sir Sidney Lee has exhausted the Shakespeare field, and his 'old dream of discovering some fragment of Shakespearean drama in his own autograph' will not be realised. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.* Quite unconsciously he has made belief in the Shakespeare myth impossible to many minds, and a perusal of his third edition has powerfully confirmed the conclusion I arrived at long ago. As in most controversies, there have been faults on both sides. Shakespearean writers have conveniently ignored some patent facts and have sometimes — like Lord Birkenhead—exhibited intellectual contempt for their opponents.[20] Baconians, like Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, have been too aggressively dogmatic, have relied too implicitly upon ciphers,[21] and have attempted to prove too much. There may be a revival of interest in this great question if ever we reach a tranquil period favourable to literary exegesis. For the pursuit of truth must never relax, or civilisation cannot endure, and it is becoming more and more clear that most of our histories need re-writing. The Shakespeare myth is closely bound up with the mystery which still attaches to the life of Bacon. As Ben Jonson, who knew more than he told, said of the greatest poet philosopher: 'Thou stand'st as though a mystery thou didst.' Perhaps greatest of mysteries is his neglect to leave behind him direct evidence of his authorship. Whether indirect evidence, which he and his friends may have believed sufficient for their purpose, exists is one *crux* of the Shakespeare controversy.

SYDENHAM OF COMBE.

[20] *Cf.* footnote [4], p 83.

[21] This may be natural, because Bacon was an expert in ciphers; but the cipher is a two-edged weapon. If a flaw is discovered, it recoils upon the translator.

TIREE AND ITS SNIPE

THERE lies an island far out among the Western Hebrides the qualities and possessions of which can perhaps best be described by negatives. There are no trees on this island; there are no rabbits, no moles or adders, or frogs or toads. There is no peat—as peat is known to the dwellers on the mainland from Galloway to Caithness—no grouse or blackgame or deer. The negatives are exhaustive; it is not a case of a few trees or rabbits or snakes—there are none. The nearest land to the westward is Newfoundland; three far-away lighthouses guard its dangerous shores, and the Atlantic tumbles or thunders on them during the greater part of the year.

Tiree is the richest and most prosperous of the small islands of the Inner and Outer Hebrides. There is here none of the squalid poverty which is so common in Skye and Uist and the Lewis. The flora is extensive, and there are a few rare plants. There is plenty of work to occupy a geologist on long summer rambles, and he will find satisfaction in considering the properties of the curious 'Ringing stones,' the beautiful pink marbles of Ballaphetrish, and the queer jade-like pebbles on the storm-lashed beaches of Kenevara, where, if he is greatly fortunate, he may also come across a flat, smooth, mahogany coloured bean little the worse for its journey from South America—an emblem which is supposed to bring good luck to its finder. There are the ruins of many churches; some dating from the thirteenth century, others so ancient that no one can guess whose hands they were who laid the worn stones in the still iron-hard mortar. There are a few finely carved crosses and tombstones; in some places the wind sweeps the sand and lays bare the long-buried pins and brooches and rude clay vessels of a primitive people. Behind these, again, are many dunes and forts of stone and earth which, in their turn, contribute the stone hammers and rough tools belonging to a race of which nothing now is known.

To a sportsman who is not afraid of stormy seas and wild, wet weather, this island makes a great appeal. Perhaps nowhere in Europe are snipe to be found in such abundance as here, and such numbers shot in an hour or day as in some of its bogs

and mosses. Here is everything in which the little birds delight: rich mud, with more feeding to the square yard for sensitive bills than many acres would give on an average Scotch hillside; water everywhere for washing those bills after the meal; dainty warm yellow grass to nestle in for comfortable sleeps; dry tussocks peeping out over wastes of water where safety is; where no one, however craftily he may approach, can take them unawares.

About the middle of the island, stretching across it from sea to sea, lies an almost perfectly level plain. The country people say that this plain is below the surface of the sea; it can only be a few feet above it. Part of it is sound, sweet pasture, and part extremely wet marsh and bog: scores and scores of polo grounds could be made here with little labour; hundreds of tennis lawns. The summer visitors can gallop over it with never a thought for a rabbit hole or treacherous mole run; the only life they would disturb there would be green plover and curlew, and innumerable bees searching for honey in its white clover. They would think afterwards only of its luxuriant fragrance and its apparently illimitable space.

For a sportsman this level—it is called 'The Reef'—has its attractions, but later on in the year, when the bees are in their winter quarters and the clover has long withered, the curlew would be there then, and peewits still flap and hover over it in great flocks, but they would have many new neighbours; hundreds—sometimes thousands—of golden plover would share the place with them, and some hundreds of geese. On the wet part of the Reef you can walk for miles over sodden iris and rush-covered marsh, skirting pools rimmed with treacherous green, constantly having to jump over ditches and wade knee-deep—or it may be thigh-deep—through small quivering bogs.

There is no difficulty in getting on to the Reef; it has two or three miles of dry frontage from the sea on the south, but if a stranger became involved in its mazes at nightfall, and lost the sense of direction, he would find it a hard place to get out of. If there had been much rain and the big drains and ditches were filled up it might easily happen that the wanderer would have to make up his mind to spend the night where he was, in very sorry circumstances. It has occasionally happened that natives of the district have been temporarily lost here, and have had to wait for dawn to let them out of their prison.

On a sombre November afternoon, on any winter afternoon or evening, when the strange brown-purple light or 'bloom' we got to know so well settled down over the land, there is something forbidding and even sinister in the place. Its extent and loneliness, its very flatness, its want of any shelter or companionship

its wet sullenness, perhaps some small association with danger, makes it at such times wear a look of extreme inhospitality, and I am sure most people would regard it then and think of it afterwards with disfavour. But it had a great interest for me. I got to have a strange sort of affection for this somewhat grim country, and even when toiling unavailingly after its wild snipe never quite lost the feeling.

Snipe were generally very wild on the Reef owing to its extreme flatness and wetness, and really big bags were never made here. A tiny stream at its northern end, twisting and winding, sleepily creeping towards the sea, gradually becomes wider, and at last develops into a long tidal pool. This is called 'The Creek.' There were often a few duck on it, and many swans, both Whooper and Bewick. The swans resented our trespass, but as they were never shot at they were not much alarmed. They used to fly up and down the Creek, making their wild calls, their long necks often within easy reach of the snipe cartridges. In the summer the iris here, stretching away in vast sheets of gold under the sun, is a wonderful sight.

Some miles to the west of the Reef there is a wide stretch of sodden ground, a great bog lying on a very gentle slope. It is all feeding ground, rich mud overlying the firm white sand. Some years ago this wet tract was thickly covered with reeds, tall enough almost to hide a man. In these the snipe lay well, and they appreciated the good shelter so much that many of them, after being disturbed, came in again behind you and settled while you were shooting the far part of the beat. Lord Elphinstone and Mr. J. D. Cobbold, who rented the island of Tiree for many years, once shot in this bog 113 in an hour and a half, and it was chiefly here that they made their great bags. Now it is not nearly so prolific; the big drains, not cleared out for years, have become choked and congested, and the ground becoming sour, the reeds have died away and the cover is quite gone. Early in the season the birds lay fairly well here in the small patches of iris and grass, but when these had been worn away, beaten by heavy rain and furious winds, there was no shelter left. The first time I shot the place we fired a great many cartridges and picked up a good many snipe. The last time I walked through it, at the end of the season, I killed one 'jack,' and fired at no other bird, though I saw some hundreds. The walking is not good, but it is not terrifying; each step you sink into the mud a foot or more, and then come to rest on the hard sand. There is no danger, no quaking ground, but the stiff, tenacious soil makes movement slow and difficult, and the uprising of the snipe often catches you in an impossible position for doing justice to him.

There are countless good sportsmen, with hecatombs of grouse

and partridges and pheasants to their credit, who have only a small acquaintance with the tiny bird called 'Scolopax Gallinago.' He is, of course, met with everywhere; his sharp squeak and his elusive, twisting little body are familiar to everyone who shoots. Irishmen, perhaps, know most about him, and there are many places in England and in the north where he is to be met with in considerable numbers. But the majority do not come much in contact with him, and would probably consider ten or twelve couple a satisfactory reward for a good day's walk. My records of pheasants and partridges are not very big, but I have had a good deal to do with snipe. I shot a good many in Donegal; in the County Clare the bag was just under 800, chiefly secured by hard work and small totals. In Caithness, 700 and 500; here 49 was the best day. In Tiree we killed 1717, and I think the number might easily have been 2000 but for a sharp attack of influenza at the end of the season. Our best bags for two guns were 111, 103, 94, 84, 81, and there were many from 30 to 70. The weather last year was against us; it was wet and very wild; the bogs were often flooded and useless, and the cover very bare; and there was little frost on the mainland. A hard winter there would have been a great help to us. There are many small bogs scattered about over the 22,000 acres which make up the island, and one long, splendid stretch of wet country called 'The Moss.' Here the cover is good; the rough grass and rushes run into a deep swamp, thick with reeds, an impossible place for men to travel through. Then the good shelter extends for a mile or so down a slight hollow.

It is rather difficult to convey to those who have not had much to do with snipe what happens when the first shots are fired on this Moss or on the skirts of the big bog. A dozen are up—some near, some wild; a score get up, a hundred, and this figure may be doubled or trebled in two or three minutes. In the inaccessible part of what I call the swamp, countless little tussocks stand up in the water, each one more or less dry. Many of these hold a snipe, some two or three, or it may be half a dozen. Most of these birds rise when the first shots are fired, and the sky is soon well sprinkled with them squeaking, twisting, flying in every direction, though the majority go against the wind. They are useless to us then, but we get in touch with some of them later on, and perhaps on better ground. They have to come down somewhere. Before arriving at this particular place we used to go quietly round it and well ahead—some hundreds of yards—into the wind if it was suitable, and hide as well as we could, and then the swamp was disturbed as much as possible. So we got high and interesting shots, and sometimes picked up a fair number of birds, but it was always uncertain work for only

two guns. The way of a snipe in the air is not a matter for nice calculation.

The big farms have been broken up now ; one of the largest, which included the Reef, is divided into twenty-six small holdings. So there will soon be twenty-six heads of families eager to cut iris to thatch their stacks with instead of one, and the cover will suffer accordingly. I think a good many people besides the snipe shooter will also suffer. The large farmers used to buy up old beasts and small lots of cattle all over the island at fair, if not extravagant, prices and ship them to the mainland in the autumn. They hired steamers and sent off some hundreds at a time. The small men will now lose this market, and have themselves the trouble and risk of getting one or two or half a dozen head to Oban, chancing the auction price. It was an amusing and yet sometimes rather a pathetic sight to meet, as we often did, a pig on the road or on the sands on his way to the mainland. He was generally accompanied by three or four people from his old home, full of pride in their charge, and urged on his reluctant course with many pushes and jerks and smacks. Perhaps the smoke of the *Hebrides* was on the horizon. Then it depended on the united energy of the party whether Mr. Pig was safely berthed that night or had to make a weary return journey to some distant farmsteading. There would be a wait for a day or two, and then the same road was taken, and perhaps he caught—or very likely missed—the *Plover*. I heard of one pig which grew old during such wanderings and was never in time for any boat. The people took such matters with some philosophy ; they were used to disappointments. The boats were irregular in their comings and goings ; we were once, I think, ten days without a mail.

For the masters of these vessels, these 'Captains Courageous,' I have a great respect ; their work is difficult and sometimes a little hazardous ; they have much responsibility. The company which own the steamers have a monopoly. They are paid a good many tens of thousands a year by the Government for carrying the mails. The charges they make for passengers and freight are very high ; the accommodation they offer leaves much to be desired. They have accepted with equanimity and indifference the remonstrances and abuse which have been liberally directed against them during many years, and their apathy will probably continue until some drastic change is made and they have to meet competition.

Wind is an element which has to be constantly taken into consideration when snipe are to be shot. The snipe *always* rises against it, and, as a general rule, flies into it. The best days for hunting him are those when you can work with it or across it ; the

worst when, for some reason, you have to walk against it. This bird, shooting into a strong wind, offers a difficult mark. On calm days all directions are the same to him and he can be dealt with pleasantly and comfortably—if he is lying well. On really wild days—and we had many of them—he is turned over directly he is well off the ground; his scanty clothing is blown over his head, and he may go anywhere; his course is not his own. And in real gales—and we had such things—he is best left alone; there is neither pleasure nor profit in his pursuit.

The uninitiated may perhaps think that, when snipe are so plentiful, chances must often occur of getting several at a shot. Such opportunities are very rare. I have myself only twice killed three birds with the two barrels, and in neither case were they out of a 'wisp.' But once—in Clare—had a tightly packed ball of perhaps fifty birds passed me 30 yards nearer than they did, I might have made a shot which would have kept me wondering for the rest of my life. I have never, before or since, seen such a mark—but for those 30 yards. Talking over this incident with Patrick Halloran, the famous Clare snipe shot, he told me that he had never killed more than five with his two barrels. It was in 1909 that I last saw Halloran. He had shot then for the London market, on open ground, for over thirty years, and he set down his bag for that time at about 33,000 birds. He was the finest snipe shot I have ever seen. Peter Anderson, the keeper on Tiree, with whom last season I spent very many pleasant days, told me of some curious incidents which he had witnessed when shooting on that island. 'Solid facts,' he called them, and I know his word is to be relied on:

> When shooting over a wet bog, with tufts of grass sticking out of the water, a snipe got up and was shot. I walked into the shallow water to pick it up, and there I found four others lying dead on a tuft, killed by the same shot. They had been sitting there in the direction of the shot. On another occasion a snipe got up and, as the gentleman swung round at the bird, a second rose in its line, and just as he pulled the trigger a third came also in line, and he killed the three. Of course all got up against the wind. They were the only birds in the air at the time.
>
> Snipe on a windy day [writes Anderson] take some shooting. Once we found on getting to our beat, seven miles from the house, that we had only two cartridge bags holding a hundred each. So the two gentlemen shot ninety-eight snipe with the 200 cartridges and then we went home. That is what I call good shooting on a windy day.

Certainly it was. Anderson has written an interesting pamphlet concerning the birds of Tiree. He is *the* authority on the subject.

The guns here referred to were Lord Elphinstone and Mr. J. D. Cobbold, who rented Tiree for many years. Through their courtesy I am able to give some of their bags. Their mode of operation was

quite different from mine. I spent some months on the island, shooting on many days, and the snipe being more or less disturbed, became wild, very wild towards the end of the season when the cover got scanty. These two guns went out for a fortnight or so in the last week of October, when the foreigners had arrived, and paid another short visit in January; so they had an accumulation of birds which had been little pushed about. They are very fine shots, and their minute knowledge of the ground on the different beats was a great help to them. When walking over rough fields they knew exactly what line to take. To turn aside now and then just for a few yards out of that line meant many extra shots; so little tempting, soft places, 'smittle' places a Cumberland keeper would call them, were visited which a stranger would pass by. I give a list of their big bags at the end of this paper. These totals are very wonderful, and will stand, it is safe to say, as records for all time in the British Islands, and probably in Europe. As population and cultivation increase snipe shooting *must* deteriorate.

There must be a good deal of lead in these bogs, but it will be long before the soil is so heavily laden with that metal as 'The Manor of Whitecast,' in Norfolk, where 'this bet has been won, viz., that if you sift three square feet of ground, one spade deep (provided it is not on the rotten land) you will find 3 ounces of shot.' Thus Colonel Leathes in the Badminton *Moor and Marsh*; and he adds: 'I know this bet was made and won.' The fifty acres of Whitecast 'have been shot over backwards and forwards for ages.'

I may note here the extreme rarity of what may be called abnormal specimens of snipe which are seen or secured. I have often shot very dark coloured birds, but never a black one, a 'Sabine,' and in the wanderings of forty years I have only once come across an albino. We got a 'jack' in Tiree which had white wings. Out of the countless thousands I have seen in the air, and the many I have shot, no really white one—such as may be seen in the Bird Room in the South Kensington Museum—has ever swum, or rather whisked, into my ken.

Some twenty years ago there was published *A Book of the Snipe*, by 'Scolopax.' In its charming 400 pages is to be found everything that it is necessary to know about this bird, both for a sportsman and a naturalist. The writer treats him throughout as 'a little gentleman,' and the admiration and real affection shown for him are so great that one almost expects to find at the end of the treatise a final injunction—not to shoot him at all; to follow him into the lonely wastes which are his home; to watch him and listen to him and sympathise with him; to rejoice in his daintiness and craftiness and mystery, but with a walking-stick in your hand rather than a gun at the shoulder. The old instincts of the hunter

are not, however, to be eliminated, and an admirable series of instructions are given for his pursuit and capture.

How easy ought that capture to be! There are 460 pellets in an ounce and an eighth of No. 8 shot. Fire at a tuft of grass in water and watch its spread; notice the 'ripping' of the charge as it cuts through wet grass. How is it that a bird ever escapes? 'Scolopax,' like all writers on the subject, tells us why. The first, second and third rule in firing at snipe is 'high' and 'forward'; what can be simpler? The really first-class man always—nearly—has these rules in his mind. How often when I have missed a swiftly crossing snipe have I tightened the grip on the gun and, knowing well the cause for the failure, sworn that I would not make the same mistake again. And then perhaps a minute later I have made it. If you are shooting well, the allowances are given unconsciously; if badly, you are thinking of something else.

'Scolopax' writes that 'the best force in which to sally forth for a real business-like day's snipe shooting is a select little party of one.' No doubt he is right. A solitary man is likely to shoot his best; he has no one to consider; no doubtful bird to leave for the other gun; he can fire at everything; there is never anyone in his way. And yet to have a trusty companion with you on a long day is often a great satisfaction, both on very good ground where game is plentiful and also on long walks where it is scarce. With two guns you can command many little pools and bogs which it is impossible to do alone. It is provoking when such places come into your single line to see birds rising freely on your right and left which are no use to you, but which a friend could deal with.

'But you cannot be always shooting snipe,' some people say; 'it must be so monotonous.' 'Monotonous!' If there is any creature on the earth or in the sky to which such an adjective is inapplicable, it is this bird. In no other kinds of shooting are there so many varieties of shots. I believe I do not write for a very large class of sportsmen, especially in these days. There are many men who cheerfully undergo great hardships and discomforts in search of game in far-off countries who like to take their ease at home; the grouse butt on the 'vacant wine-red moor'; the stand in the covert on November days, when most of the leaves have fallen and pungent autumn scents greet you everywhere, make an appeal to them which is stronger and more alluring than anything connected with wet marshes and lonely wastes. The younger generation of sportsmen are more luxurious than their fathers; they think much more of comforts than did their grandfathers, who spent their Augusts in humble thatched bothies in the north, quite wanting in all modern conveniences. Stalking has become unfashionable, while rents for grouse moors, large and small, have greatly increased; those for deer forests have come

down. It is not from any want of hardihood that such things have come about. The war showed us that as concerns this virtue we stand where we have always stood. But now many young sportsmen seem rather to resent the idea of being packed off to be the sole occupant of a lonely lodge between Sunday and Saturday, where posts come in only with the food supplies, and there are long evenings to be got through with no companion to listen to tales of woe or triumph. This is the fate of stalkers in some of the great forests. In the modern lodge of a good grouse moor life is quite different; the ladies may be out to lunch, and there are other attractions besides shooting—tennis and golf, perhaps, and bridge and dancing. I can well imagine a young man of the present day who, having missed his stag, perhaps two of them, good shot though he may be, comes down after his bath to a solitary meal and thinks with great disfavour of his surroundings and prospects for the next few days, and of what he may be losing. Certainly in the generally humble dwelling or inn which shelters the snipe shooter he would not consider himself better off. *He* would call the work there monotonous.

We left Tiree after our six months' visit with much regret. We have almost forgotten now its storms and rain, and long delayed mails, and many little disappointments. But we shall always remember the fine sport and splendid air, and think of the kindly people who were our neighbours.

I give here the bags of snipe of a hundred and over in a day shot by Lord Elphinstone and Mr. J. D. Cobbold during their tenancy of the island. As I have said, these are never likely to be surpassed.

In 1904. 189, 172, 170, 123, 112. The two guns killed 1125 snipe in nine and a half days' shooting.
1905. 143, 113, 109.
1906. 249, 190, 165, 141, 118, with a total of 1108 in eight days.
1907. 175, 117, 114, 104, 101, 100.
1908. 217, 151, 134, 132, 122, 115, 113, 110. 1292 in eleven days.
1909. 240, 164, 137, 127, 120, 116.
1911. 143, 123, 112.
1912. 184, 113, 103.
1913. 216, 167, 133, 130, 112, 111.
1914. 111, and to one gun (Mr. Cobbold) 151, 104.
Then comes a break due to the war.
1919. 147, 100.
1920. 189, 118, 109.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

'IRVING DAYS' AT THE LYCEUM

SOME years ago I read a delightful book entitled *The Pleasures of Old Age.* Strangely enough, I have been unable in recent years to trace it or the name of its author, although it has been in my mind quite a little in recent times. It embodied the views of a finely balanced intellect, and was written in the comparatively serene atmosphere of the mid and later Victorian era. In thinking of it recently, I have wondered what would have been the impressions of the writer if it had been written after, instead of before, the all-disturbing Great War we have passed through, and the almost equally disturbing peace which has followed in its wake.

Doubtless the autumn of life is full of memories pleasant and unpleasant, and it can hardly be denied that it brings a broader and often a truer perspective of events which have enlisted our sympathies or engrossed our attentions on the onward journey. It is with this outlook that my thoughts recur to the subject suggested by my title, which was a period full of glamour for me at a time ' when all the world was young.'

I made my first appearance on the stage proper as Irving's double the first night of *The Bells* (November 25, 1871). After dreaming of it for years, and after all sorts of struggles and opposition, I found myself, for good or ill, an actor.

To speak of Irving as ' a man of destiny ' may be considered a somewhat strong statement, but I think it is warranted, and it is my honest conviction that he would have succeeded in any walk of life he had chosen. There was about him much of the quality and many of the attributes of Benjamin Disraeli which appeared from time to time in his persistent fight ' to the top.' And a little incident which occurred in my presence has some bearing on this point as showing how one man, destined to rise, instinctively scents another of similar scope and qualities. During the rehearsals of *The Bells* I happened to be a listener on the stage when the conversation turned on politics, and I remember, as if it were yesterday, hearing Irving say : ' Ha ! I think we shall hear a good deal more of this chap Joe Chamberlain from Birmingham before we are much older.' Be it remembered that at that time (1871) Irving had not played *The Bells*, and Joseph Chamberlain was

more a successful provincial figure than the commanding national asset he was destined to become.

To return to the Lyceum. After having been closed for years the theatre was reopened by H. L. Bateman on September 11, 1871. This manager, who hailed from America, had previously established his daughter Kate (who became Mrs. Crowe) as a successful star in the character of Leah partly by her own ability and, not a little, by a system of bold advertisement, as practised in his own country, of which he was a master and one of the earliest exponents. An elaborately favourable notice in *The Times* by the great John Oxenford on this lady's performance of the part in question at the Adelphi Theatre had quite a powerful bearing on this result.

Bateman had hopes of a similar success for another daughter, Isabel, at the Lyceum. He chose a play called *Fanchette*, adapted from the German *Die Grille*, for her *début*. A version of this play had been an enormous success in America in the hands of a Miss Maggie Mitchell, a successful star of the time. He surrounded his daughter with a good company, including Irving and a fine character comedian named George Belmore, and he rather inclined to the latter as the man to 'push' in consequence of his hold on public favour gained by many successes, including a great hit in the racing melodrama *The Flying Scud*.

Fanchette failed ignominiously from many causes. Miss Isabel Bateman was not a particularly strong actress. The part did not suit her very well. Irving played a somewhat unsatisfactory lover and was not at his best, and Belmore made no mark worthy of note The play gave place on October 23 to a version of *Pickwick*, prepared by James Albery. I think it would be fair to say that no one could transfer *Pickwick* to the stage successfully. At all events, no one has ever done so. Parenthetically, I may add I do not think Dickens on the stage ever gives as much pleasure as the reading of his books. One misses his marvellous powers of description, and his sly, delicate humour loses in charm and potency when acted in the flesh, and this attempt was no exception to the rule. Some wag of the time wrote that it ought to have been called '*Patches from Pickwick*.' Truth to say, it was a poor affair all round, except that it gave Irving a splendid opportunity in the character of Alfred Jingle, of which he took the fullest advantage. Throughout the whole of his career he was never better than when seen in eccentric comedy characters, and in 'Jingle' he found full scope for these qualities. He looked the character to admiration, and seemed to have got into the very skin of the needy, somewhat sardonic, clever schemer who positively lived before one's very eyes. It was most entertaining, refreshing and convincing. Belmore did not do much with Sam Weller. The part was not a

great one in this play, and the actor's method was too dry and not facile or 'slick' enough to suit it. Mr. Addison (father of Misses Carlotta and Fanny) looked Pickwick to the life, but this part was also a poor one. E. J. Odell (happily still with us and living snugly in the Charterhouse) made a great success as Job Trotter the Mulberry Man. All the other parts were mere sketches, and the female interest was of the slightest. In spite of Irving's individual success, the play failed to draw sufficient money to keep it going, and 'things looked black' for the fortunes of the Lyceum. At this juncture it was decided, at the earnest request of Irving himself, to try *The Bells*, a version of *Le Juif Polonais*, which had been adapted from the French by Leopold Lewis, a solicitor well known in theatrical circles. Opinions were divided as to its chances. Bateman did not believe in it very much, but, yielding to the persuasion of Irving, he set himself to give it every chance; but it was tolerably well known that it was his dying venture, and had the play failed on the Saturday night the theatre would probably not have opened on the Monday. I had been introduced to Bateman by a Mr. Melton, who had been a life-long friend and was the executor of the deceased popular actor Walter Montgomery, and I was offered the opportunity to commence an actor's career (after considerable success as a public reader) at a guinea a week, which I gladly accepted, and was cast the part of Irving's double in two vision scenes as the play then stood. To return. The play succeeded beyond all expectations. The leading actor's performance was received with boundless and tumultuous applause, and London woke next morning to learn that a new star had arisen who was destined to shine in the theatrical firmament for many years to come.

The Lyceum was saved and Bateman started on the road to prosperity, perhaps a little against his own judgment.

It was my good fortune to see quite a good deal of Irving about this time, as I was a visitor in several houses and clubs where he was always a welcome guest.

He continued to play *The Bells*, with *Pickwick* as an afterpiece, for a time, but, finding the work too heavy, he relinquished the part of Jingle in due course to Charles Warner, who did not do more with it than prove what a great character actor his predecessor was. In the spring of the following year Irving revived the old farce of *Raising the Wind*, playing the part of Jeremy Diddler, which was on similar lines to Jingle, and in which he was equally successful. This, in conjunction with *The Bells*, ran out the London season. The autumn season of 1872 opened on September 28 with Wills's *Charles I*. Wills was an Irishman, quite a good painter as well as a considerable poet, who in his studio in Chelsea lived almost a hermit's life, and appeared even

to think in a certain form of blank verse. The writing of *Charles I.* was productive of an incident worth recording. In consultation with Irving and Bateman, he had got to the end of the third act, and they were all in tremendous difficulty as to how to end the play. One night after supper at Bateman's house in Kensington Gore, Irving and Wills were sitting at the table, and Bateman appeared almost asleep on the sofa, when the latter suddenly jumped up with the exclamation: 'Wills, by Gad! I've got it!!' 'Got what?' inquired the other two. 'The last act of *Charles I.*,' replied the manager. 'Did you ever see the play of *Black-Eyed Susan*, Wills?' Wills, dreamer that he was, had never seen anything. 'Go to Lacy's and get a book to-morrow and think it out.' Wills did as was suggested, and to anyone familiar with Douglas Jerrold's old play the result is obvious and the similarity undeniable. Not a bad model, either! I was present the first night of *Charles I.*, when a very unique incident occurred. When the curtain went up on the first act a most beautiful scene was presented of a pleasaunce at Hampton Court painted by that brilliant artist of the theatre, Hawes Craven. It was, of course, recognised, and was so beautifully real that it seemed as if one might positively bathe in the water. So effective was it that the audience would not allow a word of the play to be spoken, in spite of strenuous attempts, until Bateman brought Hawes Craven on to the stage to bow his acknowledgments of their plaudits. The play itself was another veritable triumph for Irving, whose dignity and pathos were beyond all praise. He looked like a Vandyck picture, and spoke and carried his costume, and bore himself in all his scenes in a manner to justify the line in another play, 'every inch a king.'

Wills was a very strong Royalist, and his treatment of the character of Cromwell came in for the severest strictures. No doubt it was a travesty of history, and the part itself was made even more unpalatable by the hard, almost uncouth, performance of George Belmore. Undoubtedly Belmore was a very admirable actor, but he was palpably miscast as Cromwell. An attempt was made to counteract the effect of this by a production at the Queen's Theatre of a play called *Cromwell*, by a Colonel Richards (editor of the *Morning Advertiser*), but it did not succeed, although it had the assistance of the then popular George Rignold, whose soliloquy over the coffin of the dead King was a very fine effort indeed. The fact was it was not nearly a good play.

Miss Isabel Bateman gave perhaps the best performance of her career in the part of the Queen in *Charles I.*

Amongst my most treasured memories of the art of Henry Irving scarcely one is more vivid or pleasurable than his performance of the King, and no performance of the play which has

been given since has removed my impression of his profound superiority.

I am loth to introduce a personal note into these recollections, but it may be as well to mention that both Irving and Bateman, who were my very good friends, and recognised my earnestness, strongly advised me that the small work I was doing would do me no good and I ought to get out in the country and work hard. This I did, and played all sorts of parts anywhere and everywhere, notably during a long season under that incomparable mistress of stagecraft Mrs. Robert Wyndham, of Edinburgh, and as leading man with the then enormously successful star Adelaide Neilson in America, and with the great Samuel Phelps and others in Manchester. (I once played as many as fourteen different parts in one week.) But I saw nearly all Irving's performances sooner or later in the meantime; *Eugene Aram* (Wills), 1873—suggested by the actor's terribly powerful recitation of Hood's poem of the same name; *Richelieu*, 1873; *Philip* (Hamilton Aide), 1874; *Hamlet*, 1874; *Macbeth*, 1875; *Othello*, 1876; *Queen Mary* (Tennyson), 1876; *Belle's Stratagem*, 1876; *Richard III.*, 1877—of which a celebrated critic wrote of Irving that he was a great Duke of Gloster, but a weak Richard III.; *Lyons Mail*, 1877—in which he was magnificent in the dual *rôles* of Dubosc and Lesurques, and Mr. Tom Mead gave a great performance as the latter's father; *Louis XI.*, 1878—another tremendous performance; *Vanderdecken*, 1878—a poor play on the subject of the Flying Dutchman, only moderately successful; *Hamlet*, revived 1878, with Miss Ellen Terry as Ophelia—enormous success; *Lady of Lyons*, 1879—one of his least successful achievements.

To hark back a little: in 1875 Irving felt it necessary to bring a libel action against certain critics who had allowed their pens to outrun their discretion and had attacked him outrageously in a personal, rather than professional, capacity. He won his case 'hands down,' and in his usual generous manner accepted an ample apology, and one of his attackers (at least) became a firm friend for life.

Bateman died, March 22, 1875, and Irving lost a great admirer and sound backer. Indeed, in the last few years of his life the actor had become a positive obsession of his manager, and a story went round, which I do not vouch for, that at a supper given on the hundredth night of *Hamlet* Charles Dickens, jun., made a speech in which he claimed a sympathetic hearing for the great Italian tragedian Salvini, who was about to appear in London, which so incensed Bateman that he flew into a paroxysm of rage—a not unusual circumstance with him—and went home and had some sort of seizure which hastened his lamented

end. Mrs. Bateman continued to carry on the theatre till 1878, when it passed into the hands of Irving as sole manager. He opened with the revival of *Hamlet*, mentioned above, having secured the services of Miss Ellen Terry as Ophelia—a happy artistic association which remained unbroken to the end of his life.

After wandering up and down the world, crossing the Atlantic several times and playing leading parts with almost every great artist, male and female, on both sides of 'the Pond,' I rejoined the Lyceum company in 1879. We opened the autumn season with the old drama of *The Iron Chest*. This had been a favourite with Edmund Kean. Irving gave a masterly performance of Sir Edward Mortimer, but the play was found to be too old-fashioned and morbid for the audiences of the day, and it failed to attract. To my surprise I was cast the part of Fitz-harding—a sort of old-comedy 'buck'—though there appeared to be more than one member of the company to whom the part would have seemed more suitable. However, I did my best, and succeeded in pleasing my manager, the Press, and public.

After a very short revival of *Hamlet*, as a stop-gap, the almost historic revival of *The Merchant of Venice* took place on November 1, 1879. This ran for about 300 nights. Miss Terry repeated her great success as Portia, which she had played under the Bancroft management at the old Prince of Wales' some time previously. Irving made a great hit as Shylock from his own (and a new) sympathetic point of view. I venture to hazard the opinion that in some respects and in some scenes his reading was opposed to the author's intentions, nor am I quite certain that he played the part entirely as he conceived it. From observation at rehearsal—and after having played with many Shylocks —I think he 'shot' for Shakespeare's Shylock, and, finding at least two of the scenes were beyond his powers, he brought his great mentality to bear and, by degrees, developed a 'Shylock' he *could* compass, which a very large section of the public accepted as the correct reading of the part. I know I shall find numbers of playgoers to disagree with me, but this is my considered opinion.

During the run of the play a very curious incident occurred. After the two hundred and fiftieth performance the stage was cleared hurriedly, and within the hour was converted into a picturesque banquet-room under a huge marquee, where a sumptuous supper was served attended by many of the names best known in London—in art, science, literature, etc., etc. Our manager was of course the host, and presided over a singularly brilliant gathering in which the company were included. In due

course Lord Houghton rose to propose the health of Henry Irving. His speech was most remarkable. In its progress he recalled all the 'Shylocks' he had seen, and, as far as we could gather, the very least meritorious was the hero of the evening. The situation was one of quite painful tension. No one knew where to look or what was going to happen. But Irving rose in perfect good humour, and with the tact of which he was ever a master brushed the incident aside and re-established the genial atmosphere, and all was well again. Later in the old Beef Steak Club Room, which was within the precincts of the theatre, J. L. Toole paid the actor's tribute to our host, which was honoured with the utmost enthusiasm. I played Bassanio in this production. At the latter part of the long run of *The Merchant of Venice* the last act was cut out, and we played a version of the one-act Danish play *King René's Daughter*, written by Wills—a charming play and a beautiful production: Irving (Count Tristan), Miss Terry (Iolanthe), Frank Cooper (Geoffrey), T. Mead (Ebn Jahia), J. H. Barnes (King René). At the end of the season I went wandering again, playing leading parts in both hemispheres with Ristori, Mary Anderson, Joseph Jefferson, Fanny Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, John Hare, Charles Wyndham, Forbes Robertson, etc., etc., and did not meet 'the Chief' again until he had become *Sir* Henry Irving, a fact which delighted everybody, including the members of his own calling. He engaged me for the part of Menenius in *Coriolanus*, in which I was very fortunate, and my services were retained for the autumn and American tour to follow. *Coriolanus* did not turn out an attraction. It is a poor acting play for later-day audiences, and, truth to say, neither Sir Henry nor Miss Terry was particularly happy in it, so it was not deemed advisable to take it to America; but it made no difference to my engagement, as parts were found for me in many plays in the *repertoire*, and I had a very pleasant time. During the voyage each way and the tour Sir Henry was more than kind to me—I might use the word 'brotherly.' He seemed never tired of talking over old times and friends of years gone by, and altogether made the engagement most enjoyable. This was my last association with him. Returning to England I again 'went my way.' At the time of his lamented death he had talked to me about a part he designed for me in a play being written; but alas! it was not to be.

I scarcely missed a performance of his through all his career; and what a memory it all becomes! Through all his later years, like the sunlit rivulet tracing its way amongst the green English meadows, there looms up the exquisite art of Ellen Terry with her sympathetic womanhood and her sunny presence, and, like

the lark singing above those meadows, the memoried re-echoes of her delicious mellow voice:

> As if Spring itself were made a living thing
> And wore *her* shape.

If her very womanliness handicapped her in such Spartan parts as Volumnia, her long gallery of successful artistic portraits are a very joy to one and all who are fortunate enough to have seen them.

And now to come back to my starting point of the true perspective. What niche in the temple of dramatic fame will posterity assign to Henry Irving? I think the just concession will be that in all his original creations, in all his character parts, in picturesque melodrama and most of his comedy, he was preeminent. I have played alongside all the great actors of my time in all the great parts, and I should be false to the art I love and respect if I said that what I did not consider as good was better than what I have seen. With me they are not opinions, but vivid memories, and if he just missed pre-eminence in the greatest of all it was only by a very little. Certainly his Shylock, Malvolio, Wolsey, and Richelieu could not compare with those of the great Samuel Phelps, and equally assuredly as Macbeth, Othello, and King Lear he was inferior to Charles Dillon—a veritable and positive genius whose frailties alone prevented his name being numbered amongst those who live for ever.

By way of coincidence, Charles Dillon had made an enormous sensation at the same Lyceum Theatre years before in *Belphegor*, in which another great artist beloved and greatly admired—Lady Bancroft—scored tremendously as the boy (his son).

Dating from his performance of Digby Grant in *Two Roses*, Irving developed a certain mannerism of pronunciation which considerably increased in his later years and had the effect of marring to an extent some of the finest passages in our English poetry.

Of Henry Irving the man, what can I add to what has already been written that will not seem like gilding the lily? A true friend, generous to a fault, a liberal manager with a strong vein of cynicism in the case of fulsome flattery, which he saw through and despised, he went hand in hand with and passed on to his profession, without ostentation, all the honours and dignities he gained, and which so well became him—one of whom it may be said:

> Take him for all in all.
> We shall not look upon his like again.

J. H. BARNES.

NICHOLSON THE HERO

Of all the heroes of the Indian Mutiny the greatest is John Nicholson. 'Nicholson,' wrote Sir Evelyn Wood, 'was undoubtedly the most remarkable of those heroic men who became famous in the days of our humiliation.' 'Of all the heroes who have made the Indian Mutiny an epic,' wrote Sir W. G. Forrest, 'none strike the imagination like John Nicholson.' Lord Roberts, who was in close touch with him in the Punjaub and before Delhi, alluded to Nicholson as 'the man for whom above all others I had the greatest admiration and most profound respect'; and again: 'Nicholson impressed me more profoundly than any man I had ever met before, or have ever met since. I have never seen anyone like him.' In like manner his most intimate friend, Sir Herbert Edwardes, declared that Nicholson was not to be classed, but stood alone; could not be described, but had to be seen.

By those of his own race thus counted unique and the greatest they had ever known, among certain of the wild tribesmen on the Punjaub frontier Nicholson was regarded and worshipped as a god. After the Sikh wars, in which he greatly distinguished himself, Nicholson became deputy-commissioner in Bannu, and Sir Evelyn Wood wrote: 'at the end of four years he had turned the raiding, murdering clansmen of a country nearly as big as Wales into a peaceful, law-abiding people.' They were so impressed by the massive strength of his personality, by his unerring and inflexible justice, and by the change wrought through his influence, that if at first they feared, in time they admired and revered; and while some declared him a *hakim* or hero-saint, others regarded him as no less than a god. In 1849 a certain *gosain* or Hindu devotee declared Nicholson a new *avatar* or incarnation of the Divine, and he and his disciples were known as Nikalsainis—worshippers of Nykkul Seyne. Nicholson, however, proved a very unappreciative and impracticable divinity, for when they sought him out and approached to do homage, he drove them from his presence with threats and blows, and even had them soundly whipped. But the more he beat them the more they worshipped him, and for not a few years the cult persisted and flourished.

How, then, was it that John Nicholson came to have such name and fame? Wherein lay his greatness, and what was its secret? The answer is that as other men have a genius for poetry, music, oratory, mechanics, Nicholson had a genius for what, after all, is greater and more difficult than all else—for action. Other men may be poets, thinkers, speakers, inventors, but Nicholson was a doer. In this world, where the first and foremost thing is that things should be done, Nicholson always knew what to do and how to do it; and however hard or perilous it might be, he did it. In the great spheres of action—in administration, in war, in the government and management of men—Nicholson proved himself supreme.

In the first place, John Nicholson had for action the requisite physical basis. His father a doctor in Dublin, his mother, like his father, of a good Anglo-Irish Protestant family, he was born at Lisburn, near Belfast, in the year 1822. Leaving school at sixteen, he went out to India as a cadet in the Company's army; and two years later, he wrote to his mother, he was 6 feet in height and hoped to add yet 3 or 4 inches—which in due time he did. He was thus of gigantic stature, and had a magnificent physique. 'Tall of person and of majestic presence,' says Forrest, 'he well justified the title of "Lion of the Punjaub."' He had handsome, regular features, and keen grey piercing eyes. 'As he grew older,' said his friend Neville Chamberlain, 'his features became more marked in character, and a very dark brown beard and moustache, almost approaching to black, added to his manly appearance. He always held his head high in the air, and carried it as if he could not see the ground before him. His step was vigorous and firm; and anyone seeing him, could not fail to notice the man.' What impressed the natives of the Punjaub even more than his height and strength was his activity and power of endurance. As ruler and magistrate of a wide district he seemed to be always everywhere, seeing and searching things out for himself; and as a leader of troops he gloried in forced marches and swift reprisals. 'You could hear the ring of his horse's hoofs,' it was said, 'from Attock to the Khaibar.' When a thing had to be done, Nicholson believed in doing it at once; and he had always the will and the strength to carry it through. When he was told one day by George Lawrence that had he not been ill with fever he would have been sent to hold the fort at Attock, 'Never mind the fever,' said he, 'I will start to-night.' And before dawn he had covered fifty miles, reaching the gate of the fortress just in time to prevent its being shut against him. Having outridden his force, he had only some thirty troopers with him, but his bold bearing won over the bulk of the garrison; and when the Sikh guard at one of the gates threatened to mutiny, he stalked

among them like an avenging deity, dared them to lift a finger, forced them to arrest their own leaders, and within an hour had them marching in sullen silence out of the fort.

Such a man, when the Mutiny came, was plainly the man for the hour. He warmly approved, and probably first suggested, the forming of a movable column which should strike down rebellion wherever it showed its head ; and after he became its commander he organised a flying column and dashed from point to point with tireless activity. When the mutineers fled from Mardan and the British troops were too weary to pursue, Nicholson dashed after them with a small force of mounted police, hunted them down, and slew not a few of them with his own hand. Again, learning that the Sialkot rebels were moving southwards, he collected every pony-cart in the district and, making his men ride by turns, covered twenty-six miles without a halt, and then eighteen miles more. Overtaking the enemy, he engaged and defeated them, and next day attacked the survivors, who had fled to an island in the Ravi river, and annihilated them. 'Nicholson led the advance, and with a downstroke of his sword on the shoulder of the mutinous sergeant serving the gun, literally cut him into two parts' (Wood). And then there was the sharp and brilliant engagement at Najafgarh. Not long after his arrival on the Ridge Nicholson was sent out with 2000 men and two batteries to deal with a force of 5000 rebels with eighteen guns who had marched out of Delhi to intercept the siege-train on its way from Ferozepore for the assault on the city. He set out at daybreak (August 25, 1857). The rain fell in torrents, the roads were quagmires, and the guns had to be man-handled through two wide swamps. At noon a halt was called, but learning that the rebel force was only some twelve miles in front he resolved to overtake and deal with it before nightfall; and by grim determination and good tactics he achieved a signal victory.

And this brings us to the second element in Nicholson's greatness. He had for action not only the physical basis but also the intellectual equipment. Lord Roberts, who as his staff officer for a time had abundant opportunity of observing its workings, speaks of Nicholson's 'grand simple mind,' and bears testimony to his deep knowledge of military affairs. Nicholson was not only prompt, but full of resource. In peace or war he was never at a loss. In Captain L. J. Trotter's *Life of John Nicholson* (strangely enough the only full biography of Nicholson that has as yet appeared) we get a delightful example of his adroitness and sagacity. A certain Alladad Khan had seized the land of an orphan nephew and turned him out of the village. Arrived at man's estate, the nephew sued the uncle in Nicholson's court, but had no chance of establishing his rights because the uncle was the strongest man in the village

and no one dared to give evidence against him. And it looked as if Nicholson would have to dismiss the suit and perpetuate the injustice. One day, however, while the case was still pending, the villagers at dawn found Nicholson's grey mare nibbling grass on the disputed land and Nicholson himself tied to a tree. Recovering after a little from their first astonishment and alarm, they advanced to release him. But Nicholson ordered them to stand back, and asked wrathfully on whose land he was standing. They pointed silently to Alladad Khan, who came forward trembling and cried out: 'No, no! The land is not mine, but my nephew's.' Nicholson had gained his point. He made the man swear that he was telling the truth, and then at last permitted himself to be unloosed. Next day in court he decreed the nephew his inheritance, and the uncle, finding things too hot for him, went off on pilgrimage to Mecca. The same resourcefulness and genius for management appeared in sterner days, and on a broader field, when by consummate handling, without firing a shot, Nicholson in the Punjaub disarmed and disbanded one mutinous regiment after another. In the greatest crisis in the story of our Indian Empire, when the devil's wind of mutiny shook it to its very foundations, his keen, far-reaching mind gauged aright the peril of the Punjaub and saw clearly the need for prompt and resolute action. At a council of war he was invaluable. Nor can there be any doubt that on the Ridge before Delhi it was the strong conviction of Nicholson, added to that of Baird Smith, which decided the vacillating Wilson to order the assault upon the city.

Thus endowed with strength of body and power of mind, Nicholson was further fitted for action—and this may be called the third element in his greatness—by that quality of heart and will which we name courage. John Nicholson was not merely bold or plucky—he was utterly fearless. Nor was he merely physically brave; he was morally courageous. He cared not who the offender might be, he spoke out, and acted too. At the Battle of Chilianwala, where he acted as aide-de-camp to Lord Gough, he saw an officer less forward in attack than he should have been, and forthwith caught him by the shoulders and thrust him into the hottest of the firing. One day in Bannu some native chiefs, who had come to confer with him, inclined to insolence, and at last one of them deliberately spat between himself and Nicholson—a dire insult and meant as such. 'Orderly,' said Nicholson, 'make that man lick up his spittle and kick him out of the camp.' Even at the height of the Mutiny trouble Nicholson would brook no insult to the British name. At the close of a durbar for the officers of the Kapurthala army the senior in rank was about to walk out first, when Nicholson stalked to the door and waved him back. The man had come in with his shoes on—a gross impertinence; and Nicholson

made him take them off and carry them out in his own hands so that his followers might witness his discomfiture. Lord Roberts, who was present and saw this curious scene, tells us that Nicholson's act had a most wholesome effect on the Kapurthala people. So also in war Nicholson seemed to know nothing of fear. He was ever in the forefront, and often far in advance. At Najafgarh he made his men lie down while he kept his saddle, and then, riding in front, led the charge. Herbert Edwardes had written to Lord Canning: 'If there is a desperate deed to do in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it'; and when the hour for such a deed came, as come it did in the assault on Delhi, Nicholson was there to do it. He was but thirty-five, and in rank but a captain in the Company's army; but such was the name he had won that his arrival on the Ridge put new heart into our hard-pressed troops, and when he was put in orders to lead the assault, not one murmured, but all felt he would lead them to victory.

On that memorable morning, September 14, 1857, 'the heroic Nicholson, at the head of his part of the column, was the first to ascend and reach the breach' (Forrest). Once in the city, our men were sweeping along the circuit of the walls, when at length in a narrow lane there came a check. At this moment Nicholson rode up and, 'springing forward, called with a stentorian voice upon the soldiers to follow him, and instantly he was shot through the chest' (Forrest). From the first the whole venture had been a desperate one, some 6500 men dashing against 30,000 trained sepoys behind high walls; and to advance at the point where Nicholson fell was simply impossible. But 'impossible' was a word that Nicholson did not know, and to him defeat was a thing inconceivable. When as a lad at Ghazni he heard the order given for British soldiers to surrender their arms, in contempt of it he three times led his men to the attack and drove the enemy from the walls; and when at last he was compelled to give up his sword he burst into tears in an agony of shame and grief. He was a man impatient of space and time. His eager spirit rebelled against all checks and barriers; he held his head so high that he never saw them. As he was setting out one day for a council of war on the Ridge, he told Lord Roberts that should Wilson still hesitate to attack he was to propose that he be superseded. And when, as he lay mortally wounded, he was told that Wilson doubted if the British could hold Delhi, he exclaimed: 'Thank God I have strength yet to shoot him if necessary.' At times, it must be admitted, Nicholson was too masterful and overdaring. Yet if he erred it was on the nobler side, and the defect of his quality is more generously taken as but the overflow of his strength.

Lastly—supreme and indispensable requisite of greatness in action—there was in Nicholson not only strength of body and mind and will, but purity and nobility of soul. All his mighty powers were held in leash by and at the bidding of a grand simple conscience. They were used, not for self, but for others, and put at the service of ideals. The motives that moved his will were not ambition or pelf, but love of righteousness and truth. His daring was ever on the side of Right. Behind his will, feeding its strength and glowing like a fire at the heart of him, was a moral passion such that his whole soul blazed forth against all meanness and injustice, a passionate loyalty that could not rest till Right was honoured and established. As an administrator Nicholson was one who punished swiftly and severely. But he was just and even-handed and, on due contrition, merciful. Always, too, he was on the side of the under-dog. Among the wild tribesmen on the frontier he was felt to be a power present among them, working for righteousness and justice—an incarnation, as it were, of the moral principle of the universe. And just because he acknowledged and lived for that which was higher than himself, and walked humbly with his conscience, we can understand how, strong as he was and sometimes masterful, he was not rude or rough. He was, in fact, both humble and tender. He had that gentleness which, when it weds with sternness, as the poet says, makes a man. He smiled but seldom, it is said ; yet he was merry with children, and used to provide toys for the little Waziris. He never boasted of his exploits, but was unfailingly modest and full of praise for others. On the eve of the great day at Delhi his thoughts were all for others—his comrades, his servants, his mother. His friendship with Herbert Edwardes is nothing less than romantic in the depth and warmth of its affection. In reply to a letter in which Edwardes had told of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, Nicholson wrote : 'If it please Providence that I live through this business, you must get me alongside of you again, and be my guide and help in endeavouring to follow his example ; for I am so weak and unstable that I shall never do any good of myself.' And again, as he lay dying, he dictated to Neville Chamberlain the following message for Edwardes : 'Tell him I should have been a better man if I had continued to live with him. . . . I was always the better for a residence, however short, with him and his wife. Give my love to them both. . . . Tell him that if at this moment a good fairy were to grant me a wish, my wish would be to have him here next to my mother.' As we read these touching words we begin to see how this man, strong beyond his fellows, was also simple and humble and tender as a child. 'Strong and brave, he had the high moral grace which makes bravery and strength beautiful'

(Forrest). In all personal matters Nicholson was the soul of honour. For money he cared nothing, sending all he could spare to his mother; and as for pleasure, in circumstances where he might easily have indulged the flesh he was of a purity unstained.

One day, Trotter tells us, when he was a child some three years old, his mother found him flicking a knotted handkerchief at some invisible object. 'What are you doing, John?' she asked. 'O mother, dear,' he replied, 'I'm trying to get a blow in at the devil. He is wanting to make me bad. If I could get him down, I'd kill him.' And that little story is illustrative and prophetic of his whole life. Nicholson was always trying to get in a blow at the devil, whether in the world or in himself.

Here, then, was a man morally in earnest and in the deepest sense religious. And here at last we descry the final secret of his greatness. A native chief on the Punjaub frontier is said to have exclaimed: 'Nikalsain! He *is* a man. There is not one in the hills who does not shiver in his pyjamas when he hears his name mentioned.' John Lawrence said once that Nicholson's presence among the wild Bannu tribes was 'well worth the wing of a regiment.' Dalhousie spoke of him as 'a pillar of strength on the frontier.' It was not what he did that counted; it was the man himself. It was his personality that made an impression. And it impressed because it had weight, and it had weight because it was weighted with reality and truth. At the heart and centre of it there was a soul humbly yet passionately devoted to the Right. Strong in body and in will, imperious of temper and impatient of control, against the authority of man at times almost insubordinate, towards God and His law Nicholson was most humble, reverent and obedient. He feared none, yet he feared God. Had he served only himself, he would have been but a giant; but because he served God and lived not for self, but for duty, he was a hero—one of the very greatest of the sons of men.

JOHN LENDRUM.

ERSKINE CHILDERS

DECEMBER 1921 was a critical moment in the career of Erskine Childers. Most of us Englishmen or Americans who at that time had special opportunities of studying him came to the same sort of conclusion about him. Between the lot of us I suppose we unintentionally aided and abetted Mr. Winston Churchill in his denunciation of Childers as a renegade Englishman moved by 'hatred' and 'malice' against his country. To us, it was easiest to picture him as an Englishman who had turned against his country less from love of Ireland than hatred of England. To most Irishmen, on the other hand, it was easiest to picture him as a sort of spy in their camp, an Englishman who despised the Irish and was there to betray them. The upshot was that he appeared as a wholly misanthropic creature, a 'sinister,' 'malignant,' 'Machiavellian' force sowing evil in the minds of men with an almost Satanic persistence.

And the view seemed to be borne out by the un-Christian results that followed whenever he had a finger in the pie. It was he who managed to create a third party in the Dail when by no other device could the Treaty have come near defeat. It was he who whispered words in the ear of De Valera when the leader was weakening in his attack. His seemed to be the reserve energy supplying heat to Cathal Brugha's hatred of Michael Collins; and against the background of his logic even the ravings of Miss MacSwiney gained a kind of morbid consistency. Day by day we watched him, a quiet, sardonic figure, a wizard stirring the pot in which brewed wars, fratricide, arson, and evil misunderstandings.

That explanation was, of course, the easiest and most obvious. What force but hatred could be productive of so much hatred? It is true the theory was difficult to square with the earlier record of Childers' life, and postulated a breach between the last Sinn Fein phase and all the earlier and British part of his career. But that difficulty was easily disposed of in the fashion of the hour. Granted that some kind of process akin to 'conversion' had happened in the spiritual composition of this man, what more natural than to attribute it to the romantic if malign influence of the 'wild women' of Ireland who were instigating the men to

murder? Had not Childers a wife who, albeit American, was more Irish than the Irish, a woman, moreover, of delicate health and physique, whose self-assertiveness afforded just that contrast between physical weakness and spiritual violence in which, just then, the popular imagination revelled?

That explanation was, of course, no explanation at all, for it would merely have transferred the mystery of the conversion from Childers to his wife. For this 'romantic young' woman was married to him as long ago as 1904, and if an 'influence' on his life was presumably as much an influence when he was a sound English Liberal, an advocate of Home Rule, and a British combatant in the Great War as when he became a Sinn Feiner. As applied to such a man as Childers the explanation is fatuous.

Even a year ago I had some doubt on the matter, feeling that perhaps we were too easily explaining away the perversity of Childers' conduct. True, he could not be a victim of ordinary fanaticism—that inferior fanaticism, for instance, of the half-baked mind of De Valera. He was not only far too intellectual, but also too wise for that. On the other hand, the motive of hatred seemed too negative a force in so positive a man, and implied, moreover, a long-sustained hypocrisy in dealing with his associates, who were Republicans because they were in love with the idea of a Republic, and not primarily because they detested England.

Perhaps, after all, Erskine Childers also was in love with an idea—not necessarily *their* idea, but his own? Perhaps some kind of self-esteem, or esteem for his own mental processes, was pushing him, as they were being pushed, along the egotists' path which was to lead to death in the last ditch of an ugly romance? At any rate, he can no longer be explained away just as a hater of England. His own last words written to his wife from prison a few days before his execution are, to my mind, conclusive:

> I hope one day my good name will be cleared in England. I felt what Churchill said about my 'hatred' and 'malice' against England. How well we knew it was not true. . . . I die loving England, and passionately praying that she may change completely and finally towards Ireland.

That, surely, is sincerely written.

The clue to his character in the last gloomy years of his life is not necessarily to be found in a supposed sudden breach with his English past. I doubt if there was any such sudden breach, except in the sense that he passed from one of his many 'phases' into another. He evidently liked to think of himself as passing through certain important moral or intellectual 'phases,' as when he writes with characteristic self-assurance: 'For myself, I had passed through the Dominion phase years before.' (What arrogance in those words 'for myself,' implying a world of disdain for those whom he believed to be a few years behind him in spiritual

growth !) It is more likely that we shall find the explanation of him in *all* the phases of his life rather than in one sudden tumorous growth of enmity, or fanaticism, or hypochondria.

Those who know him best as the author of *The Riddle of the Sands*, published in 1903, may be inclined to explain all by his love of an adventure, his zest for 'something doing,' for an active, romantic, vivid affair having in it a strong element of plot and intrigue on the grand scale. He himself makes the hero of that novel allude to 'a passing thirst, which I dare say many have shared, for adventures of the fascinating kind described in *The New Arabian Nights*'; and goes on to suggest that the adventure which is to satisfy him must, after all, be stronger meat than that.

Certainly he was not the sort of man to settle down contentedly to the routine of a Government office for all his life. Soon after he left Cambridge he became a junior clerk in the House of Commons, but when the South African War came along he was off to South Africa, and gained the experience on which several books were based. He was evidently at this period much under the influence of the romance of Robert Louis Stevenson and the rough-and-ready, easy-going realism of Kipling. Both were influences likely to make him impatient with office routine or cut-and-dried intellectualism, and inclined to seek reality in the handling of such concrete things as guns and yachts, when the smell of oil and tar are sweetened by the smell of the sea or the veldt.

Afterwards, when he has returned again to the Civil Service, he is still to be found holiday-making among the inlets and fiords of the North Sea and the Baltic, exploring the starting-points of the next German invasion of England. And when in 1910, the year of two General Elections (with labour unrest in the air, Irish problems towering again in the foreground, and murmurings of trouble abroad), politics seemed to present the only field of activity which any really active man could explore, he threw up the Civil Service 'in order,' as he says himself, 'to be free for political work and writing as a Liberal.' A few years later, in 1914, being a yachtsman, and being a Home Ruler, and being Childers, it was almost inevitable that he should be engaged in the gun-running exploit at Howth, near Dublin: gun-running was a kind of sporting event in those days, with just that delightful touch of *la haute politique* which gave it dignity without serious danger. With the outbreak of the Great War he joined the British Naval Air Service and did valuable work as a seaplane observer and intelligence officer on various fronts, and especially off the Belgian coast. In 1917 he was seconded to the secretariat of the Irish Convention, working especially, he explains, 'for the group advocating a Dominion scheme, that being then the last faint chance of effecting a constitutional

settlement.' The last stage but one is described by himself, no doubt with perfect frankness and accuracy:

> The collapse of the whole Convention, and the attempt to enforce conscription, convinced me that Home Rule was dead, and that a revolution, founded on the rising of 1916, was inevitable and necessary, and I only waited till the end of the war, when I had faithfully fulfilled my contract with the British, to join in the movement myself.

Up to this point everything is intelligible, everything is in the part. Even his association with the Sinn Fein movement is not inexplicable, though it is still difficult to account for his acceptance of the methods of war adopted by the rebels. But it is not till December 1921 that we reach a moment in his career wholly unexplained by this bare account of his life, a critical moment which seems utterly baffling, and lends countenance to the maddest theories of diabolic influence. (There are those who really believe that Childers became possessed by a devil!)

That moment came when, though himself still ready to accept something less than a Republic, he threw all his weight against the acceptance of the Treaty. He rejected the offer of that very Dominion Home Rule for which he had laboured many years of his life, and for the sake of a subtle difference used every art of persuasion and personal magnetism to induce leaders to reject the peace and resort to war.

This is the psychological moment in Childers' career which has been so baffling.

But up to this point we have only been stating one aspect of his character. We have been following those who were inclined to explain all by his love of an adventure, his zest for 'something doing.' We have not yet considered that other and equally important side of his character—the purely intellectual, almost academic, side.

It is time to recall that all his practical experiences failed to counteract what was doctrinaire in him; rather, they ministered to it. For him, life was so much raw material for intellectual ideas. When once he had framed his theory he became more interested in making facts square with theory than theory with facts. He explored the Frisian coast and used his experience to prove a theory of German invasion. He was turned on to write a volume of *The Times' History of the War in South Africa,* and he made his topic subservient to a theory of guerilla warfare. He passed through a number of intellectual phases, and each was dominated by convictions which he held tenaciously and even obstinately till they gave place to new convictions; and then, like one who has quarrelled with a friend, he became a remorseless opponent of the theories he had formerly cherished.

Having abandoned the Imperialist phase, he became in his

new-found Nationalism an unforgiving enemy to Imperialism. Having ceased to be a Unionist, he became more Liberal than the Liberals. Like most partisans with doctrinaire tendencies, he preferred a doctrine which went a little ahead of, or at least differed a little from, the doctrine in vogue. When he was a Home Ruler, he preferred Home Rule with a difference; and when others were coming round to his view of Dominion Home Rule, he dropped that solution and declared for a Republic.

For Childers a declaration of independence was not merely a declaration; it was independence. The theory existed; it followed, for him, that the facts conformed to it. A Republic having been declared, the Republic *was*. He was ready, like most Sinn Feiners, to accept a programme of association with Britain, but only on the basis of the theory that the Republic existed. His nimble brain found a formula that would fit. But a formula having been found, wild horses would not part him from it. It was an intellectual, precious thing that his brain had devised; and by that alone, if he had any say in the matter, Ireland should be saved.

It is worth remembering, as we turn to this last phase, that there are dozens of men in England at this moment who are ready to drive their pet intellectual hobbies to almost any extreme except that of putting them to the test of experience; and generally they lack the rare opportunity which the Irish cause and temperament lavished on him. There are men whose whole life becomes a posture of defiance because, say, Proportional Representation has not yet been adopted; others whose minds are permanently poisoned because, having invented a Middle Classes Union, they never contrived to organise an army of Fascisti. There are writers in weekly papers, members of scientific associations, organisers of reform movements, etc., who have all that doctrinaire and very English kind of fanaticism which distinguished Childers. But they are generally harmless. They hardly ever get executed.

Childers was not harmless. His formula was destined to fall on fruitful soil. His fateful Document No. 2 was to appeal to all that was subtle, obscurantist, and rather tricky in the mind of De Valera; for those who wanted a peace and deluded themselves with the idea that it could be obtained in his way it had the merit of preserving the name and sentiment though not the reality of a Republic; and for those who were still in love with hatred, who had dedicated their lives to the sentiment of sacrifice and martyrdom, with its dark fascination of conspiracy, intrigue and remorseless daring, Document No. 2 afforded a plausible pretext for rejecting the Treaty.

It was a belated device for saving the face of the Irish

Republic, for enabling men who had taken their oath to the Republic to believe that they were keeping that oath. It was the draft of Childers' ideal Treaty, in accordance with which Ireland, conceiving itself to be a Republic, could voluntarily contract out of that status, and enter into an external association with Great Britain and the Empire for Imperial and foreign purposes, becoming thus of her own free will a member of the Empire of which the King of England was to be the head.

It was a Treaty on these lines that the Irish representatives hoped to sign when they went to London. They signed another Treaty which gave them all the same practical advantages, but contained a different oath of allegiance, and did not enable them to preserve the fiction of the Republic.

The realists in inner Sinn Fein circles accepted the London Treaty. A handful of extremists rejected it at once. For the rest, the idealists and dreamers and sentimentalists were ready to go wherever De Valera led. What would the President of the Republic do? What was the inspired word of the man of conscience, the man of principle, the man whose name had been a symbol of the cause of freedom, whose every deed and every word had been invested with an authority almost Divine? By the virtue of that magic name the Republic had lived; without his sanction the Republic could not die.

But Erskine Childers had the keeping of De Valera's mind.

In December 1921 they came up to Dublin from all parts of the country, these hundred and twenty members of Dail Eireann, to find the Cabinet already split, the Treaty in doubt, their policy uncertain. A strange assembly, filtering in unpunctually to the University Hall, where they were to hold long debates on war or peace. Glance round at this higgledy-piggledy crowd. There is Arthur Griffith, tense, nervous, abrupt, but very firm and determined. There, too, is Michael Collins, flinging himself about boisterously, bubbling over with ejaculations and gestures, good-tempered, swift, fully conscious of his popularity and the value of dramatic effect. And there Richard Mulcahy, quiet, self-possessed, intellectual, so engagingly youthful, yet so gravely reserved and impressive; Richard Barton, dreamily serious; Gavan Duffy, polished and agreeable; E. J. Duggan, a pleasant, commonsense man with a talent for timely laughter; Cathal Brugha, fierce, harsh-tempered, surely born with a grievance; Austin Stack, an honest man, endowed by nature with all the homely and modest virtues which his revolutionary calling forbids him to practise; J. J. O'Kelly, neat and dapper; Professor Stockley, the mildest of mild professors who ever dedicated themselves to bloodshed; Alderman Cosgrave, a forceful realist scattering epigrams with Shavian vigour, rapping out sharp sentences that are like gusts of

fresh air after fog; Count Plunkett, a benign, solemn, owl-like patriarch; Miss MacSwiney, with knit brow and lips, her menacing face a thing to dream of o'nights; Madame Markievicz, restless, excitable, her sharp eyes dancing and darting, her fingers twitching; Dr. English, with her contemptuous academic calm . . . and beyond and around, what a sea of excitable Irish faces, whose owners bob up and down and prate about 'principles' and brandish long arms and interrupt mercilessly! Above all this hubbub, on a raised seat, the Speaker, dozing good-naturedly. And there, the cynosure of all eyes, himself often ogling the Press, the long, awkward, gaunt figure of De Valera, now sitting, with his grim, melodramatic, glassy stare, or rising to address the House for the tenth time in harsh, raucous, menacing tones.

And what about Childers? What is this sophisticated man of the world doing in this motley, prehistoric village crowd? He sits a little to the left of De Valera, sometimes separated from him by Cathal Brugha and Austin Stack. His sallow, wan, intellectual face is like a death mask: it is expressionless; it gives no clue to his emotions: he crouches over his desk writing notes or examining papers; now he leans back, with caustic lips half-parted. He seldom speaks, but in one long oration, faultlessly composed, he builds up the logical structure with which the Treaty is to be resisted.

His mind was made up long before. He had hypnotised De Valera. His Treaty, or none. His intellectual device for saving the face of the Republic, and that only. It is his thing. It is himself. Had he not finished with Gladstonian Home Rule? Had he not been through the 'phase' of Dominion Home Rule? Was it for him to go back on the 'moral and intellectual conviction' which had 'brought him to where he stood'? This Document No. 2 which he had prepared for De Valera—it was the product of his brain, it was his intellectual creation. No matter that others could show that its terms only differed, ever so slightly, from those of the Treaty; logically, for him, the difference was immense; and Childers' mind moved, now as ever, in its own logical circle. Around his mind, so logical, so exact, swam the vague mind of the Republican mystics, mystically indifferent to the physical crudities of murder.

He may almost be counted fortunate in having been allowed to die, not for his country, but for an idea. It has been made so easy in the last eight or nine years for a man to die for his country; the honour has been deprived of singularity. Those who died would have been the first to refuse the title of heroes, and those who in the luck of war came out unscathed have become ordinary mortals—in a few cases criminals. Childers might quite easily

have been killed in the Great War. It was not his fault if he was not pitch-forked into the next world by the bullet of a German airman or a torpedo from a North Sea submarine, thus contributing his bit to the massive memory we still reverence when we pass the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.

But he was to be reserved for another fate. He was to die, not for England, which was his native country, nor for Ireland, which he adopted as his country, but for an idea, or rather his ruthless pursuit of an idea. Not the broad, vague idea of national freedom which some of his associates thought they were fighting for, nor yet that fearful hallucination which clouded the mind of Miss MacSwiney and filled it with a hobgoblin brood of ill-assorted ideals and hatreds. It was a neat, subtle idea dialectically manufactured by a most ingenious intellect: a hair-splitting logical idea; an abstraction dear to its creator as some pet invention to a scientist; an idea which he championed the more warmly in proportion as its difference from other ideas was purely theoretic and appreciable only by subtle brains. Ireland was split in January 1922 upon the difference between Document No. 1, the Treaty signed, sealed and delivered by the British and Irish representatives, and Document No. 2, the creature of Childers' ingenious mind. For this subtle difference—a difference mainly of terminology—between the Treaty which was a fact and the Treaty he had invented, he was prepared to plunge all Ireland into civil war.

His, indeed, was an opportunity which rarely comes to the logician or man of letters, to be able to translate his own nice logical concept, his almost whimsical but deeply cherished poetic thought, into a battle cry between parties and the cause of a bloody division destined to tear a nation to pieces. Never perhaps since Christendom was split in two by the difference of a vowel, the logical distinction between Homo-ousian and Homoi-ousian, has any important community been so fatally divided on grounds so slenderly intellectual.

For Childers—what a triumph of the pure intellect! What a destiny for a lucky thought! What a rare chance that there were ready to hand supporters drunk with the poetic fury of ideas which could so easily coalesce with his own, disciples yearning to delude themselves with his delusion, and to see in the crystal purity of his empty logical concept the reality of an Irish Republic, the beauty of freedom, the soul of nationality, the realisation at long last of the ideal for which Ireland had suffered! His, surely, was the acme of intellectual egotism. For that egotism he paid the appropriate penalty—but he paid it handsomely, as if it were a debt of honour.

R. A. Scott-James.

THE NEW AMERICA

THEY tease the American children born in the Canal Zone and call them ' speekity babies,' but the same children, when they grow up a little, are proud of their birthplace, and say, ' I'm a Calzone boy '; ' I'm a Calzone girl.' And there's a crowd of them, a real new generation of imperial Americans, rising in health and pride from what was once jungle and pestilence—the 'white man's grave.'

The Spanish negro natives, now generally called ' Spigs,' are slow to learn English, and to what they learn they commonly add the letter 'y'—thus, 'Me no carey for you.' And their commonest remark to an American is, ' Me no speekity English.' Hence ' speekity babies ' and ' speekities '—the word has come to stay.

' Calzone,' which vaguely suggests to the mind undergarments, is very suitable to a swimming population, and to those who live in a latitude of steam and heat, but is after all only a derivative from Canal Zone. But Calzone has perhaps also entered the language.

The children of the Canal Zone are numerous. Almost the chief characteristic of the ten-mile-wide strip of territory is the children. This is first of all due to God and the Government. The United States Government has from the first encouraged the Canal employees to marry ; has given rent-free houses to married couples, and generally made it more comfortable for a married man living there with his wife than for the bachelor. The bachelor is always thinking of vacations ' back home ' ; the married man identifies home with the place where he sees his wife and children. The Zone, therefore, is practically settled by people who are at home.

That does not entirely account for the swarms of children. Families are unusually large. There is room for children to kick about in ; children fill a larger place in the affections. And then, as a doctor explained to me, ' the American woman, tending rather to sterility in the north, is much more fruitful in the tropics.'

' You cannot raise children in India,' said he. ' But we can in Panama. Do but look around ! '

The children are muscular, uncommonly active in wrestling and fighting and leaping and swimming. They afford a sur-

prising contrast to their parents, who are evidently devitalised by the climate. The children run and struggle with one another and are not annoyed by their profuse perspiration. The parents sit and watch the thousand beads of moisture forming on their bare arms. The parents never stir but to take a cab; the children chase hoops and hop along with scooters. Certainly the children show a surprising development; many of them learn to dive and swim at four years old, but at nine years you will see little girls with limbs coated with hair. Children also reach maturity earlier than in the north, and presumably this brilliant rising generation of Calzones will be as pale and passive as the grown-ups by the time they are thirty.

'There are men here who have missed many ships,' I was told. They book a berth, and then, when the time comes, forget, go to the shipping company's office and exchange for a berth on the next ship, and then forget again.'

Most army and naval officers carry note-books to aid their memories on routine. Apathy, listlessness, no doubt is the chief danger in Panama, and that being a spiritual danger it is more to be regarded than the material danger of disease. You notice the difference when you arrive in Panama from the north. You stride, you rush, you soak out your clothes with perspiration, you overtake everybody, you hustle the shopkeepers, drink a whole glass in a bar whilst your neighbour has merely sipped. You are completely out of step. Then you pause and reflect; you decide to slow down, and the heat does the rest; you are soon going as slowly as any man who has missed ships.

Nevertheless, the American flag does not wave listlessly. The Stars and Stripes is no jungle flag. It is the flag of business, of hustle, of enterprise. It will not droop in the tropics, but lift to the trade. Whilst the climate slows down the Anglo-Saxon American it can never slow him down to the level of the Spanish-American. The Panamanians and the 'Spigs,' the lighter and the darker Spaniards, breeds, half-breeds, or forest-mongrels, have had all nationhood sweated out of them. They claim no affiliations with Spain or with anything bigger than themselves. But the Americans of the Zone are one with a hundred million of kith and kin, one with the Union of forty-eight States, one with their President and with the *New York Times*, and with the army which is always with them, and with the navy which comes and goes.

The Calzone people are prouder of America than are most Americans who live in the States themselves. They are like the British Colonials, the Australians, the Jamaicans and the rest, who are prouder of the Union Jack than those who

> think their Empire still
> Is the Bank and Holborn Hill.

Curiously enough, the United States is fast becoming a Mother Country, and those who were originally colonists are becoming 'home people,' having colonial kith and kin of their own.

The Stars and Stripes at the Panama Canal has become the flag of empire. It is the flag flying at the outposts of English-speaking America. It is more rousing and significant there than anywhere else at this time. It may droop at Washington, it may look ridiculous in the hands of Mr. Babbitt, but at Panama it is the flag of America's inevitable destiny, the flag of her sway and of the triumph of her language, her character, and her business.

Even the mere commercial mind has grasped something of the significance of the Panama Canal. It is the greatest advertisement of America in the world. Its construction was a superhuman task, and its achievement shed a light of glory on those who carried it through. It is true that the French started the work and failed, and that Ferdinand de Lesseps and the French nation have grandiose monuments erected to them in Panama city. Frenchmen say de Lesseps failed for lack of capital, but everyone who has studied the work of the French there has understood that the French could never have succeeded in cutting through the isthmus. It was not only capital the French lacked, but character and imagination. America began her great national task in a spirit of human kindness, by a magnificent effort to save the health of the workers. She made the Canal, but she overcame the forces of death first. She overcame the idea of the 'white man's grave.' She rolled away the stone from the sepulchre.

What was one of the most pestilential swamps in the world is now something like a health resort. Not only is the mosquito a rarity, but also the domestic fly. After the myriad flies of New Mexico and two Tanglefoots a day it was strange to arrive in an even hotter country and find no flies. I was told, 'If you find a mosquito in your room at the hotel, telephone the office.'

Not only are there no flies, but no smells, no decaying fruit. You may be arrested if you drop a banana skin in the street. The Chinamen and the 'Spigs' and the Jamaicans who live in rows of double-story frame buildings, the sort of ramshackle places always associated with filthy living, have been terrorised into cleanly living. Hygiene has been forced on them at the point of the bayonet. Even the red-light streets are clean, and all those places of low pleasure designed to empty the pockets of seamen are at least sterilised. The women are also under control. The consequence is that the Panama Canal Zone is now a remarkably safe and healthy place. In fact, a memorandum was sent lately from Washington, part of the present economy campaign, asking that the expenses on sanitary work in the Zone be cut down some-

what until the death-rate reached that of the general average of the States.

American sanitary science has shown the world that any pest-hole can be cleaned up. The sad fact is that few nations have the energy to prosecute such a work of sanitation—Greeks at Salonika, Russians on the Black Sea littoral, negroes on the Gold Coast, Cubans at Habana. America has a passion for 'cleaning up.' She is the self-constituted universal cleanser—Babbitt *in excelsis*.

It cannot be denied, however, that the United States is the home of graft. America has a shocking reputation for graft. Votes are bought in blocks. Police, jurymen, judges, know the meaning of 'In God we trust; others pay cash.' But, paradoxically enough, the standard of American character is high. Compared with the personal character of Mexicans, Panamanians, Cubans, it is lifted into an exalted sphere. The Latin-Amercians stand around waiting for cash: that is their curse, and they are ready to sell rights, liberties, lands, children—everything for cash down.

Truth to say, if America were so eaten up with graft as her reputation says, the Panama Canal would never have been constructed. It was too big a job to be carried through by people of debauched wills. It is a monument of America's executive power, of her technical knowledge, and of her readiness to use that knowledge and stake millions upon it.

Every foreign ship passing through the Canal bows to the Stars and Stripes, and though paying a money due, yet acknowledges a debt of civilisation to the American people. Engineers, captains, tourists, crews, all obtain a new impression of America.

America ceases to be a land merely of canned goods, Yankee dialect, and oil kings. Its flag comes nearer to the Union Jack as one of world civilising power. The ships pass deliberately through with processional slowness. Ever more ships, ever more diverse in nationality. There is a great dignity about the traffic of the Canal, like the stately manners of a bygone age. The ships represent their nations and come as guests through American waters. America is the hostess of the world.

After all, that which is most respected in the world is visible achievement. And whilst bad manners generally accompany sham strength or actual weakness, good manners are enjoined by the sense of power. A prophecy of more than two hundred years' standing made by the founder of the Bank of England hails the possessor of 'these doors of the seas' as the coming law-givers of both oceans and the arbitrators of the commercial world. The Panama Canal delivers Central and South America to Wall Street,

to the American commercial Commonwealth, to the American people.

Every month just now sees the traffic record broken. More and more ships pass through; more and more business is being done. What will be the normal average traffic?—no one yet can tell. The Canal was opened in the gloom of the war. There were slides of silt which closed it again, and a war menace which overcast its importance at the time. Its real significance has been overclouded, and all praise has been under-praise. It must necessarily now shine forth more and more as one of the maritime gates of the world, looked to from England, China, Australia, from the Pacific coasts of North and South America, and from all the islands of the South Seas. It automatically doubles the trade of the Southern and Central American republics of the Pacific coast with the United States. The latter can make up all European losses and most deficiencies in raw materials by way of the Canal. Whilst the American flag certainly waves less on European waters, it waves more on the Pacific Ocean. Pan-Americanism, the dream of Stephen Douglass and many others, is carried nearer to realisation—the dream that America should rule all the way from the Canadian line to the Isthmus, without question and without regret.

That the United States will ever rule south of the equator seems questionable. Such a rule belongs possibly to the next century but one. But, for the time being, she has a strong economic hold even upon South America. As regards Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Panama, and the rest, she begins to have an overwhelming control. Despite the noise of protest, there is not much real patriotic stamina in the people of these countries. They have less sense of nationhood than Austrians or Eskimos. Almost everything can be bought from them for cash down. So they necessarily go under the influence of American capital.

The Old World is greatly jealous of America's imperial march forward, and will naturally follow the progress with much malignity. And the Radicals and Liberal idealists within America have already raised a cry which must yet sound much louder. Empire was never foreseen by the fathers of the Republic. It is opposed to the historical conception of American liberty. It makes the Declaration of Independence more out of place than ever. But what is to be done? America, by her big business and the system, is betrayed to an imperial destiny, and cannot help herself. Her vast surplus of capital, her gold accumulations, must in the human way of necessity find an outlet for use. The West has been exploited. The Old World is distrusted. There remains inevitably and obviously the South.

'Go South, young man!' is being substituted in the consciousness of the American for the old cry of 'Go West!'

The inwardness of the oft-repeated idea that Jamaica, Barbadoes, Bermuda, and the rest of the British island possessions of the Indies should be assigned to the United States in part payment of the war debt is part of the new American March to the South. The control of Cuba, Haiti, and Santo Domingo is part of it; the sapping of Mexico and Nicaragua is part of it. Without the Canal as an inalienable possession these things might be overlooked, might, indeed, be gone back upon by America itself. But a mere visit to the Canal is said to have power to change an American Radical into a red-hot Expansionist. In fact, with regard to the direction of policy and the achievement of national destiny, American Radicals are more negligible than the German Socialists proved to be in 1914. On the whole they do not deserve the persecution they have had. They live by the system and are carried along by the system, and the system leads to American imperial power. It is urged, however, that Empire means War. It means bloodshed and sorrow and despair for thousands in every decade of its history. That is generally true. And yet America is remarkably free from enemies. The Latin-Americans have a practice of hating Americans, calling them 'Gringos,' 'Mejos,' and the rest, but it is a weak hate easily transmutable to respect and warm regard. There is nothing to fear from them. Great Britain is, of course, a mercantile rival on the high seas, but America and England are too much intermarried and too much intertwined in business interests to fight a war. Moreover, we speak the same language. Mutual abuse is merely partisanship, the slang of the fanatics, and we are no more likely to fire on one another than the Giants of New York upon the Red Sox of Chicago. As regards the Canal—that is the sort of strategic position Britain has historically seized when she had a chance. But one thing is sure; Britain rejoices in the fact that that waterway is in the hands of people who speak English and have the standard Anglo-Saxon point of view. In the case of a war, even with Japan, Great Britain would probably lend her aid to the United States to keep the Canal open and to safeguard it from destruction.

Japan remains as the only serious potential enemy on America's horizon. And, despite ill-feeling and hot words, one cannot but remember that that horizon is several thousand miles away. There is a great stretch ot cooling water between the nominees for the next great fight. The only real danger lies in the brains of some heady politician who at some future date may decide on an aggressive war against Japan in her own waters. Such a war might conceivably be fraught with disaster and humiliation for the United States, for the vast Pacific will always aid the side which is in defence.

In short, as far as America is concerned, Nature is on the side of Peace. I foresee five hundred years of prosperity and peace. after which no doubt America will weaken. The growth of the American Empire is the greatest fact in the world to-day—far more significant than the decay of Europe. Russia, one must remember, is smashed, with her whole nation down on a gipsy level of culture. Germany is prostrate under the heel of France. France herself is self-centred and contented with a Mediterranean empire. Britain marks time. Alone America goes on. She stands now with her hundred million educated population, with her vast wealth and serried ranks of millionaires, with her unsurpassed technical equipment and industrial organisation, and she has an enormous appetite for power, and zest for life. The imagination ought to be given free play in thinking of the coming time.

Bearing in mind that America has finally and absolutely rejected Bolshevism, Communism, and all other disjectory theories of government, has in fact affirmed in absolute fashion the rights of property and her loyalty to the capitalistic system, one can almost forecast by mathematics the state of her wealth at any given date. What a stupendous aggregation of material splendour! If in the last sixty years America has risen from Civil War level to what she is to-day, to what will she rise in sixty years from now? To what will she rise in six hundred years? The mind refuses to give the answer to the sum, but instead whispers the lines:

> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> . . . Lest we forget!

It is easy to forget. How the soul of America will fare in all this I have not sought to know. The soul abhorreth a golden treasure-house, preferring greatly a humble and a loving heart. America is one thing not answerable to God. Americans will find themselves in America as Romans found themselves in Rome. Individually, now as ever, and like the rest of us, they will have to find their personal way of Salvation.

One thing which the great world war seems to have revealed is that we are physically subject to forces over which we have little or no control. These forces are generally called economic and are thought to be academic and theoretic. That is a mistake. They are elemental and primitive; Lloyd Georges and Wilsons do not divert them. On the contrary, they themselves sweep statesmen away when the time comes—and sweep other statesmen into power.

Such a force drives the American flag southward, and the cry is heard 'Go South!'

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

RENAISSANCE OF JAPAN

So much has been written of Japan by superficial observers with reference to the nation in transition, and even in social revolution, that there can be no presumption now in attempting a brief review of Japan in renaissance—which, after all, is the only true view of the wonderful changes that have so long been going on in the island empire of Eastern Asia. In any study of Japan it is one thing to know the facts and quite another thing to interpret them. Those accustomed to dwell upon the theory of Japan in transition usually indicate practically nothing as to the real character of the transformation in process; nor is the oft-repeated phrase with regard to Japan in the throes of social revolution much more illuminating. The impression is left that Japanese civilisation is being stirred to the depths by new influences, but no idea is given as to whether the result will be a murky and decimating flood or a refreshing stream murmuring music through fertile valleys and sunlit meadows.

Japan in renaissance is only a phrase, it is true, but it is a phrase sufficiently suggestive of the main movement of civilisation in that country to-day. Japan stands bewildered by a double light—a light out of the dim and shadowy past, showing what course the nation has traversed in its uphill journey from primitive times, and interpreting with some degree of clearness the tangles of the present, as well as indicating with at least an equal degree of definiteness the direction to be taken in future; and then there is the light out of the West, summoning Japan from ancestral brooding and introspection to greater activity in reaching a goal that must not only be reached, but left behind.

Of course the renaissance of a nation is not a new thing in history; nor is it a solitary episode in the evolution of a people. Every period marking a definite transition from a lower to a higher moral and intellectual plane is a renaissance. Europe has experienced at least three such periods of rebirth—at the advent of Christianity, the revival of classical studies in the fifteenth century, and under the revelation of evolutionary science in modern times. Japan has also had her seasons of renaissance. The introduction of Buddhism, with its wealth of learning, from India and China in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries was

such a period; and the coming of Occidental civilisation in the nineteenth century was another, leading to the changes now under way in what is called the new Japan. But Japan, like Europe, will probably have her third period of rebirth. It will come when she succeeds in separating the essence of Christianity from the accidents and accretions of Occidental history and experiences a harmonisation of the moral and intellectual truth of East and West in one humanitarian ideal, higher and more divine than either. With a deeper assimilation of the Spirit of Christ will come a resuscitation of moral and intellectual faculties, now dormant or only just awaking, such as even Europe has not yet fully experienced.

It is significant that the renaissance that lifted Europe out of the Middle Ages was more the outcome of a backward than a forward look. Apparently paradoxical, it is nevertheless true that nations are borne forward by looking backward; but if true and lasting progress is to be made, the past must prove a warning and a lesson rather than an ideal for imitation or emulation. A worship of the past is not a danger to which Japan alone is exposed, seeing how much of the evil along with the good Europe has derived from indiscriminate devotion to the ancients. Can we expect that the renaissance in Japan will prove less of a mixed evil than it has proved in Europe? Is it to be expected that she will rise superior to the West and avoid reviving the vices while learning the virtues of paganism? In Japan's case it is not so much a question of reviving as of eliminating the vices of paganism. For there is no civilisation now extant that is so much like that of classical antiquity as is Japanese civilisation. Japan has all the virtues, and many of the vices, of Greek society in its best days, excepting the Greek love of metaphysics and literature. When Japan has adequately contemplated her own and the world's past, and divined its contribution to the sum total of truth, will she be able to harmonise her conclusions and convictions with Occidental ideals and civilisation? If it be true that the nation that can best apply to the problems of the present the truths revealed by the past holds the future in its hands, the renaissance in Japan may be regarded with some degree of confidence.

The prospect of an old nation looking forward to rebirth and rejuvenation, especially under the influence of younger nations, suggests many problems. Yet there should be no great measure of surprise that a nation so old as Japan seems, in respect of evolution, so far behind some of the much younger nations of Europe. Japan has shown a capacity for rapid change with which few Occidental peoples can compare. England, for example, was still feudal and medieval when Italy had mentally and socially entered on the modern stadium. Yet the Anglo-Saxons are

to-day far ahead in achievement along all lines. In another century Japan will probably have a similar if not more glorious experience. The nation is already having those triumphs by land and sea that awoke the Anglo-Saxons of the fifteenth century. In her aggressive and agile competition for the prizes of the Pacific Japan is learning all useful knowledge and experience from other nations, and forging ahead at an unprecedented rate, just as the French, Germans, and Spaniards did in the Mediterranean in the fifteenth century. Japan already speaks at world conferences with the voice of Asia, and some day may become the recognised leader of Asia's millions. Such prospects and possibilities render the nature of the changes now proceeding in Japan a question of paramount importance.

A thorough study of the renaissance now going on in Japan, especially by way of any adequate analysis and synthesis, would prove a task beyond the space of this article. The Japanese people, like the Europeans of the renaissance, are to-day engaged in a struggle for freedom, particularly freedom of the human mind and spirit, after a long period of bureaucratic orthodoxy. On every side are evidences of intellectual and sensual revolt, as well as of elements of national vigour ready to burst into new expression. But what is most wanting is not vitality with licence, nor mere audacity of speculation, lawless instinct or rebellious impulse, but a right attitude to life, a sure touch with fundamentals, a true feeling after manly independence, a correct way of approaching philosophy, religion, scholarship, art and literature, which can come only with further culture and a higher standard of values. The Japanese mind has not yet reached that stage of spiritual development where things that matter are valued for what they are in themselves rather than for the material profit they bring. But Europe itself has not very fully reached this degree of development: for is not this really a Christian ideal, looking to the interests of others no less than to one's own? When nations begin to ask what a thing is worth to mankind rather than what it is worth to themselves, probably the Kingdom of God will have come! Japan can no more hope to rise without right ideals than any other nation; for the destiny of nations, like the destiny of individuals, depends on ideals. The uplift and courage born of faith and experience, the calm strength characteristic of a positive attitude of mind, an aversion from mere negations, are what the Japanese renaissance most needs.

In her pursuit of the ideals I have indicated Japan is happily unhampered by the system of persecution that so often marred and even maimed the renaissance in Europe. Yet progress is not wholly free from the interference of a harsh conservatism that results in dangerous suppression of public opinion. Education is

universal, but so under official control down to the minutest details that the rising generation is taught what to think as well as how to think it. Religion is free, but the custom of making school children worship at Shinto shrines is a menace to such freedom. The device of making Shinto a cult rather than a religion has not been successful. Constitutional government is still in the throes of early evolution, and the tendency to a feudal habit of mind obtains to a degree that leaves tradition more respected than law. The substitution of official control for leadership of public opinion endangers the results of the renaissance in Japan. Of late there has been a revival of cruel timidity in respect to freedom of thought that has led to the dismissal of leading thinkers and scholars from universities merely because they ventured to discuss forbidden themes. Women have recently received permission to attend political meetings, but no discussion of politics or government is yet permitted among university students.

As to the influence of the Japanese renaissance on literature and the plastic arts, the process is still too chaotic to afford a sure basis of prediction. The old national love of art for its own sake is weakening under pressure of commercial and industrial development. When more income can be had from making boots than from carving ivory statues only the real artist will continue to carve, but he may be forced to beg. Even devotion to literature is as utilitarian as it is coming to be in the West. At present there is more attention given to Western literature than to native literature, but signs are not wanting of a reaction in favour of a rejuvenated native literature representing the merits of both the East and the West—an Occidental content under native form, though literary forms are also showing distinct Occidental influence. The Occidentalising movement is yet confined to prose, with some invasion of drama, however; but the result is very indifferent, because in Japan there is no adequate study or treatment of foreign language as a literature. More attention is given to English than to any other language: it is taught in all secondary schools, high schools, and universities, but mainly with a view to communication with the English-speaking world. This failure to appreciate language as a literature, in the case of English at least, is a great loss to the nation, especially to Japan, where literary form is the least developed of the arts, to say nothing of the possibility of missing the spirit of British civilisation, of which literature is the most vital expression. The difficulty is due not only to the narrowness of the national spirit in education, fearing, as it does, the intrusion of an alien spirit, but to the self-confidence which fancies it is capable of understanding the art of Western literature without Western assistance.

All that has been said with regard to literature in the new Japan may be said with equal truth about the development of renaissance art. Just as no instructors of adequate ability and scholarship are employed in the teaching of Western literature in Japan, so only a degree of mediocrity is employed in teaching Western art, whether it be music, painting or architecture, the result being mere imitation rather than inspiration. It is not contended that Occidental instructors have done nothing for Japan in this respect, or that the Japanese who study abroad have entirely failed to assimilate the spirit of Western art, for here and there one discovers evidence of a desire to rise above the disadvantages indicated, and to become imbued with the spirit of the new birth. Japanese renaissance architecture is in too much of an embryonic stage to indicate accurately its future, while the dire possibility of earthquakes is a deterrent to all soaring ambition. Pictorial art, too, reveals most clearly the fact that Japanese painters more easily do themselves justice by adhering to ink and line rather than by adopting Western oils.

In science and philosophy the renaissance spirit is still more active. But these are spheres of knowledge where a profound respect for truth and reality should prevail, and until such a spirit has attained greater development the progress in science will be retarded. It is in bacteriology that Japanese scientists have reached their greatest triumphs, yet this has not been fully used for the benefit of the people. The aggressiveness of the scientific spirit in the new Japan too often savours of a mere arrogance out of keeping with progress, denying the consistency of faith and knowledge; but, of course, this type of scientist is not confined to Japan. The war with tradition is now rife, and the results promise to be no less interesting and far-reaching than Valla's undermining of the Decretals in the days of the Italian renaissance. Simultaneously, too, are arising everywhere schools and universities for instruction in the new learning, but accommodation proves utterly inadequate to keep pace with the demand for education.

It is important to inquire, in this conflict between the old and the new, how far the spirit and temper of humanism will enter into the progress of the renaissance in Japan. Ideas of true reverence, justice and altruism, are scarcely more evident than in the early stages of the European renaissance. And, as was the case in Europe, the conflict is chiefly in social manners, the clash of the new culture with the old. Japan's disposition is to adapt the new to the old rather than the old to the new. All alien ideas must be judged by their capacity to be Japanised. The policy is to adopt nothing that cannot be adapted to the spirit of Japanese culture and civilisation. How far the old samurai spirit of *bushido* will prove

equal to stemming the tide of radicalism and licence in society, now finding encouragement, is yet uncertain, but there are hopes of a favourable reaction. Japan has imported all the temptations of the Occident without the experience of the Occident in controlling them. New vices are especially dangerous to alien races. With the vast increase in material prosperity has come a corresponding love of luxury and extravagance and sex looseness, as against increasing stringency for the poor, who form the vast majority of the Japanese population; and this may do much to undermine the moral foundations of the nation unless there rises an adequate counteracting influence. The struggle with materialism and its natural offspring, atheism, is not going to be an easy one for Japan by any means. The lack of any considerable middle class between the very rich, who represent the few, and the very poor, who represent the mass of the people, is a weakness in facing the social and political evolution of the nation. The Japanese mind so far lacks that sporting spirit which does so much to keep the Western mind out of mischief, though there is some indication that Western outdoor sports will find favour in Japan, and that physical exercise, manly arts, and courteous observances will not decline to any great extent. It may be too much to expect that the renaissance of Japan will proceed without some sacrifice of good. To anyone with a proper appreciation of history it must be a vital question whether the new art, science, and culture of Japan will find place for a recreation of religion, as did the renaissance in Europe. At present religion finds its most prominent expression in an aggressive nationalism supported by a powerful military spirit.

The native religion, Shinto, which teaches the divinity and worship of the Emperor, is the main influence in cultivating the national spirit. The influence of Buddhism and Confucianism is weakening, though desperate efforts are being made towards revival, even to the imitation of Christian propaganda by the Buddhists. In a population of fifty-seven millions Shinto has some 118,000 shrines and 15,000 priests, and Buddhism a little over 70,000 temples and 51,000 priests, but many of these sacred edifices represent but little. The main force of the old religions is centred in a few important temples in larger cities and towns. Modern Christian missions, which began a little more than half a century ago, have made fair progress, the number of converts being now well over 350,000. If the Christian Church becomes fully rooted in Japan, as it did in the Roman Empire, it will prove the most potent influence in directing the civilisation of new Japan towards a wholesome spirit and form.

The official attitude to Christianity, as to all foreign thought, is naturally one of caution and reserve, for the national policy

is built on sacred tradition which Christianity is supposed to undermine. And yet the Japanese Christian does not find this to be so in any but an ennobling and purifying sense; for the Christian religion involves giving due obedience and respect to the 'powers that be,' as ordained of God, so that the Emperor may be regarded as the representative of God ruling the people for good. The crux of the problem is whether the ruler is to be looked upon as God or as the representative or ambassador of God. Shinto insists that the Emperor *is* God; Christianity teaches that he represents God. It is easy to see how modern science tends to support the Christian rather than the Shinto faith in regard to such a question. Then, again, Christianity is a universal religion, insisting on equality of racial opportunity; but while Shinto favours racial nondiscrimination, it is rather Judaistic in its national exclusiveness. To the Christian, however, there can be no doubt as to the outcome. The new religion has so far appealed mainly to the ordinary folk, though it is becoming common now to find Christians among the more distinguished subjects of the Emperor. Recently there passed away, amid universal national mourning, a prominent Christian who was made a member of the House of Peers by the Emperor—Mr. Ebara, principal of the Azabu School. There are, indeed, few countries where a peer would be found at the head of a secondary school; but this again is an encouraging feature of the renaissance in Japan, and significant of the influence of the Christian religion. Another distinguished Christian is the Honourable Shimada Saburo, one time Speaker of the House, and now a noted leader in the movement for purification of morals. The Japanese Secretary of the League of Nations, Dr. Inazo Nitobé, an eminent scholar, now in Europe, is also a Christian. On the whole it may be said that since there is no encouragement in a worldly sense to accept the Christian life in Japan, the average Christian of that country represents a very fine type of character, ready for any sacrifice in the cause of truth and righteousness.

While there is no doubt that Christianity will form the most potent influence in the direction of moral and spiritual uplift in the nation's rebirth, it is well to be reminded of the very difficult conditions with which it has to contend, arising in no small measure from the double aspect of Japan's history. To accomplish his task with intelligence and efficiency the teacher of Christianity in Japan must be familiar with the national history and the tenets of the three great religions influencing all Japanese; and he should be able to hold to the true and the good in what is native while using them as reaching their full consummation in the still more essential principles of Christianity. To approach the Japanese as though they possessed nothing of religion in common with Christianity

would be a fatal mistake, betraying an ignorance disastrous to success. The modern missionary, however, is seldom liable to such a mistake, unless his education has been abnormally narrow. Nor will a wise spirit of tolerance and magnanimity be found inconsistent with a firm faith in Christ and the Gospel as affording a life absolutely essential, no matter what ethnic religions have done for their people. For the Christian missionary inevitably finds as a result of experience in non-Christian lands that Christianity after all is not *a* religion, but religion itself, with which no form of heathenism can compare.

As the new faith comes in contact with Japanese civilisation it finds difficulty arising from the double aspect of national history, already suggested. For ages the political and military life of the nation seems to have pursued a line of development quite independent of the inner life of the people. Indeed, one may be quite familiar with Japanese history and yet know practically nothing of the Japanese. While in the past one side has naturally reacted on the other, yet they have always remained uneven, so that it is a question whether the country has had at any time political guidance equal to the capacity of the people. The ultra-democratic mind may contend that the people are usually in advance of their Government; but where evolution is natural the people usually attain to a system of government worthy of them—at least the Government is seldom inferior to the nation. But it can hardly be said of Japan that the people have always obtained the political institutions and principles they deserved. There have been only too many important periods of national development where great leadership was conspicuous only by its absence; and yet there has always managed to exist a military leadership of some sort that has succeeded in keeping politics and government as matters separate from the masses of the population. This remarkable lack of leadership and great movements in Japanese history cannot but mar the ultimate outcome of the modern renaissance in Japan. Of course Japanese history has created great men like Oda Nobunaga and Hideyoshi Toyotomi, the latter often called the Napoleon of Japan; but they were not men equal to Charlemagne or the Medici. In literature we have Murasaki Shikibu, Tsurayuki, and Chikamatsu, but they have nothing in common with the influence of Boccaccio, Tasso, Chaucer, and Shakespeare. They did not vitalise the national mind with creative power, as did Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, and Milton. While Raleigh, Drake, and Hawkins were opening up new worlds and founding new colonies, Japan lay isolated from the world, wrapped in her own little dreams. Not that this was natural to Japan; the people were ambitious to trade with all Asia, and their ships were found as far east as Singapore in the sixteenth century, but the narrow

nationalism of the Government suppressed all ambition and closed Japan to the outside world. This disadvantage leaves Japan to-day scarcely more advanced socially and politically than England was in the sixteenth century; for which reason the renaissance in Japan cannot be expected to follow quite the same course as it did in Europe.

In Japan the intellectual renaissance of the Heian era (ninth century) was followed by ages of darkness, when militarism swept over the land, driving religion, art, and literature into the monasteries, and leaving the same desolation as that which followed the Wars of the Roses in England. The resulting wholesale destruction of the smaller clans and welding together of the greater families, however, did something to promote a more united people. With the arrival of European missionaries in the middle of the sixteenth century came a wave of new light into the overwhelming darkness, but this only created such suspicion of foreigners as to result in a national decision to expel all aliens and their ideas, thus preserving national tradition at the expense of postponing the renaissance of Japan for another two hundred years.

The national leaders of Japan throughout the seventeenth century appear to have been convinced that the only possibility of preserving existence was by adhering to a distrustful and obstinate policy of conservatism. The masses of the people had no voice whatever in the destiny to which the country was consigned by its blind guides. The energies of the nation were directed more and more into channels of conventionality, cutting for themselves deeper and deeper ruts in conformity with the spirit of the past. Literature, philosophy, religion, architecture, music, painting, as well as all signs of material existence, were forced into deadening and stereotyped moulds, and even manners and dress were officially regulated down to the minutest details. Freedom had ceased to exist. Originality was a crime to be repressed if not always punished. Many a hero lost his head for merely venturing to be different. Indeed, anyone who dared to thrust his head outside to see what the rest of the world was doing had it promptly struck off. With the nation entirely self-centred, the marvel is that it was able to arouse itself from so persistent and so protracted a lethargy before the eagles were gathered together.

Such was the state of Japan when the American, Commodore Perry, knocked at her doors with the lamp of a new day in 1853. Western people and their ideas were unwelcome even then, but they insisted upon coming in. With the advent of Western civilisation and the realisation of what Japan had missed by her long isolation came a period of dazzling bewilderment, when everything without regard to character or quality was welcomed from abroad. This was followed by a season of reaction, to be

followed in turn by a steady and deliberate assimilation and application of the new learning to national life. The one feudal principle that has not changed, however, is the insistence of the dead hand, as seen in the present narrow nationalism, and the keeping of government quite out of the hands of the people.

This is not to say that the bureaucracy is having everything its own way. The Liberal element in Japan is gaining influence steadily; the demand for universal manhood suffrage is loud and aggressive, and the exclusive powers of the *genro*, or elder statesmen, are passing with the men themselves. The clash between antiquated conventionality in thought and procedure and the living, vigorous and courageous originality of Western civilisation is producing a scientific culture in which truth and character are sure to triumph over senile conservatism and irrational tradition. The test tube and the dynamo, the microscope and the telescope, have destroyed in a moment the cherished traditions of the ages, in Japan as elsewhere. The sacred groves of national high places and the *torii* of ancient shrines no longer nourish their former mysteries, and in the new light tend to wither away. Of course, to avoid too radical a change and to let down tender feelings not too harshly there is a vast amount of courteous make-believe and kind but empty form, which is a lesser evil than violent revolution.

With Japan's magnificent triumphs over China and Russia, over Germany at Tsingtau, as well as at the Versailles Peace Conference and at the Washington Convention, national self-confidence has not only revived, but now feels adequate to face all Western aggression; for if the new limitation of armaments by sea leaves Western nations unequal to attacking one another, it still more leaves Japan free to consolidate her position in East Asia and realise a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East. Japan now realises as never before that the new thought and its weapons have come to her not to destroy, but to fulfil, which lends to her renaissance further impetus. The age of imitation is beginning to give way before a tendency to more original creation. Industrial, commercial, and other forms of enterprise spread over the country, and national wealth accumulates with unprecedented rapidity. Entering the Great War with national specie holdings amounting to only 353 million yen, Japan came out of the struggle with her gold increased to more than 2000 million yen, though this has begun to dwindle with the recent increasing adverse balance of trade. With no official control of profiteers, investment and speculation knew no bounds. Stunned for a time by her sudden impact with the West, Japan is now completely engrossed in great material advancement, displaying a genius no less resourceful and intelligent than her teachers. Outsiders are prone to suspect too much self-conceit, prejudice, mean advantage, and war-like

ambition in the Japan of the renaissance, but these evils are only the vagaries of a young people coming to themselves.

Japan is only just approaching the assurance that her renaissance means no necessary break with the past, from which, of course, an organism like society cannot sever itself and survive. The fruits of the future continue to draw nourishment from the roots of the past. Governed in no small degree by national instincts and traditions, Japan is moving forward; and when she has attained unto her best it is a question whether Japan will be more an imitation of the West than the West is an imitation of Greece and Rome. Much depends, as has been suggested, on the nature of Japan's ultimate ideals. Without the inspiration and direction of the Christian spirit, can Japan hope to experience a renaissance that will do for her what it did for England—turn boorishness into chivalry, energy into art, strength into sweetness, and intellect into light?

J. INGRAM BRYAN.

WOMAN THROUGH THE AGES

It hurts the pride of a British married woman to feel that if she can go to the polls and nullify the vote of her husband, he can go to her dressmaker and veto any order for frocks which she may have given. The British husband feels that it is an outrage that, while he cannot control his wife's ballot, he must nevertheless pay for such gowns as she may select, even although he and she may not be on speaking terms. The tradesman cannot understand how it has come to pass that a woman may deprive him of a seat in Parliament if he must look to an impecunious husband for the payment of costly gowns sold to a wealthy wife.

With all this controversy anent the rouge and ribbons of a wife's boudoir, may it not be well to inquire whether the wax and parchment of the law have really anything to do with the effective influence and authority of woman? Wives desire to feel that they are responsible for the cost of the clothes they wear, not because it affords them rapturous pleasure to pay for them, but because they consider that the power of the suffrage is not really theirs if the law does not say that they are responsible for bills which they may prefer to have their husbands settle.

Women consider that a vital principle is involved which touches their honour. They forget, however, that history reveals the strange phenomenon that if when and where statutes confer upon them powers in matters of State, not merely equal, but superior to those of man, then and in that event their effective influence and authority are absolutely non-existent. When the law grants them no political privileges whatsoever, when they have by statute no voice in the affairs of the commonwealth, their leadership becomes established and their primacy self-evident. In other words, when woman is the nominal leader, history teaches that as a class her sex has been under the heel of man. When, however, man apparently is in the ascendency, the invisible power, woman, the electric fluid of human society, is the dynamic force which controls the land.

To attempt to demonstrate this apparently contradictory proposition the investigation will not begin with the Book of

Genesis, but will seek to penetrate the veil of the past and to learn something from mythology. In order, however, better to understand the meaning of any signs which may be encountered, it may not be amiss to seek to fathom what is the real origin of political power ; or, to express the same idea in a different form, it may be well to attempt to find out definitely what is the source whence all Governments derive their authority. Such a study naturally suggests the idea of the old kingship, as the sovereignty of the State was long incorporated in the person of the king.

> The idea that the first king was simply the strongest and bravest man of his tribe is one of those facile theories which the armchair philosopher concocts with his feet on the fender without taking the trouble to consult the facts.[1]

The old notion that the savage was the freest of mankind is the reverse of the truth. He was a slave, not indeed to a visible master, but to the past, to the spirits of his dead forefathers, who haunted his steps from birth to death and who ruled him with a rod of iron. What they did was the pattern of right, the unwritten law to which he yielded a blind, unquestioning obedience.[2] Man fancied himself surrounded by enemies whom he sought to appease. He felt himself environed by innumerable invisible dangers which he did not understand.[3]

Such being the case, primitive man was dominated by his superstitions, and it was not muscle and brawn, arrow or spear, which he feared, but the unseen. He who understood the mysterious necromancy of magic held him in the hollow of his hand, so that

> on the whole, then, we seem to be justified in concluding that in many parts of the world the king is the lineal successor of the old magician or medicine man. When once a special class of sorcerers has been segregated from the community and entrusted by it with the discharge of duties on which the public safety and welfare are believed to depend, these men gradually rise to wealth and power till their leaders blossom out as sacred kings.[4]

Brute force having, therefore, nothing to do with the origin of the kingship, man's physical strength, as such, gave him no advantage over woman in the primary race for leadership. On the contrary, that nervous sensibility of woman which makes of her the medium which realises the ideal of the modern hypnotist gave her a distinct superiority over her brother. Her high-strung, supersensitive temperament made of her the proper connecting link between the occult forces of Nature and primæval society.[5] The stolid primitive man, whose nervous fibre was but incom-

[1] Frazer, *Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship*, p. 37.
[2] Frazer, *op. cit.*, p. 85.
[3] Robertson Smith, *The Religion of the Semites*, p. 54.
[4] Frazer, *op. cit.*, p. 127.
[5] Schuré, *Les Grands Initiés*, p. 9.

pletely developed, could not compete in a race wherein Nature had made of woman a chord vibrating with sensibility. She thus became the dispenser of power, and obtained a leadership over man which nominally remained vested in her sex for at least several thousand years.

Mythology is largely allegorical history. The passions of the men and women of a long-buried past are there portrayed, although the actors are treated as if they were divinities. The mystery which hovers around such distant ages has given a glamour to the deeds of gods and goddesses, but the essential social structure of the world as known to the ancients is there reproduced. Accordingly the ' father God was often a much less important personage in mythology than his divine partner the Mother Goddess.'[6]

It is useless to attempt to pierce the mysteries of the celestial realm. It is necessary, however, to recall that the very first idea of a Government of any kind, so very ancient that it was not even associated with this mundane sphere, assigned to woman a more exalted hierarchical sphere than it did to man.

Passing to pastoral man, it is found that he wandered far and wide in search of food, but woman in time was forced to create for herself a place where she might keep her babies. Thus anchored to one spot of ground, she soon saw that she could keep other things where she kept her offspring, and thus she began to accumulate wealth and to commence the transformation of Nature. It was this stationary base, the enforced inactivity and the proverbial frittering away of time, which permitted the invention of agriculture. Similarly, because woman could not travel, she became the custodian of the only stores of any accumulation known to primitive society.[7]

Property being thus emblematic of woman's weakness, and not of man's strength, even when her occult powers exercised no control over him, man did not seek to vest in himself the title to such wealth as was amassed, nor did he even lay claim to a proprietary interest in the children who were begotten. So far did he carry this attitude of splendid isolation, that he asserted no kinship with his own offspring, who belonged to their mother's clan. What he earned went to his own matriarchal stock, and at his death his bones did not sleep with those of his own descendants, but were deposited in the cromlech of his mother's kin. The mother thus became the head and source, the only bond of union, of the family, and a social system was created which traces descent and transmits property through the mother alone.[8]

[6] Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, vol. i, p. 282.

[7] Myres, *The Dawn of History*, pp. 26 *et seq.*

[8] (*a*) Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, vol. ii., pp. 202 *et seq.*; (*b*) Wundt, *Ethik*, p. 190.

To appreciate what this doctrine of matrilineal descent really means, and thereby to gain an idea of the difference between woman's position at the dawn of history and her status in the present age of enlightenment, it may be cited that when Ferdinand VII. of Spain died without male issue in 1833 the fact that his daughter Isabella II. was designated as his successor gave rise to the most protracted civil war of the nineteenth century; whereas in prehistoric days no descent except through the female line would have been considered.

While it is perfectly true that this titular supremacy of woman became, in time, a mere shadow absolutely devoid of substance, nevertheless when the rule which excluded the father from any voice in the family circle was first defined woman was politically and socially superior to man. It is, however, worthy of note that what might thus be supposed to be woman-made law degraded and debased womankind.

> Divine motherhood like the kinship of man and gods in general was to the heathen Semites a physical fact, and the development of the corresponding cults and myths laid more stress on the physical than on the ethical side of maternity. It is therefore in no sense surprising that polyandry or the marriage of one woman to several men at the same time existed in the halcyon days of female primacy. When, with the march of time, the old polyandrous goddess, Ishtar, vanished from the scene as the supreme deity she reappeared in Canaan and elsewhere as Astarte the wife of the supreme Baal. Or if the supremacy of the goddess was too well established to be thus undermined she retained her old character as a mother but not as a wife bound to fidelity to her husband, and at her sanctuary she protected under the name of religion the sexual licence of savage society, or even demanded of the daughters of her worshippers a shameful sacrifice of their chastity before they were permitted to bind themselves for the rest of their lives to that conjugal fidelity which their goddess despised.[9]

In order, however, that it may not be inferred that the picture thus drawn applies to one race alone, it is pointed out that

> in Cyprus it appears that before marriage all women were formerly obliged to prostitute themselves to strangers at the sanctuary of the goddess, whether she went by the name of Aphrodite, Astarte or what not. Similar customs prevailed in many parts of Western Asia. Whatever its motive the practice was clearly regarded not as an orgy of lust, but as a solemn religious duty performed in the service of that great Mother Goddess.[10]

And again Socrates says that at Heliopolis local custom obliged the women to be held in common, so that paternity was unknown.

In those ages when royal blood was traced through woman, and when, consequently, the king held office merely by virtue of his marriage with an hereditary princess, a prince espoused his own

[9] Robertson Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 58, 59.
[10] Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, vol. i., p. 36.

sister, the heir to the throne, in order to obtain with her hand the crown, which otherwise would have gone to another. This legal superiority of woman over man accounts for the most remarkable feature in the social system of the ancient Egyptians, to wit, the marriage of full brothers with full sisters.

> In the eyes of the Egyptians marriage between brother and sister was the best of marriages, and it acquired an ineffable degree of sanctity when the brother and sister who contracted it were themselves born of a brother and sister who had in their turn also sprung from a union of the same sort. Nor did the principle apply only to gods and to kings. The common people acted on it in their daily life. They regarded marriage between brothers and sisters as the most natural and reasonable of all. The evidence of legal documents, including marriage contracts, tends to prove that such unions were the rule, not the exception, in ancient Egypt, and that they continued to form the majority of marriages long after the Romans had obtained a firm footing in the country. As it cannot be supposed that Roman influence was used to promote a custom which must have been abhorrent to Roman instincts, it may safely be assumed that the proportion of brother and sister marriages in Egypt had been still greater in the days when the country was free.[11]

It seems to be a natural corollary from such a rule, as has just been explained, that the king was bound to vacate the throne on the death of his wife, the queen, since he occupied it only by virtue of his marriage with her, and the kingship was merely an appanage of his conjugal life. The old Danish historian Saxo Gramaticus puts this view very clearly in the mouth of Hermutrude, a legendary queen of Scotland :

> Indeed she was a queen and but that her sex gainsaid it might be deemed a king ; nay (and this is yet truer), whomsoever she thought worthy of her couch was at once a king, and she yielded her kingdom with herself. Thus her sceptre and her hand went together.[12]

The inevitable logic of the incongruous situation which the nominal leadership of woman thrust upon the world was that if the king desired to reign after his wife's death the only way in which he could legally continue to do so was by marrying his own daughter,

> Which in the Faith
> That thou call'st olden was a goodly deed.[13]

To men of the twentieth century to whom woman is a queen whose throne rests upon the adamant of love it seems impossible to believe that she could have inaugurated so unspeakable a system as was the rule which obtained through the thousands of years of Egyptian history, which outlived the Persian, the Macedonian and the Roman conquests, and only perished under the

[11] Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, vol. ii., p. 214.
[12] Frazer, *The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings*, vol. ii., p. 281.
[13] Firdausi, *The Shahnama* (translated by Warner), vol. v., p. 290.

more powerful solvent of Christianity, lingering however for a short while even after the official establishment of the new religion.[14]

It must in no sense be supposed that the practice of descent through the female line was confined to Egypt and the Semitic race and thrived nowhere else, for such is far from the truth.

There are distinct traces of female descent of the kingship in ancient Greece, and particularly among the Athenians, for

> in Attica tradition ran that of old the women were the common property of the men who coupled with them like beasts so that while every one knew his mother nobody knew who his father was. Such a rule seems clearly to be a relic of a time when kinship was counted only through women.[15]

It is interesting to note that

> the leading personage in Homer's world of men and gods is undoubtedly Pallas Athene. She embodies all the qualities which were most highly esteemed in those days. She is evidently meant to be the greatest and most admirable of the deities which concern themselves with Men.[16]

Nevertheless when a tournament was held oxen were as highly prized as women, for

> Achilles next before the Greeks display'd
> The prizes of the hardy wrestler's skill :
> The victor's prize, a tripod vast fireproof,
> And at twelve oxen by the Greeks apprais'd ;
> And for the vanquish'd man a female slave
> Pric'd at four oxen, skilled in household work.[17]

The self-same story is revealed by the history of Rome. According to tradition there were in all eight Kings of Rome, and it is a remarkable fact that, though the first king, Romulus, is said to have descended from the royal house of Alba, in which the kingship is represented as hereditary in the male line, not one of the Roman kings was immediately succeeded by his son on the throne. Yet several of them left sons or grandsons. On the other hand, one of them was descended from a former king through his mother, not through his father, and three of the kings, namely, Tatius, the elder Tarquin, and Servius Tullius, were succeeded by their sons-in-law, who were all either foreigners or of foreign descent. This suggests that the right of succession of the kingship was transmitted in the female line, and was actually exercised by foreigners who married royal princesses.[18] When, however, woman's blood was thus the sole channel which led to the throne, the sacred fire in Rome was tended by unmarried females. The

[14] Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, vol. ii., p. 216.
[15] Frazer, *The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings*, vol. iii., p. 284.
[16] Mahaffy, *Social Life in Greece*, p. 41.
[17] *The Illiad* (Derby's translation), xxiii., p. 812.
[18] Frazer, *The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings*, vol. ii., pp. 268 *et seq.*

deity whom they served was the goddess Vesta, a patroness of fecundity, who bestowed offspring both on cattle and on women.

Shakespeare's works are an inexhaustible mine if the inquirer has the patience to search therein for what his needs demand. The Ghost of Hamlet's father may well have complained that

> Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
> Of life, of crown, at once dispatch'd,

and Hamlet may have felt that the king

> Was a little more than kin and less than kind,

Yet it is clear that Claudius was safely seated on the throne of Denmark and that he was acclaimed by the populace. The tame submission of the people indicates that no one questioned the king's title because the channel of power resided in the queen.

When Canute the Dane had been acknowledged King of England he married Emma, the widow of his predecessor Ethelred, whose throne he had overturned and whose children he had driven into exile. Emma was much older than her second husband; she was living in Normandy when the marriage was agreed upon, and it is doubtful whether Canute had ever seen her before she became his bride. The young but prudent Dane apparently married the mature widow to legalise his usurpation of the crown of England.

It is not sought to convey the idea that a system of motherkin or of matriarchy necessarily implies that thereunder woman governs man. Primarily, as the more efficient medium of communication with the dark forces of Nature, the female sex acquired a leadership, which is shown by the superiority enjoyed by the goddess over the god. Woman became the depositary of property because she was not able to carry her children with her during the foraging expeditions of her mate, and her weakness thus made of her the custodian of the wealth of the tribe. In time man asserted his force, and all that was left of woman's primacy was that descent was traced through her, she having held her sex in such low esteem during the days of her power, when she was magician, priestess and queen, that promiscuous cohabitation made of paternity an insoluble problem.

With the advent of Christianity a new standard was forced upon the world. The philosophy of Plato may well have declared

> that these women must all be common to all these men and that no one woman dwell with any man privately and that their children be likewise common; that neither the parent shall know his own children nor the children their parent,[19]

but on Calvary a new doctrine was proclaimed, whereby

[19] *The Republic of Plato* (translated by Spens), p. 154.

likewise, ye husbands dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel, and being heirs together of the grace of life.[20]

Plato spoke the language of a man who had been reared in the school which recognised the titular leadership of woman and vested all power in man ; Peter spoke of the wife as 'the weaker vessel' and counselled that she be honoured. He who was probably the greatest of ancient philosophers and he who was the chief of the Apostles have thus given the key to the whole problem.

To-day, as Voltaire tersely puts it, 'woman in her feeble hand carries the destinies of the earth.' When Balzac spoke of 'Her Highness Woman' he spoke but half the truth, for he should have referred to her as 'Her Majesty,' and not as a mere princess. It is not, however, because a Pompadour made and unmade alliances, or a de Stael was able to make a Bonaparte know her power, that woman dominates the world. Such leaders of outstanding ability or beauty reign because of their own special attributes, but do not typify a rule. It is where woman's power is unseen and unrecognised that her domination is irresistible. It is when men imagine that they are leading when they are following, when they flatter themselves that they are commanding when they are directed, when they think that they are ordering but have no will of their own, that woman is in the ascendency.

Woman's power begins with birth and ends with death. It is like light pure and undefiled, ever bringing comfort and inspiring hope, the very basis of life, and yet so gentle and so unobtrusive that, while its influence is felt and its absence often commented upon, its presence is unobserved and its spread unnoticed.

Such mastery does not hinge upon responsibility for a dressmaker's bill: such leadership does not inquire who pays for the hat which lends grace to the head which rules the land. Such primacy disdains the niceties of legal technicalities because it has a sceptre in its hand and knows how to wield it.

PIERRE CRABITÈS.

[20] 1 Peter iii. 7.

THE LURE OF THE 'STUNT'

ONE of the most depressing features of modern life is our amazing susceptibility to 'stunts.' This susceptibility is the more astonishing because it is of comparatively recent, though exceedingly rapid, growth. The war, which left nothing unaffected, seems to have stimulated rather than stifled it, and so powerful has the 'stunt' become—or so greatly has our power of resisting 'stunts' declined—that unless we are careful our intellects will be 'stunted' out of existence.

To define the word 'stunt' is difficult. In fact, it would be a good 'stunt' to offer a prize for the best definition not exceeding eight words in length. But everyone knows what a 'stunt' is. The word itself was, I think, imported from America during the war, like munitions; and it seems likely to cost us almost as much. Originally employed to describe incredibly dangerous feats of airmanship, it has now come to mean anything sufficiently sensational to attract public attention in a large and intrinsically unmerited degree.

Now there are innumerable kinds of 'stunts,' and, like everything else that is capable of presenting itself in many different aspects, some varieties are harmless while some are quite positively harmful. The danger, which is only too real, is that we are fast losing all power of discriminating between the former and the latter; and in consequence are suffering a loss of those senses of dignity and proportion which have in the past proved of great value to the State.

As an example of what may be achieved by proficiency in the art of 'stunting,' we have only to consider the career of Mr. Lloyd George. There is perhaps no better example to be found anywhere. Throughout the whole of his public life Mr. Lloyd George has been a remarkable exponent of the 'stunt.' 'Limehousing' was a 'stunt.' All his electoral methods are 'stunt' methods; and the same may be said of nearly all of his parliamentary and Ministerial gestures. Particularly since the Armistice has he ruthlessly exploited the power of the 'stunt.' Who, for instance, will ever forget the 'Wizard of Gairloch' who solved, or at any rate discussed, problems both domestic and foreign brought to him from all parts by puzzled subordinates and distracted Labour mayors? Who, again, can ever forget the days when the foreign

affairs of this country were conducted by what a very able member of the Labour Party described as 'a travelling circus, whose leading performers caper in the limelight at health resorts in different parts of Europe'? It is superfluous to observe that Mr. Lloyd George has left an indelible impression upon the history not only of Great Britain, but of the world. It is pertinent, however, to inquire whether he would have made that impression, or, indeed, any impression at all, upon a nation and a world impervious to the artifices of the 'stunt.' I am not discussing here whether the ex-Premier's influence was for the weal or for the woe of the world. That is a point upon which posterity will be able to form a clearer judgment than we. What I am suggesting is that Mr. Lloyd George owed his at one time enormous power and prestige not primarily to his intellectual capacity, not primarily to his oratory, not primarily to his adroitness and agility in the council chamber, but essentially to his inborn and apparently irrepressible genius for 'stunting.' If we admit this suggestion we are forced inevitably to the conclusion that the history of the world has been influenced by the power of the 'stunt,' and the 'stunt' at once assumes the dimensions and the significance of a political force. If Mr. Lloyd George's power proves to have been exercised for good, then we may say that his 'stunting' has been of the harmless variety; if for the opposite, then of the harmful. But this question does not affect the principle involved. It is the principle which has to be considered, and if the history of the world, and the happiness and prosperity of all mankind, is to be influenced by 'stunters' to the exclusion or embarrassment of men less ingenious but more worthy, then it is certainly time for us to walk delicately, in the manner of Agag. There is only one thing that can definitely be stated, and that is that so long as his health and strength and 'stunt'-devising capabilities remain to him, Mr. Lloyd George will never be a negligible factor in politics.

Whenever one mentions the word 'stunt' one thinks immediately of the film industry, and the 'stunt' section of newspapers, and occasionally of politicians. The object of the last-named is to achieve either popularity or publicity, and, at all events, place and power. It is becoming necessary for politicians to make use of the 'stunt' not only to gain but to retain power. The new and almost oppressively respectable Cabinet have actually submitted to the indignity of having some of their facial expressions reproduced for the edification of the cinema-going public. More than that, they have even pretended to be conducting the presumably confidential business of the State in the indubitable, though not obvious, presence of a film photographer. This may be necessary to assure us that the Cabinet really do meet occasionally, and that when they do they make speeches to

each other instead of playing leap-frog; but if it is necessary it is regrettable, and if it is unnecessary it is merely undignified.

Adverting now to the film industry, it may be said that generally speaking there is no other 'stunt' perpetrator more dangerous and objectionable than this. Probably in no other industry is every consideration so deliberately and absolutely sacrificed to the demands of the 'stunt' fetish. In the film we possess the most powerful organ of propaganda which the world has yet known. The language of the film is, as has been said, international. There is nobody to whom the film cannot appeal, whatever the degree of erudition of its witnesses. It can influence the world for good or for evil, or it can influence it not at all; and generally it influences it either for evil or not at all. Its enormous possibilities are prostituted, its power diffused or wasted, by the blind worship which its controllers accord to the 'stunt.' 'Stunts' permeate the business throughout, from production to presentation; and the never-ceasing demand for new 'stunts' daily racks the brains of the very able men and women who produce and advertise new films.

The effect of these 'stunts' is not considered. Most of them are not deleterious to the public, for whose benefit or deception they are conceived; but they do not in any way appeal to the intelligence, and their whole tendency is to thrill rather than to educate, so that, while not doing any great amount of definite and positive harm, they are helping to stultify the public mind, and to render it more than ever susceptible to the 'stunt.' My chief quarrel with the films of the present day is that the majority of them are devised in cynical disregard of great and valuable opportunities. Producers seem to enjoy 'stunts' and the task of making ridiculous films. They may, and no doubt will, say that their aim is to give the public what it wants, and that there is every indication that the public likes 'stunts.' There is an element of truth in this, and, thanks to the power of 'stunts' themselves, there is little evidence to show that the public is getting tired of them.

Consider the extensively advertised *Foolish Wives*. Of what good is such a film? It portrays the compromising of an incredibly foolish wife by a blatantly obvious rogue who, by means of some astonishingly simple overtures, essays to extract money from her. So foolish is the wife that, had it not been for a disgruntled domestic servant, who conveniently sets the rogue's villa on fire just in time, the plot would have succeeded. However, virtue triumphs in the end, the rogue's corpse is placed carefully in a drain, and the foolish wife is received back by a husband who exhibits little or no concern at the almost certifiable stupidity of his spouse. This film is well-produced, and one can only regret that such undoubted talent should be employed so uselessly.

That the 'stunt' film pure and simple is not the only type of

production that can be exploited profitably has been demonstrated by the enormous and well-merited success of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, which is a film of quite another order, and exactly the kind that is really needed. This film is not free from 'stunts,' but it contains much that stimulates and instructs as well; and the same may be said for some of the other big films, notably those produced by Mr. D. W. Griffith, who was the first film producer to be assailed by the sense of public responsibility.

Every kind of 'stunt,' wherever and however generated, eventually breaks out in the newspapers. It is the custom to abuse the sensationalism of the 'stunt' section of the Press, and to hold it responsible for most of the ills that flesh is heir to. It is a convenient 'Aunt Sally,' and serves a useful purpose in this respect. But before declaiming against its partiality for 'stunts,' it is only just to examine its foundations.

A newspaper is sometimes conducted for the purpose of earning dividends. To earn dividends it must attract advertisers. To attract advertisers it must command a large circulation. Sometimes it is conducted in order to bestow power upon its owner, and his power waxes and wanes in direct accordance with the net sale figures. In either case circulation is the governing factor. A very large circulation can only be secured by the support of the public; and so, in order to be either profitable or useful to its owner, a newspaper must be attractive to the public.

The insurance 'stunt' is one of the less harmful variety, in so far as the only people who suffer by it are the newspapers themselves. Indirectly, of course, the public suffer, because presumably the hundreds of thousands of pounds involved would have contributed to the improvement of the various journals concerned had they not been squandered for the benefit of a limited number of unfortunate—or, perhaps, fortunate—subscribers. In principle it is unsound, for it penalises the majority for the advantage of the minority, like indirect taxation; and financially also it is unsound, because the whole object of this particular 'stunt' was to impress advertisers with immense net sale figures; and advertisers, having more intelligence than was attributed to them, have shrewdly noted the difference between 'reading' circulation and 'insurance' circulation, the former being valuable, and the latter practically valueless, to them. One is inclined to wonder whether the author of this 'stunt' is now beloved or execrated in the precincts of Fleet Street. The 'boomerang' effect has for some time been felt, and sooner or later must put an end to the orgy.

We are, we are told, an educated nation. We are indeed. We spend many millions annually in educating ourselves, so there can be little doubt that we are educated. But there is something very wrong if popular education produces a popular opinion which supports and pays for and justifies and develops and encourages

'stunts.' It is the sort of popular opinion that ruined Rome. The later citizens of ancient Rome much preferred a good 'stunt' at the Colosseum to the daily round and common task, by the due performance of which Rome had become, and remained for a while, great. It is not merely a passion for excitement which begets 'stunts'; rather is it a stupefied or comatose sense of proportion.

Education is passing through a phase, and the quicker this phase is passed the better for all concerned. I do not propose here to concern myself to any great extent with the details of modern-day education. One hears little enough of them in the Press, except at intervals an outburst of bickering on the subject of teachers' salaries; and now and then a few prosecutions for non-attendance at school are briefly reported. Lately, of course, the amount of the grant for education has become a bone of political contention. The Labour Party feel that knowledge should not be accessible only to the rich, and demand that the grant be increased; whilst their opponents, apparently convinced—perhaps with reason—that the results of popular education are terrifying, and hopelessly dominated by the 'economy at all costs' outcry, want to reduce the amount. One can only observe that it is hardly remarkable that children have to be *compelled* to go to schools where the instructors are poorly paid, and that unless we can revise our methods very extensively it would be far more practical to 'axe' the Board of Education completely and revert to a more honest barbarism under a feudal *régime*.

The proper course to pursue is to revise our methods, and improve them, even if the cost of education be trebled. What many people fail to grasp, or refuse to see, is that a penny *wisely* spent on education now means a pound saved in the future. They will not admit the patent futility of superimposing a democratic form of government upon an electorate which is so little instructed that an ingenious 'stunt' can make it vote quite against its own interests. These people condemn both popular education and democracy; and there are others, amongst them the Dean of St. Paul's, who insistently declare that democracy has failed. All ignore the fact that no educational system that requires the appointment of Schools Attendance Officers in large numbers can be anything but useless. Children are notoriously curious. Their craving for information about the wonderful world and all that therein is has for decades been a source of inspiration for professional joke manufacturers. And yet the agencies provided by the nation for the assuagement of this lively and commendable curiosity are so unattractive that to escape from school is a pleasure! One hesitates to blame the teachers, who are often distracted by petty salary disputes, and who, moreover, are bound by cast-iron syllabi and curricula—irritating words indicating

the chafing fetters that are early placed upon inquiring youth. It is the system, as a whole, that is responsible and culpable.

The effect of this confounded and confounding education is to turn out masses of individuals ready to imbibe all sorts of ideas and opinions, but lacking all save purely instinctive means of deciding between the worthy and the unworthy. They can absorb, but they cannot select, like blotting-paper. Ideas come to them, like drops of ink, spread over the surface of their poor parched minds, and gradually become dry permanent stains. The first produce the greatest impression; subsequent drops of the same colour deepen the impression, and new and different ideas, in the form of drops of a different hue, fight a mute battle and end in sullen compromise, the earliest impression almost always predominating. Perhaps Gilbert was thinking in this way when he wrote:

> I often think it comical
> How Nature always does contrive
> That every boy and every girl
> That's born into the world alive
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative.

But, be this as it may, it is indisputable that modern popular education does produce exactly the type of mind most easily swayed by a 'stunt.' Whether this has been deliberately contrived or not I do not know. There are many prominent and influential men whose interests have been, and are, well served by the blotting-paper type of mind. One who was a master of the art of 'stunting' is now serving a long and terrible sentence. It is sad and humiliating to think that the law must punish those who demonstrate us to ourselves. In this case the 'stunter' was a man of enormous ability, both in conceiving and executing 'stunts' of all kinds. He might have been Prime Minister had he not chosen to flirt all his life rather dangerously with the law, which is, fortunately, almost a deity in the cosmos of the average Englishman. He had all the qualities essential to success, for he appreciated the deep truth contained in the following verse, which, in view of its relevance and in spite of its having been composed by an uncle of mine, I may perhaps be pardoned for quoting:

> If you want to succeed in the world
> You must take up your trumpet and blow it,
> See your banner is freely unfurled,
> And take every occasion to show it.
> If you only make plenty of noise
> And plenty of show to begin it—
> 'Tis that which the public enjoys,
> They're sure to think something is in it!

But because he was found to have flagrantly offended the law this potential Premier is now and for ever discredited. He has

performed at least one most valuable public service: he has clearly shown that the power of the 'stunt' confounds reason and paralyses perception; and I have only ventured to suggest that he is 'for ever' discredited because the onus of advancing years and the rigours of a prison life must tend to sap the energy till it falls below the level essential to the contrivance and operation of gigantic 'stunts.' But though the spell of this magician is broken, the public is still capable of exploitation by similar necromancers; and so it will remain until 'education' becomes education, and provides it with the only sure shield against 'stunts.' At present it is at the mercy of any brilliant 'stunt'-deviser.

The 'stunt' section of the Press cannot claim to be innocent of the charge of pandering to the blotting-paper mind. It may think it waste of time to cast pearls before swine; but it should at least try to give the 'swine' ideas above worn-out husks. The British public is remarkably intelligent considering the life-long handicaps which beset it. Its education and environment tend to bemuse it, and it is only because of its caution and stability—qualities instinctive rather than intellectual—that it has saved itself from ruin. But it is quite time that we made use of the national intellect; and until we develop this quality we shall hover on the edge of an exceedingly unattractive precipice.

The first step must be in the direction of better education. I do not know whether this need necessarily be more expensive education, but even if this should be the case the additional expense must be borne. We spend millions abroad, impertinently trying to set other peoples' houses in order, seeing the mote in their eye, but remaining oblivious to the beam in our own. Far better it were to refrain from such interference until we ourselves are free from reproach. Education is the one thing this country cannot teach to its sister States. Much of the wonderful work that Great Britain has done in Egypt will be undone through a mistaken educational policy. We can teach, and set a peerless example, in many other branches of the art of government, but we invariably break down in the province of public instruction.

This question is undoubtedly the most urgent of the day. One would not think so, because so little public attention is drawn to it, for as yet nobody has thought of a compelling 'stunt' on the subject. But education such as we have subverts the first principles of democracy; and this is where, in my humble view, the Dean of St. Paul's is misled. He feels that democracy has failed, because he regards this country and France and Italy and various others as democratic States. They are not, nor have they ever been. They do indeed have democratic constitutional forms; but they are not truly and essentially democratic. Abraham Lincoln defined democracy as 'Government of the people by

the people for the people'; and this has never yet been tried. How can people govern in their own interests when they do not even know where those interests lie?

The first essential of democracy is an intelligent electorate, a 'stunt'-proof, sane and instructed electorate. How many elections have been won by catch-phrases—slogans, as they are sometimes called, which are really condensed 'stunts'? How many inferior and incapable men have been conjured into high office by their genius for 'stunting' alone? How many great and noble men have remained mute and inglorious through their lack of that genius?

The existence of a National Assembly of elected representatives is not a guarantee of democracy. We are establishing what we euphemistically term 'Representative Government' in Egypt; but is there anyone who supposes that it will succeed? Democratic constitutional forms in such a country are most dangerous, for they serve only as a cloak for the machinations of an unscrupulous oligarchy; and they are virtually nothing more than a fraud.

And so it is, in a less acute degree, in this country. The *sham* democracy which we enjoy, and to which Dean Inge may well object, is a menace, for it begets a smug contentment which is founded upon a false belief. We believe that we are governing ourselves; but we are not, except in so far as we are allowed to make a mark on a ballot-paper once at least in every five years. This gives to the individual the physical sensation of being a member of a self-governing community; but we are not allowed the intellectual sensation of considering in full and in all its details the issue upon which we vote. 'Stunts' make up our minds for us.

Government by 'stunt' is a reality. How long we shall tolerate it remains to be seen. It contains, of course, a sporting element, and so long as we permit the welfare of our country to remain the stake in a game of chance, just so long shall we maintain our discredited and discreditable educational system. It is a sense of proportion, above all, that we must develop, for at present ours is so vitiated that no doubt we shall acclaim our next distinguished film visitor with greater enthusiasm than that with which we shall honour the return of General Sir Charles Harington, who has saved the world, for a time at least, from another war.

The greatest 'stunter' is not necessarily the greatest statesman. If he were, things would be simpler. But the ingredients of successful statesmanship differ widely from those of successful 'stunt'-devisement; and it is imperative that we should as quickly as possible bring to an end a state of affairs under which proficiency in 'stunting' is the essence of success.

REYNELL J. R. G. WREFORD.

THE BRIDGE

Two children leaned upon the bridge of Chance.
The night was cold, the moon crouched low
And cut the shadows with his silver lance.
But neither spoke. Now old, they know

The spell which bound that arch of phantom stone.
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N. WALKER.

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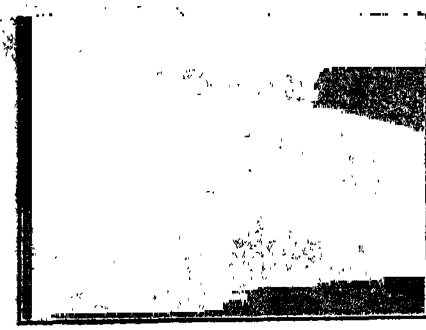
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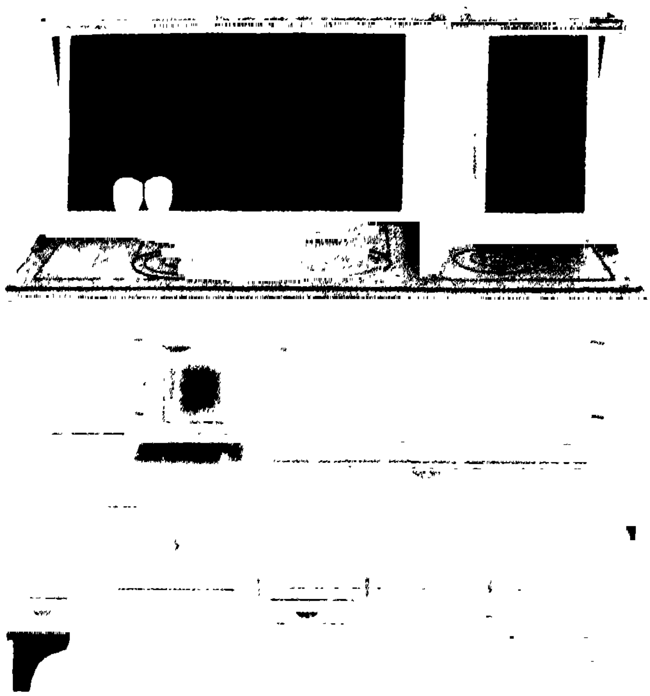
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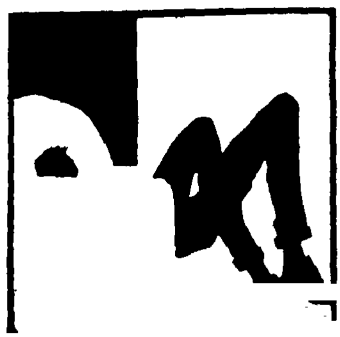
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THE AWAKENING

YOU waken with a jerk! Book on your face! The fire, a black twisted root! Where on earth and what on earth—! The clock says five to two. Its idiotic face looks quite pleased about it. Good heavens! I must have been asleep (indeed you must)! It's that chair again. Puts you to sleep and won't let you go to bed.

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No. DLII—February 1923

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

During recent years many of my friends have sought my advice in reference to the position of the Conservative Party, and I welcome the opportunity which is afforded me of explaining my views to a wider circle.

While the questions put to me naturally varied according to the individual views held by those who approached me, I found a strong feeling that when the complete fusion of the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Parties took place in 1912 the word 'Conservative' should have been preserved as the name of the whole party. At that time, however, in the opinion of many Liberal Unionists the name 'Conservative' was, for some mysterious reason, more objectionable to them than even that of 'Tory.' After a great deal of discussion and many meetings, which I attended, it was decided that the whole party should be called 'Conservative and Unionist' or 'Unionist and Conservative.' Many Conservatives, in their desire to ratify the arrangement which had been arrived at with loyalty and generosity, adopted the name 'Unionist.' This arrangement left a great deal of heart-

burning among Conservatives, both young and old, and led a great many to ask whether there was not a grave risk of the Conservative Party losing its identity and forming a part only of the new Unionist Party.

Then came the war, and all these questions were, of course, put on one side. When the first Coalition Government was formed, the Conservative Party, without hesitation, gave the most loyal support to the Government, and did not trouble about so minor a question as the name by which it should be known. When, however, the war ended and the Coalition remained, the unrest and agitation among Conservatives became more general and more difficult to handle. Then I was repeatedly asked whether there was any future before the Conservative Party, and whether by our continued support of the Coalition we were consenting to a policy which would end in the total extinction of our old and historic party. Though I naturally had great sympathy with these views, I never varied in the opinion I expressed, which was to the effect that the Conservative Party had had a splendid past, that there was abundant work for it to do, and that the time would surely come when it would rise, like the Phœnix from its ashes, and, whether under the old name of 'Conservative' or some fresh name, become once again the most powerful party in the State.

It has always seemed to many of us that there is definite work for us to do—even though we may be in a considerable minority, as was the case in 1906—to keep alive interest and support for the great institutions of the State, to encourage feelings of loyalty to the Empire, to develop extension of the Empire and closer association between our peoples in all parts of the world, to keep to the front the necessity for strong, efficient defensive forces, to work for fair treatment of the great agricultural interests, and for better provision for the health and housing of the wage-earning classes. These were objects which the Conservative Party had in old days always put in the forefront of its programme, and they still remained, and remain to-day, questions which without the support and constant care of the Conservative Party would run grave risk of receiving insufficient attention at the hands of Governments drawn from the other parties. This, at all events, was the firm view of many members of the party, and fully justified the work which they continued to do, quietly and unobtrusively, even when it was difficult to keep alive the Conservative Party as a separate institution owing to the necessity for maintaining the Coalition.

These influences remained at work and led to a stronger feeling than ever on the part of Conservatives that we ought to resolve ourselves back into the old political elements and become once

again a separate party, with our own programme, our own policy, and our own organisation. The break-up of the Coalition—and I speak with some knowledge of the causes which led to it—was due in no way to any feeling of disloyalty to Mr. Lloyd George or forgetfulness of the great services which he had rendered to the country, but simply to the belief, widely entertained, that the time had come when the interests of the country and the party would be best served by a return to the old method of government and the old organisations. It is possible that this feeling was encouraged and strengthened by some of the more recent incidents. No doubt some Conservatives resented the new arrangement with Ireland and could not convince themselves that it would be likely to lead to good results. Of course the proposals gave colour to the view that if the legislative union between Southern Ireland and England were to be permanently terminated there could be no object in continuing the name 'Unionist,' and those members of the party who held this opinion formed themselves into an organisation which had for its object the break-up of the Coalition and the restoration of the Conservative Party. Other causes, no doubt, there were also, but abundant evidence exists to support the belief that the mainspring of this movement is to be found in the views referred to above, and not to any particular cause for dissatisfaction resulting from recent acts of the late Government.

For some considerable time it did not appear to the more cautious, and perhaps older, members of the party that the time had come when it would be wise to start a movement for the return to party politics, as there was apparently no leader of sufficient power and influence in the country to enable the party to be recreated with any reasonable prospect of success. When the meeting at the Carlton Club not only revealed the wide extent of the desire for reconstituting the Conservative Party, but also produced Mr. Bonar Law, the present Prime Minister, as the leader, there remained no doubt in the minds of Conservatives that the time had come for the Conservative Party again to assume the responsibility of separate action.

It has been said in some quarters that this movement was due to the action of a few malcontents, who were never satisfied with Mr. Lloyd George's leadership, and especially disapproved of some of his more recent acts. It may be true—no doubt it is—that this feeling existed strongly among a considerable section of the Conservative Party, but it is not true that the fall of the Coalition was brought about by any limited section of the party. Indeed, the truth is to be found in exactly the opposite direction. Many meetings of a private character were held at which the situation was discussed anxiously and earnestly, and the predominant desire was to find some way of dealing honourably and

loyally with the situation ; but there always emerged from these discussions the conviction entertained by members of Parliament and candidates that the state of feeling in the country was such that it would be hopeless to appeal at an election for support of the Coalition on anything like the lines then existing, and that the only hope of securing a strong Government for the future lay in a definite appeal to the conservative instincts of the country and to the electors who still called themselves Conservatives. If ever there were a democratic movement in party politics it was this. For this reason it is earnestly to be hoped, some little time having elapsed and all connected with the Coalition or with either of its component parts having had opportunity dispassionately to survey the situation, that any feelings of bitterness will disappear, and that it will be generally realised that the movement which led to the creation of the Conservative Party to-day and the Conservative Government was a genuine one, due to no pettiness or personal ill-feeling, but to a great upheaval of the rank and file of the party throughout the country.

All who took part in local political organisation or meetings know that for many months before the meeting at the Carlton Club it was evident that the real workers of the country, belonging to the middle and wage-earning classes, had definitely made up their minds that the time had come to revert to the old system and put an end to Coalition. This being the case, surely it does not lie in the mouth of anybody, least of all of those who constantly preach the doctrine that we should work for the interests of the mass of the people in the country, to question that the change was demanded by the people in their own interests and in those of the Empire. Indeed, it would seem to be amply justified by the result—the creation of a strong Government, with a big majority behind it.

The dominant fact of the General Election is the emergence of the Conservative Party as the chief political party in the State, possessing a clear majority in Parliament and a clear majority in the country over any other party—this for the first time since Mr. Disraeli won his great election in 1874. From 1886 to 1905 Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, who succeeded him, were dependent upon the followers of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain for the majority they possessed, and although this combination provided the country with a very powerful Government, which controlled its affairs for nearly twenty years, save for a brief interval, with manifest success, yet it was not till 1912 that the two parties were welded into one and became the party which I have endeavoured to describe in the earlier portion of this article.

In the elections of 1886, of 1895, of 1900, and of 1906 the

party stood as a whole under the leadership of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour as successive Prime Ministers, but the independent organisations of the two parties were maintained, the leaders remained, and from time to time principles were laid down which, while they were to a large extent common to the united party, yet in some cases formed the basis upon which each of the parties stood.

This last Election was therefore the first since 1874 in which the Conservative Party went to the country definitely as a Conservative Party and found in the country, and subsequently in Parliament, a majority not composed of a Coalition, but of those who had definitely placed themselves under the banner and name of Conservatism. By contrast with other parties, surely the position of Conservatives is more than justified. At the time of the Election it was the only one of the three parties which are now to be found in the country which could make an undivided independent appeal to the electors.

The Liberal Party is at present divided into two camps—the one led by Mr. Asquith, the other by Mr. Lloyd George—and in the recent Election they attacked each other with more bitterness than either of them attacked the Conservative Party. What may be their future it is impossible to say now, and it would be rash to prophesy.

The Labour Party has only recently become large enough to be called a party rather than a group; but there would appear to be wider disagreement between different members of that party on many questions than there are between some members of the Labour Party and the Conservatives on the one hand or the National Liberals on the other. Certainly there does not appear at present to be an immediate prospect of a permanent alliance between the convinced Socialists and the moderate members of the Labour Party who represent the trade union wing. In opposition, no doubt, it is comparatively easy to work together and to combine for attack, but when it comes to forming a Government, formulating a policy, and standing together for defence the matter is very different. It is therefore hard to believe that as long as the present divergence of outlook remains there can be found in the Labour Party the cohesion and foundation of definite principles essential for the formation of a strong Government.

The Conservative Party alone has come unscathed through all the difficulties which preceded the Coalition, and during the Coalition preserved its identity, so that it is to-day by far the strongest party in the State. This is a fact which deserves examination. To what is it to be attributed?

Probably the governing reason is that its principles and its

actions find more general agreement with the opinions of the vast bulk of the nation than do the programmes of the other parties. Confirmation of this is to be found in a review of the political history during the half-century before the war. In this period the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists outnumbered the Liberal members in the House of Commons for thirty years. During this time there were great extensions of the franchise, so that the old theory, so fondly cherished by Liberals, that the Conservatives have no support among the working classes of the country is more than ever found to be without foundation. The Conservative Party made its appeal to the wage-earners and received their support. That it still enjoys this support was made quite clear by the recent Election—the first normal Election since the vast extension of the franchise by the Representation of the People Act.

It is, therefore, ludicrous to suggest that the Conservative Party is a reactionary party with which a democratic electorate can have no sympathy. It possesses a firm hold on the country, and this is probably due to its traditional policy of laying down certain broad principles and not attempting to attract the electors by long, elaborate and vague programmes.

We are sometimes told that there is no real difference between the moderate Liberals and the Conservatives; but surely this is a fallacy. All of us who have been many years in politics know that there is a fundamental difference. The Conservative Party, while advocating and passing far-reaching reforms, has never associated itself with the destruction of great and well-tried institutions; whereas the Liberal Party has ever identified itself with this policy of destruction—the Land System, the Established Church, Religious Education in Schools, the Licensed Trade, the legislative Union with Ireland. On the other hand, the Conservative Party, while advocating the maintenance of great national institutions, is always free and prepared to move with the times, and while maintaining those fundamental principles, to which reference is made earlier in this article, is ready to adapt its policy and its action to current daily needs.

Again, there is no shibboleth in the Conservative Party. In the Liberal Party there is notably the question of Free Trade, which, from its point of view, is never to be altered. It constitutes a fundamental condition of membership, is indeed a test question. So with the Labour Party—nobody is recognised who is not prepared to declare himself or herself what we call, for want of a better name, a Socialist. I believe this freedom from tests and shibboleths has much to do with the strength of the Conservative Party.

It would not, I think, be an exaggeration to compare Con-

servatism to the British Constitution—that is to say, it changes to satisfy practical needs as they arise, and its policies are adapted to meet altered conditions by an almost unconscious process which resembles the organic processes of Nature. Sir William Anson describes the British Constitution as:

> A somewhat rambling structure, and, like a house which many successive owners have altered just so far as suited their immediate wants or the fashion of the time, it bears the marks of many hands, and is convenient rather than symmetrical.

This description applies with equal force to the Conservative Party. Just as the British Constitution has continued successfully under these conditions, which are the despair of precise constitution makers, so under similar conditions the Conservative Party continues, to the despair of the Liberal and Labour Parties which more precisely define their objects in lengthy and burdensome programmes.

The recent verdict given by the country is a complete answer to those who believed that political leaders could combine in order to create new political combinations out of the old parties. There were men of distinction, great ability and knowledge, who declared up to the very last that the time would never come when the country would revert to pre-war political conditions. Yet the Election revealed the fact that the country was only awaiting the opportunity to declare its emphatic wish to be governed as before the war, by one of the great political parties of the State.

There now remains the contention which seems to be the most puzzling of all, namely, that the present Government does not really enjoy the confidence of the country and is only representative of a minority. This charge is based upon statistics of voting. In this connection the following figures may be worthy of consideration.

In contested seats in boroughs and counties (547) in Great Britain (universities omitted) the votes cast are given by the secretary of the Proportional Representation Society as follows:

Conservative	5,381,433
Labour and Co-operative	4,232,849
Liberal	2,621,168
National Liberal	1,585,337
Independent and others	337,443
	14,158,230

Opponents of the Government take all the votes that are not Conservative, describe them as 'Progressive,' and by adding them together place the Conservatives in a minority in relation to the total votes cast.

This manipulation is absurd, since it assumes that a General

Election is a referendum, which it is not, and that the 'Progressive' vote is a solid block of votes cast with the same object, which it is not, as in many cases so called 'Progressive' candidates fought against one another, and in many instances with much bitterness.

Though I think that these manipulations of election statistics have but little value except as a means of consoling the defeated, it is possible to rearrange the above figures in such a way as to remove many of the objections of those who criticise the Government's majority. For example, the votes cast can be rearranged thus:

Conservative	5,381,433	Labour and Co-op.	4,232,849
National Liberal	1,585,337	Liberal	2,621,168
		Independent and others	337,443
	6,966,770		7,191,460

By this arrangement, which assumes, not without justification in many cases, that National Liberals are more *pro-* than *anti-*Conservative and, *not correctly* to my mind, that Asquithian Liberals are more inclined towards Socialism than against it, the 'Progressive' majority is, in fact, made almost to disappear.

But the above figures refer only to contested seats. There were fifty-three uncontested county and borough seats in the United Kingdom (universities again omitted), divided as follows:

Conservative	39	Liberal	4
National Liberal	5	Labour	4
		Independent	1
	44		9

The electorate in those seats is:

Conservative	1,467,183	Liberal	137,481
National Liberal	138,516	Labour	144,265
		Independent	31,361

Whatever proportion of voters is allotted to the various parties in respect of these seats, the Conservative figure must be appreciably greater than that of any other party, and to that extent the 'Progressive' majority is further reduced.

It is by no means a novelty in our electoral system to find a Government in power which is supported by a minority of votes polled, or even by a minority after allowing for uncontested constituencies. For instance, the Election of January 1910, in contested constituencies, gave the following numbers of votes recorded:

Unionist	3,127,887
Liberal	2,873,251
Labour	511,665
Socialist	21,142
Independent	6,812
Nationalist	126,647

There were seventy-five uncontested seats, of which nineteen returned Unionists, one a Liberal, and the balance (fifty-five) Irish Nationalists.

The electorates in the uncontested seats were :

Unionist	131,891
Liberal	15,832
Nationalist	345,665

Whatever allowance is made for the proportionate allocation of electors to parties in the uncontested seats, the Unionist as against the Liberal total must be increased.

The Liberals had then 275 members in the House as against 273 Unionists. Labour had forty and the Nationalists eighty-two.

In the Election of December 1910 the votes recorded in contested seats were :

Unionist	2,426,635
Liberal	2,290,020
Labour	374,409
Socialist	6,615
Independent	4,894
Nationalist	131,720

There were 162 uncontested returns at this Election, of which seventy-one constituencies returned Unionists, thirty-five returned Liberals, three returned Labour, and fifty-three returned Nationalists.

The electorates in these constituencies were :

Unionist	912,884
Liberal	385,114
Labour	60,771
Nationalist	332,344

Whatever allocation of votes is made between the various parties as regards these seats, the Unionist vote again must be increased as against the Liberal vote.

The Liberals had in the House of Commons 272 members, the Unionists 272, Labour forty-two, and the Nationalists eighty-four.

It will be noticed that in January 1910 and December 1910 the Unionists had more votes than any other party, but on neither occasion had it more members as the result of the General Election. Actually in the period between the General Election of

December 1910 and the outbreak of the war victories at bye-elections gave the Unionist Party more members than the Liberal Party.

As a matter of fact, the government was carried on by the Liberal Party, which had fewer votes recorded for it than the Unionist Party, but this condition of affairs did not deter the Liberal Government from introducing and carrying legislation of the most controversial and drastic character.

In his very interesting article in the *Daily Chronicle* of November 22, 1922, Mr. Lloyd George says:

> It is the first time, certainly since the Reform Act, when a pronounced minority of the electorate has succeeded in securing the control of Parliament and the government of the country.

This is not strictly accurate, as the following figures (which take no account of uncontested constituencies) show:

1892.—*Liberal Government.* Electorate, 6,121,307. Total votes recorded, 4,349,778.

Liberal	1,921,614	Unionist	2,056,737
		Labour	59,940
		Nationalist and Parnellite	311,487
			2,428,164

1910 (*January*).—*Liberal Government.* Electorate, 7,705,717. Total votes recorded, 6,667,404.

Liberal	2,873,251	Unionist	3,127,887
		Labour and Socialist	532,807
		Nationalist	126,647
		Independent	6,812
			3,794,153

1910 (*December*).—*Liberal Government.* Electorate, 7,705,717. Total votes recorded, 5,234,293.

Liberal	2,290,020	Unionist	2,426,635
		Labour and Socialist	381,024
		Nationalist	131,720
		Independent	4,894
			2,944,273

Ever since Mr. Parnell brought his compact Nationalist following into Parliament, acting under his leadership and independently of all other parties and on quite new lines, the Liberal Party has more than once been dependent upon the Nationalists for their working majority. This was certainly the

case in 1892, and another conspicuous example is to be found in the 1910 Elections, to which reference has already been made. The exception is the General Election of 1906, when the Conservative Party was reduced to very small numbers and the Liberal Party obtained a majority which made it independent of any other party in the House. But on all the other occasions the figures and facts would appear to refute Mr. Lloyd George's argument. The truth is that all these contentions about government by a minority ignore the fact—which has been a real one ever since Mr. Parnell formed his independent party, and is strengthened now by the advent of the Labour Party—that there have been for many years, and are to-day, three distinct parties in the State differing fundamentally from one another. It is therefore a fallacy of a really grotesque character to argue that one of these parties is in a minority because the combination of the other two receives more votes than the successful party. It seems to me that we have got to realise that the advent of three definite parties is now established, and that until some great change takes place—of which at present there is no indication—the government will be administered by those who receive the support of a majority of the elected members.

This is not the occasion on which to deal with the arguments of the Proportional Representation Society, which desires to alter our methods in order to distribute the members in a different fashion. Surely what is desired, whatever may be our individual politics, is that the Government of the day shall have a majority sufficient to give it confidence and strength, enable it to govern at home, and to speak with the voice of authority abroad. Any system which would reduce Governments to weakness, almost impotence, is obviously, in the interests of the Empire, to be resisted.

One other charge ought perhaps to receive a brief notice. Some of the most powerful, some of the fairest, critics of the Conservative Party allege that its chief weakness is limited vision, inability to look ahead; and to-day this charge is being, perhaps, made more frequently than ever before owing to the change in Irish policy, which has received almost unanimous support in this country. But here, again, the charge is baseless. From Mr. Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill down to the Act of 1914 the real want of vision was on the part of the promoters of those measures. Then, opponents constantly called attention to the position of Ulster, and pointed out that never would that loyal and prosperous province consent to be governed by a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin. No Liberal Government would face this question or attempt to look ahead and visualise what must happen if the views of the men and

women of Ulster were ignored. In the debates on the 1913 Bill attention was frequently called to the character of the meetings at which the men and women of Ulster registered their determination never to accept Home Rule, meetings which began by singing that fine old hymn *O God, our help in ages past* and ended with the National Anthem, sung with wonderful fervour and devotion. The Government was often asked to tell us whether it was in the least likely that men and women, holding these views and making these protests at meetings held in such conditions, would change their opinion or submit to a control which they viewed with detestation and horror. Yet in face of all manifestations of hostility the Liberal Party persisted in its attempt to force a Home Rule measure upon the *whole* of Ireland.

Those of us who were closely associated with the Opposition believed at the time, and believe still, that, if the Liberal Party had had sufficient vision to appreciate the Ulster situation and had dealt with it as it has been dealt with now, it would have been impossible as a matter of practical politics to resist successfully the passage of a Home Rule measure for the rest of Ireland. Therefore, if wide, far-seeing vision is to be the test of the character and quality of a party, it is rather the Liberal than the Conservative Party that fails to stand its application.

Everything goes to show that in the past the Conservative Party has rendered splendid service to the Empire and the nation. It has held aloft many a flag which, but for its courage and determination, would probably have been dragged in the mire, and it has kept alive in the hearts of our people the love of Empire and the desire for its extension, the love of individual liberty, the steadfast determination to be able to protect our flag and our rights throughout the world, and by so doing has abundantly justified its existence.

We are happy now in the possession of a strong Government, led by a great single-minded statesman. This result is due to the untiring labours of Conservatives in all parts of the country, the vast majority of whom are humble people quite unknown to fame, whose very names will never be known outside their own immediate localities, but who have made the victory of Conservatism possible by their unselfish and devoted labours through all these difficult and disheartening times. And well justified was Sir George Younger, in an interview which was published in the *Weekly Dispatch* of November 26, 1922, in paying a tribute to those workers; and there is justification also for the tribute he paid to the Independent Conservatives, popularly known as the 'Die Hards.' Those of us who were opposed to them, who believed that they might easily constitute a real danger to the

State and lead to a serious rupture in the Conservative Party, recognised at the time, and recognise now, with profound gratitude, that owing to the wise leadership of Lord Salisbury, supported by Colonel Gretton in the House of Commons, they made the reunion of the Conservative Party easy of accomplishment.

There can surely be no doubt as to the duty of all Conservatives to-day—it is to give unhesitating support to our Prime Minister and his Government, not to rest on our arms believing that we have fought the fight and that all is over, but to continue the work steadfastly and earnestly in the constituencies in order that we may be ready for the next contest whenever it may come.

It is said of Mr. Disraeli that on one occasion when he had made a great speech in the House of Commons which was followed by a division one of his supporters came up to him and said: 'Mr. Disraeli, I agree with every word you said, and I have the greatest pleasure in supporting you in the lobby.' To which Mr. Disraeli replied: 'Sir, I am much obliged to you, but the support I value most is that which is given to me by my friends when they do not agree with me but realise that I am doing my utmost to serve my country in a time of great difficulty.'

Some there are who will say with a sneer that this means slavish support of party. It is nothing of the kind: there is nothing slavish about it; it is free support given by free men and women to the Government with which they agree in almost everything but may for the moment find themselves in disagreement over some particular detail. And surely it is right for them to say that they prefer to support the Ministry with which they are in general sympathy rather than to turn it out and hand over the Government to those with whom they are in disagreement upon everything!

The Conservative Party has a great past, of which we have every reason to be proud; it owes much to the foresight, courage and devotion of our predecessors, and it is our duty to take care that those who come after us may be able to realise that we have preserved and strengthened the party and have handed to them a great heritage which they have to cherish and preserve.

LONG OF WRAXALL.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND EUROPE

THE failure of the Allied Prime Ministers to agree in Paris upon a joint settlement of Reparations and of inter-Allied indebtedness has entailed for France, for Germany, and also for Great Britain a situation more serious than any that has existed since the Armistice. Controversy upon the rightness or the wrongness of French policy is, for the moment, beside the point. The rejection of the British Reparation Scheme and the French occupation of the Ruhr have involved, for the first time in the history of the Entente, a definite divergence both of view and of action between Great Britain and France. Paradoxical assertions that this divergence has strengthened rather than weakened the Entente itself by clearing the air and by creating an atmosphere of sincerity go but a little way to heal the breach that undoubtedly exists. The rupture may be 'cordial,' but it is a rupture nevertheless. From March 1905 down to the outbreak of war it was the precise object of German policy to drive a wedge between England and France. What the persistent effort of Germany could not do before the war has now been done at one important, if not vital, point by German obstruction in the matter of Reparations. Unless the breach can be healed before it is widened into a lasting division between British and French policies, a state of things may grow up during the next few years that will endanger both the economic and political independence of France and the political security of England. Apprehension of this danger led me to write of the impending Paris Conference in *The Nineteenth Century* for January:

> Mere agreement to differ will not avail to avert misfortune. Economic disaster and the dislocation of the present system of international relationships may follow a failure to reach full agreement upon definite principles of joint Allied policy in regard to German Reparations and inter-Allied indebtedness. Without such agreement, the Paris meeting of the Prime Ministers may be their last meeting as Allies.

Whether or not it still be possible to build a bridge between the British and the French positions, it is expedient that the British position, at least, should be more clearly defined than it was during the Paris Conference. Upon the French position it is unnecessary

to dwell in detail. It is sufficiently indicated by the action of France in the Ruhr, and by the attitude of the Government, the industrialists, and the people in Germany. But the Scheme put forward in Paris on January 2 as the basis of British policy has certainly not been understood in France, nor, if the truth be told, could it be readily understood by any save financial experts. It took little account of the state of French public opinion, it wore all its vices upon its sleeve and hid most of its virtues in its heart, and it seemed far too intricate to appeal to French minds as a simple, straightforward offer. The British Prime Minister may have felt, and may have had valid reason to feel, that the French Government were so set upon direct action against Germany that no practicable British offer would have availed to change their determination. If such were the case, he was certainly better advised to stand upon the broad issue of principle as to the best method of securing Reparations from Germany which the British Scheme really raised than to enter into discussion of the French proposals and to break upon some apparently minor point.

Any other course would have been a British repetition of the mistake made by M. Poincaré last August in London when he broke with Mr. Lloyd George upon comparatively insignificant details instead of producing, in defiance of the Balfour Note, his own general scheme and leaving public opinion in the two countries to judge between him and the British Government. In the long run, public opinion is the supreme court of appeal for statesmen. If at the beginning of January France were really determined to try the effect of direct action against Germany, the only error that can fairly be laid to the charge of Mr. Bonar Law is that the complicated nature of the Scheme he propounded prevented French public opinion from grasping immediately its significance.

Nor was it only French public opinion that failed to grasp the meaning of the British Scheme. The full text of M. Poincaré's reply to it, which was submitted to the second meeting of the Paris Conference on January 3, shows that he did not understand it. His statement was little better than a—doubtless inadvertent—travesty of the British proposals. Far more intelligible than the British Scheme itself was the explanatory memorandum, or rejoinder to M. Poincaré, communicated to the Conference by the British Delegation at the third meeting on January 4. But it is surely a condemnation of the form of the British Scheme if its real meaning had to be made clear by a memorandum more voluminous than the Scheme itself after an unfavourable initial impression had been made. In fact, by January 4 the divergence between the British and the French points of view had become so wide that no explanation could easily have created a basis for compromise.

Yet it seems expedient that an effort should be made to translate the British Scheme itself into language as plain as the technical nature of the subject permits. The following version of the Scheme represents such an effort. Though, in making it, I have departed from the sequence of the official proposals and have drawn upon the explanatory memorandum of January 4 as fully as upon the text of the Scheme itself, it is because the sequence of the proposals in the Scheme tends to obscure their meaning. I do not claim that this version is exhaustive—some really irrelevant though perhaps irritating points I have, indeed, deliberately omitted—but I think that had the British Scheme been put before the French public in a simple form it might have been received more favourably from the outset, or might, at least, have induced the French public to reflect more seriously upon it :

The British Government desires to secure from Germany, in the shortest practicable time, the largest amount of Reparation payments consistent with a final settlement of the German Reparation Debt and of European inter-Allied indebtedness It regards the restoration of German public finance and credit and the stabilisation of the mark as indispensable to this end. It believes that attempts to exact from Germany payments exceeding her financial and economic capacity must defeat their own object and ruin the debtor without benefiting the creditors. If, on the contrary, the Allied creditors offer their debtor, Germany, conditions such as to interest her in a rapid liquidation of her debt by means of home and foreign loans, the British Government is persuaded that a satisfactory settlement will be attainable

As regards money payments, the British Government is convinced that a moratorium of from two to four years should be granted to Germany. The present German deliveries of coal, dyestuffs and timber should not cease though a new annual maximum for those deliveries should be fixed, any deliveries in excess of this maximum being paid for in cash by the receiving Powers This diminution of German liabilities, for payments in kind, would facilitate the balancing of the German Budget, without which the value of the mark cannot be stabilised or the inflation of German currency be checked As long as the German Treasury is obliged to make the present heavy payments to German nationals for their deliveries in kind to the Allies, the German Budget cannot be balanced.

In order to clear the ground for a final settlement of the Reparation Debt of Germany, the British Government proposes to substitute for the existing three categories of German Reparation Bonds (issued under the agreement of March 1921 for an aggregate total of 6,600,000,000*l*) two series of fresh bonds approximately equal to the old bonds in present value. The present value of the 1921 bonds is too problematical to allow of their being taken as the basis for a satisfactory settlement, but the Scheme which the British Government now recommends will be found to approach very closely the estimate of the real present value of the old bonds which was laid before the Budget Committee of the French Chamber by its Reporter last July

While suggesting this nominal reduction of the Reparation claims of European Allies upon Germany, the British Government proposes very largely to reduce the Allies' war debts to Great Britain. Under the

suggested Scheme the war debt of France to Great Britain, which amounted to 594,525,207*l*. on January 1, 1923, would be decreased by about 540,000,000*l*.; and the debt of Italy would be reduced from 522,000,000*l*. to about 22,000,000*l*. The amounts of, roughly, 54,500,000*l*. and of 22,000,000*l*. remaining to the debit of France and of Italy would not, however, involve any fresh payment on their part, but would be offset by the gold which they deposited with the Bank of England during the war. This gold was, with the assent of the French and Italian Governments, included by Great Britain in the shipments of gold to the United States as security for Allied purchases of war material in America.

In consideration of a moratorium from the Allies in respect of financial payments, Germany shall issue, as from January 1, 1923, a first series of 5 per cent. Reparation Bonds to the amount of 2,500,000,000*l*. redeemable at par on December 31, 1954, at latest, but also redeemable half-yearly from December 31, 1923, at discounts corresponding to their cash value at the moment of redemption, the cash value being computed on an 8 per cent basis in 1923, but falling to 5 per cent. towards the end of the redemption period Unless redeemed, the interest on these bonds shall be a perpetual charge of 125,000,000*l* per annum upon Germany. The actual payment of interest upon these bonds shall, however, be suspended until January 1, 1927, and thereafter shall only be paid at the rate of 4 per cent. until January 1, 1931. The interest thus suspended, or deferred, amounting to 865,000,000*l*, shall (on the decision of an international Arbitral Tribunal to be constituted under the British Scheme) be covered by the issue of a second series of 5 per cent. Reparation Bonds on April 1, 1933, and redeemable at par on March 31, 1965, or earlier, at a discount of ½ per cent. per annum, after the first series of bonds has been entirely redeemed.

Four-fifths, or 2,000,000,000*l*, of the first series of Reparation Bonds shall be divided among the Allies according to their reparation percentages as fixed at the Spa Conference in July 1921. France will thus receive 52 per cent. and the British Empire 22 per cent. of them. The remaining fifth will be retained by the Reparation Commission chiefly as a reserve for the adjustment of accounts between the Allies. The bonds of the second series, if and when issued, shall be divided between Great Britain, France, and Italy in proportion to their respective war debts to the United States. Great Britain will be specially interested in securing the issue of the second series of bonds, since she may hope to obtain from them a special alleviation of the burden of her debt to America, inasmuch as it is larger than that of France or of Italy.

The British Government proposes that the moratorium to be granted to Germany shall not last more than four years. If, however, the Supervising Authority decides unanimously that Germany can make cash payments at the end of two years, such payments may be made in 1925 and 1926 up to the total of 100,000,000*l*. in each year. These payments shall not be regarded as interest, but shall be applied to the cancellation of the first series of Reparation Bonds.

The Supervising Authority shall consist of British, French, Belgian and Italian representatives, and of two other non-German members, one to be nominated by the United States and the other by a neutral European country. The British Government suggests that the German Finance Minister shall be *ex officio* chairman of this body, with a casting vote in the event of an equal division of votes among the other members upon methods of balancing the German Budget. He would not be entitled to vote on any other questions, but would be bound by law to carry out

the recommendations of the Supervising Authority on currency, legislation, public expenditure, taxes and administration of the German Treasury, and the control of foreign remittances.

The British Government proposes also that, apart from this Supervising Authority, there may be set up, upon application by the German Government not later than October 1, 1932, an Arbitral Tribunal to decide whether Germany is capable of meeting the interest upon the second series of bonds representing the deferred interest on the first series. This tribunal shall be composed of one representative of the Reparation Commission, one representative of Germany, and a third to be chosen in agreement by those two, or, in default of their agreement, by the President of the United States. Should this Arbitral Tribunal decide that Germany is not capable of meeting the interest upon the second series of bonds, her obligation to issue them may be cancelled in whole or in part.

Great Britain agrees that one half of any German Reparation loans raised on the British market before January 1, 1927, which would otherwise be applied to the redemption of German bonds held by Great Britain, shall be applied to the redemption of bonds held by France in order to help in the restoration of the French devastated regions.

Great Britain agrees also to join the Allies in taking coercive measures of the most drastic kind against Germany, including the seizure of German revenues and assets and the occupation of fresh German territory, in case the Supervising Authority shall report at any time that Germany is not taking proper steps to stabilise the mark or to reform her Budget; and also in case of any German default on payments due in respect of the new Reparation Bonds.

The object of the arrangements proposed for the redemption of the German bonds and the heavy discount offered on early payments for redemption—50 per cent. on December 31, 1923, falling by 2 per cent. per annum until December 31, 1930, and thereafter by 1 per cent. per annum until maturity at par on December 31, 1954—is to put a premium upon German efforts rapidly to redeem the bonds by foreign loan or otherwise and thus to substitute for her present obligations to foreign Governments a normal foreign debt to private bondholders. It is felt that the advantage to the Allies of receiving the cash value of the bonds as early as possible, and the benefits of a return to normal conditions of international trade and finance, would more than make up for any apparent reduction of the nominal value of the German debt.

The net position of Great Britain and France respectively under the British proposals would be that Great Britain would receive German bonds to a total present value (reckoned on a 5 per cent. basis but not allowing for redemption) of 825,000,000*l.*, or, if the French and Italian gold deposits be included, a total of about 900,000,000*l.*, as compared with the British debt to America of nearly 1,000,000,000*l.*; whereas France will receive German bonds to a total value of 1,050,000,000*l.* free of debt towards Great Britain, as compared with the French debt to America of 700,000,000*l.*

These, as I understand them, are the broad features of the British Scheme. Apart from some psychological errors like the proposal that the German Finance Minister should be *ex officio* chairman of the Supervising Authority, the Scheme might have formed a general basis for discussion and arrangement had it been more fully understood, and had not French opinion been allowed to harden in favour of immediate coercive action against Germany.

Last summer French feeling was not overwhelmingly in favour of such action. Despite irritation at the methods of the late British Government, there was then in France a disposition to welcome a bold and final settlement of Reparations and of inter-Allied indebtedness. It would still have been possible, at that time, for Great Britain to have done a big thing in a big way and to have secured the support of France, while obtaining independently from America tolerable conditions for the funding of the British Debt. But the moment was missed, and, as the sequel has shown, worse than missed. The Balfour Note turned the latent irritation in France into a positive desire to take action against Germany, whether Great Britain should approve of it or not. It placed the maintenance of concord among the Allies at the mercy of a section of French opinion which had shown itself unwilling even to take a large view of the interests of France.

The last apparent chance of improving this situation—fraught with danger at least as great for France as for England—lay in the possibility that on January 2 the British Government might produce a Scheme which would so commend itself to moderate opinion in France as to influence the decision of the French Government. But if this chance existed it was, as I have said, compromised at the outset by the complicated and technical character of the British proposal. In justice to Mr. Bonar Law it must be pointed out that he was not directly responsible for the intricacies of the proposals. The form in which he presented them in Paris was simplicity itself in comparison with the form in which they are understood to have been originally drafted. It may even be doubted whether the members of the British Cabinet were not misled into regarding the final form of the proposals as relatively simple, after they had laboured for days to reduce the expert draft to what they came to think a tolerable degree of intelligibility. However this may be, the French Government saw in the proposals an adequate pretext, if not a justification, for the pursuit of a separate coercive policy against Germany. In all the circumstances, the British Government, for its part, could hardly have done otherwise than decline to associate itself with a policy in which it did not believe.

France is now taking 'productive pledges' in Germany for the payment of Reparations. How far this policy will lead her there are no means of judging. The value of the mark has fallen headlong; and the value of the franc has not risen. There are signs of organised passive resistance in Germany—a resistance that may not easily be overcome. The 'productive pledges' may possibly prove to be quite as entangling and embarrassing to those who have taken them as to those from whom they have been taken. But there are other possibilities in the situation that cannot be

left altogether out of account. I have long thought, and have repeatedly said to French public men and writers, that, if France should seize the Ruhr, the German coal and iron magnates, after an initial period of rage and vituperation, would presently propose an arrangement to the French iron masters for some form of lasting industrial and financial co-operation in the Ruhr, Lorraine, and the Rhine Provinces. In this co-operation the French would at first be predominant; but little by little the German capacity for organisation, and the support of French and German banks with international connections, would turn the co-operation into a gigantic Franco-German coal and iron trust that would control many industries on the Continent. Part of the profits of this trust might be earmarked for Reparation payments, but part would certainly be devoted to political propaganda, of which the fostering of friendship between England and France would certainly not be a principal object.

If it be objected that the present temper of Germany does not foreshadow harmonious co-operation with France, it should be remembered that Herr Stinnes and his associates are not only industrial magnates, but are also large newspaper owners. Of the docility of the German public to a course of education by the Press it would be superfluous to speak. It ought not to be forgotten that with the question of Alsace-Lorraine disposed of, and apart from the question of Reparations, there is no fundamental economic rivalry between France and Germany. The only practical hindrance to a close partnership between them might be the fear of France lest in it she endanger her own economic and political independence.

Meanwhile, England stands half-isolated in Europe; and, unless the hitch in the Anglo-American Debt negotiations at Washington can be overcome after the return to London of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Empire may presently be isolated in the world. But it is a long lane that has no turning. Contingencies may arise in which French opinion would begin to doubt the ultimate wisdom of the policy now in course of execution, and would come to look less unfavourably even upon the British Scheme propounded in Paris. If revised in some dubious particulars the Scheme would certainly deserve treatment less uncompromising than that which it has received at the hands of the present French Government. Some French financial experts are already disposed to admit that, under the British Scheme, France would be likely to get larger payments from Germany than under the policy she is now pursuing; while some Italian experts make no secret of their regret that their Government should have failed to understand the British Scheme at all. Should an opportunity arise—thanks to the praiseworthy sincerity and good-will towards

France which the British Prime Minister has invariably shown and which the French Government have reciprocated—to resume conversations upon the basis of the British Scheme or any analogous project, it is highly expedient that it should not be neglected. The general purpose of the British Scheme is certainly inspired by the only spirit that can save Europe from indescribable chaos, followed by new political crystallisations menacing to the peace of the world. It is no less axiomatic to-day than it was before the Paris Conference that the safety of Europe depends upon cordial agreement between England and France; that the only hope of securing American assistance for Europe lies in the restoration of Anglo-French agreement; and that, with England and France agreed upon, and America interested in, firm and wise treatment of Germany, a way might be found to avert the threatening catastrophe. But the omens are not altogether propitious; and time is short.

WICKHAM STEED.

January 22, 1923.

HONOUR AND ARMS

THE granting of honourable rewards for virtuous living has always been one of the most delicate problems in human affairs. There are extreme pessimists who hold that it is a question which can never be settled satisfactorily until the Day of Judgment. But others, more optimistic in their temperament (or, perhaps, merely more impatient), insist that the matter must be dealt with, however inadequately, at some earlier date. There are so many people conscious of their own, and even of their neighbours', virtues that an Honours List is almost a necessity in this imperfect world. We must face the fact, as we face the other troublesome results of primitive apple-eating. We can only endeavour to provide that if we must grant Honours, then they shall be given to those who deserve them.

Everyone agrees that we have got into serious trouble in this matter of the Honours List. Having once broken through that most admirable rule of the copybooks—'Virtue is its own reward'—we have gone henceforth from bad to worse. It has, indeed, at last come to such a pass that those who hunt after Honours realise that a still more ancient rule of life must be often disregarded if they wish to succeed in their ambition. 'Honesty is the best policy' may be useful to those who sell vegetables or eggs. For those who desire titles it is far better to be rich and to place their money at the disposal of the men who control the avenues to patronage. In other than political circles that is a proceeding which would bear an ugly name.

There are several ways in which this matter can be considered. Some critics have been a little unfair to recent Governments on this point. When we come to look at it closely, we recognise that these politicians, whom some people hastily accuse of creating a public scandal, have really been solving the Honours problem all the time—by a process of *solvitur ambulando*, as it were. They have created so many titles, and given them to so many entirely insignificant persons, that we are rapidly approaching the moment when there will be, automatically, a very real (and a very small) Honours List—made up of those few people left without peerages, or baronetcies, or knighthoods, or O.B.E.'s.

That was one way of getting round the difficulty. It only failed because the nation had not the patience to allow the process to be carried to its logical conclusion. *Solvitur ambulando* might so easily have become *solvitur risu*; and the problem of Honours would have dissolved in a shriek of laughter that would have left the whole world shaking.

And the Government also lost its nerve. It weakly began to admit that its method was a scandal, whereas it was clearly (as we have seen) a subtle method of reform. The Cabinet was now in a dilemma. It had at least two possible courses. It might, first, have really reformed the matter, properly and frankly. Or, secondly, it had the usual alternative of appointing a Royal Commission of inquiry. It is one of the commonplaces of history that when a political party has its back to the wall, with no possible defence, then a Royal Commission is often the only chance of escape.

In this case, as the danger seemed exceptionally imminent, a special precaution was taken. It was laid down in the terms of reference that the Commissioners should not investigate the past history of the matter. They were therefore in the embarrassing position of a doctor who was called in but not allowed to ask his patient to describe his symptoms. It was indeed a case of diagnosis under difficulties. It is scarcely surprising that the consultation has entirely failed to find a cure for a disease which could not be examined.

However, before considering the Report of the Commissioners, the ground must be cleared of unfair critics and unreasonable criticism. Let it be frankly admitted that the judging of Honours is a superhuman task. No one can blame the frail men who sit at Cabinet Councils if they fail to discover the best and wisest of men to place on the nation's roll of merit. That is a task which must be decided by the judgment of centuries. It is, in the long run, the tradition of the ages that marks the heroes of mankind. It has never yet been successfully done by the transitory gentlemen who sit for a brief space in the seat of the Patronage Secretary or the keeper of the party funds.

So, in fairness to those who are accused of bad judgments, let the issue not be placed on too high a level. It is not demanded that the Honours List shall contain all the best men of their year. But it is urgently necessary that it shall not contain a mass of nonentities, and even some whose measure of their right to appear there is only the length of the figures on their cheques. The real criticism against the Honours List is not that it has failed to discover the best, but rather that it has too often discovered persons who do not matter at all—and even some of the worst.

Of course no system of selection can be perfect—there will

always be mistakes which human judges will continue to make and which human juries will always forgive. After all, the lists must vary in perfection from year to year. When inferior men are in power and in control of the national rewards, then the selection of favoured ones will be a poor selection. The peerage —like wine—will always be classed by its year of vintage. Nobody expects that every year's crop of Honours will be of the finest bottling. We only ask that it may be wine of sorts—not a substitute bearing a false trade-label. It must be an Honour and not a sale.

After all, the Honours can only represent the opinion of the moment, the judgment of contemporaries. To-morrow the current may flow another way; a popular newspaper may have changed its proprietor—or its leader-writer may have died. There is the gravest difficulty in finding men so full of sound judgment that they can administer the laws. And the administering of the law is a game for children compared with the distribution of national Honours. The law is, on the whole, a fairly fixed quantity, while the national honour is, alas! a more uncertain question.

The recent distribution of war decorations was a final proof of the impossibility of ever reaching abstract justice in the matter of rewards. Every man had stories of bravery unrecognised. There were tales of ribbons unjustly earned by favouritism, or by crafty wirepulling. But not many of these critics were in the least resentful. It was generously realised that the problem, except in its cruder forms, is well-nigh insoluble.

Let not the party managers, therefore, be unduly alarmed. The public will not be unreasonable or carping in its criticism. It is not for one moment expected that mere politicians (who are very busy men and somewhat mundane in their thoughts) will ever discover the really great men for a place on their Honours List. We know that, in the main, it will be the everyday men who will be made knights, and baronets, and peers—often good men of their class, but only rarely supermen. This is all that can be expected of the worldly wisdom of political circles.

All we can hope is that the party managers devise a system which will make it morally certain that titles shall not be bought by wealthy men on the same principles—or lack of them—as they buy their estates and motor cars. And, still more imperatively, it must be made certain that the purchase-money, if any, shall not go into the private war chests by which the sellers finance their political adventures. However, we cannot expect to be very quick in getting this reform; for we live in a commercial age, when the respectability of the cash payment—even for Honours —is engrained in the mind of the common man. It is interesting

to note that *The Times Literary Supplement* has just frankly declared that it is less shocked by James I. who sold baronetcies for cash than by Charles II. who gave away peerages to his children for love.

No system on earth can make the national Honours List a perfect document, or anything like it. For one thing, the great men need no official titles. Would Shakespeare have created a greater *Hamlet* if Cecil had made him a knight? Would Chaucer have made better verse had he been an earl? Could Meredith have built more perfect prose if Lord Salisbury had made him a duke? Or, again, was it likely that Lord Palmerston would have had the wit to see that Darwin should have been made a peer when he published *The Origin of Species?*

We have now, of course, got to the days when the Honours List recognises artistic and scientific merit. But, unfortunately, we have also reached the time when merit hesitates to recognise the Honours List. Men now refuse titles as well as ask for them. Within the last few years a novelist and dramatist of distinction awoke one New Year's morn to find himself by mistake a knight. He regarded it in a different light from the one in which it was offered—and hastened to wipe the stain from his honourable name.

It has lately been recognised that there are other men of these scrupulous feelings—men who are too delicate in mind to stand a long time *en queue* (with their entrance money in hand) before the box-offices for the national lists, where one may well happen to rub shoulders with (the gods know what) outcasts of humanity. Therefore, such a decoration as the Order of Merit has been devised. So far one can still be seen there without the danger of lifted eyebrows. And the V.C. is also still safe. But their day may come. The O.M. is not yet sought by plutocratic gentlemen, because it is not yet likely to cause a favourable sensation in the City, or to impress the hall porters of those big hotels where such gentlemen stay. And in the case of the V.C., even a Patronage Secretary must have a plausible excuse—and so far it has been found difficult to tempt financiers sufficiently near the firing line.

It may be suggested that we can solve the whole problem by doing without an Honours List. But there is an important excuse, even an imperative reason, for this institution. It is not merely for the reward of great men that they should be recognised. The nation owes it to its own reputation that it should take an official part in the recognition. It is for the honour of the State that it should show its power of appreciation. The reputation of the people will be at stake in the books of history, where it will be said that a nation was great because it knew greatness when it saw it. For otherwise it might be said that a race was little

because it failed to see. So an Honours List is the measure of the State as much as of its great men and women.

Such is the problem of the granting of Honours. It is now time to consider the manner in which it has been dealt with by the Royal Commission. Its Report, covering scarcely twelve pages, will rank as a political and historical document of the first importance. It will not owe this position to its merits. Rarely, if ever, has a Royal Commission presented such a worthless document. It has only one virtue—it is short; and, as it tells us in a prefatory note, the whole Commission (including printing) has cost merely 31*l.* 10*s.* It is scarcely worth so much. It may be a testimony of much-needed economy—it is scarcely convincing proof of extensive research. The nation would willingly have paid a few pence more to print the evidence, which, it appears, we are not to have the privilege of seeing.

The Commissioners were certainly hampered by the terms of their reference; they were only asked to advise as to the future. But they were specially given 'full power to call before you such persons as you shall judge likely to afford you any information.' They are quite candid as to their scrupulous economy in using this power. They announce that (with the important exceptions of the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Selborne) they only called before them men who have been Prime Ministers, their Patronage Secretaries, and 'those responsible for the party organisations'; and they also considered memoranda drawn up by those 'Departments of State charged with the duty of supplying lists.'

In other words, with the two exceptions, they only called the accused parties. It is much as if a judge went no further than to ask the prisoners if they could suggest any reasons why they should be found guilty. Strange to relate, they could think of none. With unanimous voice, the accused persons in this case found themselves 'Not guilty.' The Commissioners announce this fact with a solemnity which reminds one of some of the most powerful passages in *Alice in Wonderland.*

> We put the question to each Prime Minister in turn, whether he had ever been cognisant of any bargain or promise to the effect that an honour would be contingent on a contribution to party funds. We received the answer that we expected, they had not. Answers to the same effect were given by the Patronage Secretaries and party managers.

The charge was that 'touts' went about offering to get peerages and other Honours in return for contributions to the party funds. Mr. Arthur Henderson, in his 'Note of Dissent' from his colleagues' Report, writes:

> I am of opinion that the Commission might with advantage have made a much more searching inquiry than they have done. I regret that, though

the Commission were in the possession of the names of persons who are conveniently and appropriately described as 'touts,' none of them were invited to give evidence. Nor was any person who had been approached by 'touts' called to give evidence before us, though the names of such persons were also before the Commission.

To this astounding statement the majority of the Commissioners reply with the still more astounding further note:

We did not invite those who had been approached by touts because we were already satisfied that such advances had been made, and the gentlemen approached could tell us no more; and we did not invite the attendance of those who had behaved as touts because that would not have helped us in any way to make suggestions for the future.

Whatever may be their meaning in this extraordinary sentence, the plain man of the street will take it as a verdict that touts sell public Honours for subscriptions to the party funds. If this be so, note the implication. The Commissioners have found these touts (and presumably their willing victims) guilty, without asking them whether they had anything to say in self-defence. Such a preposterous mangling of the processes of justice and impartial inquiry has rarely been seen. To repeat: first of all, only the accused parties were called (except the two peers mentioned, who were rather counsel for the prosecution than witnesses); their denial was accepted without counter-evidence; while the secondary accused persons, the touts, were found guilty without being before the court of inquiry at all!

But note the still further implication. If the words of the Prime Ministers and their Secretaries are accepted, and at the same time the 'touting' system is admitted, then the Commissioners practically accuse the party leaders and officials of being most grossly ignorant of what is being done in their name. The Commissioners even go on to describe to us in detail the process by which these innocent politicians are duped.

It needs no imagination to see that the endeavour to secure an honour might be carried out without authorisation of the person in charge of the list. Provided the person indicated had done party service at all, it would be possible to interest some prominent member of the party, who, in ignorance of the preliminary negotiations, which are possibly so contrived as to result in pecuniary advantages to the tout himself, might be got to put forward the name, and exaggeration as to services rendered might do the rest. For after all, it must not be forgotten that the dividing line is a narrow one in statement, though in application there should be no difficulty to anyone acting in a straightforward manner.

This part of the Report should be framed and hung on the walls of every well-organised party headquarters, with the title 'How to Dodge our Official Rules; How to Slip Past while we Shut our Eyes.' These hints will be invaluable for every peerage

hunter. They will, indeed, be increasingly useful, if we are to believe the Commissioners when they say:

There is no doubt that there have been for some time, and recently in increasing numbers, persons who for want of a better name, we may stigmatise as touts, who have been going about asserting that they were in a position to secure Honours in return for specific payments.

What the Report surely meant was that it used the term 'tout' for want of a *worse* name. But that is only a passing indication of the whole tone with which the Commissioners seem to have approached their task: they seem always to have been searching carefully for a 'better name' for very ugly diseases. The public would have been more impressed by their courage if they had said quite candidly whether, in their opinion, the touts in fact completed any of the bargains they offered. It will be said that this was beyond the terms of their reference. If that were really so, then the Commissioners should have claimed the right to the blind eye which they so generously concede to the Patronage Secretaries.

But after playing about with the disease, and trying to forget too full knowledge of its symptoms, as they themselves admit, the Commissioners then go on to propose remedies for that happy future where they were given full official power to roam. So much of the disagreeable present can be avoided if the discussion be turned to the hereafter. It is the whole basis of the politicians' system. They are always discussing the future and making promises for it—the past they burn as quickly as possible. Their politics must either be forgotten or to come. The present is too dangerous for such a trade as theirs.

The Commissioners precisely admit that the Prime Ministers can be fooled. So they recommend that they should choose three members of the Privy Council (excluding those who are members of the Government) who will act as their advisers in the matter of the grant of Honours. These gentlemen are to have placed before them a statement of the reasons for which it is proposed to grant an Honour; the Patronage Secretary or party manager is to certify that no payment has been made to any party fund as the price of such a reward; and, finally, the Prime Minister is to tell the aforesaid three Privy Councillors the name of the person who first put the claim for Honours before him. Then, if the Prime Minister refuses to submit to the adverse criticism of the Committee, and in spite of this objection places his candidate before the King, His Majesty is to be informed of the opinion of the three Privy Councillors. Finally, an Act is to be passed making it criminal to tout for customers for Honours, or to take advantage of any such offer by paying the sum demanded.

As Mr. Arthur Henderson says, in his minority note, these pro-

posals are not sufficient to meet the present abuses. And anyone but a village maiden (or these Royal Commissioners) will agree with him. He says, writing as a man of the world and as a man accustomed to public life, that the three Privy Councillors

> would presumably be a Committee appointed by the Prime Minister of the day from amongst the Privy Councillors belonging to his own side in politics. It would therefore be a Party Committee.

Mr. Henderson is, of course, right in this statement; but he surely misses the root of the evil. The problem of the Honours arises because the party organisations often take money, directly or indirectly, for a place on the lists. But this system is not in dispute between the parties; it is one of the few things on which the Liberal and Tory Parties are agreed. The party politicians stand together when this system is attacked; for without it they would be reduced to appealing to the public for approval of their policy, instead of to the banking accounts of their wealthy supporters. Hence half the evils of public life in this country.

This Report is itself a confirmation of the fact that in the face of this problem conventional politicians stand together. No one but a Commissioner hereditarily blind to the evil in party politics could have written such a futile, nay, childish, document as the one placed before the nation. They say that Prime Ministers must alone be responsible for the political Honours List. They announce that these Ministers are duped; so to save them from further misjudgments it is recommended that they should have the advice of three other party politicians, presumably as easily duped as they are themselves. Mr. Henderson says of course they will be chosen from their own party. In that case they will consider their party advantages, even if it is only by the easy method of shutting their eyes.

It is humorous to observe that the Commissioners, being politicians, suggest that the Committee of Privy Councillors should dissolve when a Prime Minister goes out of office, so that his successor will be free to choose three of his own friends to take their place. Could anything be devised more perfectly to allow the present system to continue to work smoothly? The idea of an impartial Committee does not seem to have entered into the Royal Commissioners' heads. Besides, why should Prime Ministers appoint their own critics? This part of the Report sounds like one of Mr. George Robey's jokes.

The Commissioners have recommended that an Act should be passed making the payment of money for titles a criminal offence. But they have carefully smoothed away its danger by pointing out that: 'It is obviously no disqualification for one who has rendered party services to have contributed to party funds.' One of the few sensible remarks they make in their Report is where

they say: 'We do not anticipate that convictions will be numerous'! Observe the carefully arranged lines of defence. When the accused is convicted of having subscribed to party funds, he can fall back on the elusive fact of party services. And, presumably, the oaths of all the party officials will be at his disposal to convince the courts of law that those services are of infinite value.

The root of the evil is gradually exposed (quite unconsciously, however) as the Commissioners argue their case. They harp on 'party service' as a legitimate reason for honour. They go boldly—there is even a touch of effrontery—to the root and say:

> The existence of party funds is notorious, and the necessity for such existence under modern conditions as to the conduct of elections is equally so.

This statement is a pure assumption by very short-sighted men. Honest men could govern the country without party funds of anything like the present kind. And it is a calm insult to the nation to assume that 'party service' should have the most remote claim to be rewarded by 'Honours' in any way whatever.

That is the vein which seems to run like an evil poison through all this Report, and closes with these significant words in its final reply to Mr. Henderson's criticism:

> The only practical suggestion in the note of dissent is that the honours for political services should be abolished, a suggestion which is not constructive, but destructive.

It is a pathetic picture—this little group of Commissioners, frozen to the marrow by the terrible thought of a world where political services to one party rather than another will no longer be rewarded on an Honours List for national service. They were all so honest—and terrified—when they wrote those words that they probably forgot that they all had titles themselves, except Mr. Henderson. But the picture of their agony could only be painted by one of the great masters of literature or art. It would need a Juvenal or a William Blake.

Their error was a simple one. They did not recognise that any political service worthy of State reward must be of such a nature that it rises far higher than any party dispute. The services that should be recognised by the State are the services of statesmen—and not of politicians, in the party sense of that term. When a Prime Minister is wise enough to wish to recognise such deeds of statemanship, he will be able to go to the most partisan of critics, and criticism will be hushed—because the facts will be beyond dispute.

It has been admitted that many of the most deserving names will never come within the consideration of a Prime Minister, his

Patronage Secretaries, or even of the nation. But for the moment we are discussing those ordinary everyday affairs such as are rewarded by everyday Honours Lists. If a citizen has served his or her country with such perfect devotion as to merit a peerage, in ninety cases out of a hundred he will be suitable for presentation on one of the Departmental Office lists, whether it be Colonial, or India Office, or Agriculture, or War, or Admiralty.

It is cool effrontery to pretend that worthy political services may be so subtle that they require the party organisation to win them their true reward. The proper place to decide this question of the Honours List is not in the small circle of three partisan Privy Councillors, but in the open public of the Houses of Parliament. This may be the solution of the problem of the Honours List. Let every Prime Minister know that he will have to place his List on the tables of the Houses of Lords and Commons ; and his friends and advisers will think twice before they press dangerous names on his notice. There is the even greater certainty that a man with a doubtful claim to honour will think more than twice before he runs the gauntlet of criticism in both Houses of Parliament. They are not perfect bodies ; but there are plenty of men of taste, of knowledge, of wisdom, of integrity in both ; and they have the high privilege of speaking their mind without the dread of the ordinary law.

Royal Commissioners who meant to clear the air of all these rumours—and certainties—of political bribery would never have evaded the problem by assuming that the Honours List should ever be a matter of party and the services paid to it. They would have boldly declared that where the State rewards merit, it must be for service to itself ; and that the reward must only be made after the fullest opportunity for public criticism. This criticism, if necessary at all, must be made in the two Houses of Parliament. Let the Honours List be drawn in the form of a petition to the Crown by both Houses. There might be worse things than that it should go through all the forms and ceremonies of an Act of Parliament, with its three readings. There are some people who are so impatient for Honours that they will resent the delay—and the risk. But, after all, the nation owes itself the dignity of very mature deliberation before it grants its rewards. Let us take some useful hints from the careful procedure whereby the Roman Church announces its Saints. That is a solemn court of inquiry which sometimes sits for centuries. Let not the civic State be too hasty—even if paid in cash.

There are various matters of detail that a serious Royal Commission would have weighed with care. For example, obviously the proper bodies to propose Honours for lawyers are the Bar Council and the Law Society ; the judges should be chosen by

the legal profession on the basis of legal merit and not for political services. Sometimes the two coincide, but not always. The doctors' Honours list is in a like case ; the British Medical Council should be consulted. The question of Art, whether painting, literature, music, or any of its other subjects, is more difficult. No one would care to trust the selection to such institutions as the Royal Academies of Art and Music. But the best Art, in all forms, will probably remain as unrewarded by titles as it is unrewarded by money. Science would have its difficulties too.

But once admit that any process of selection will have its weaknesses, and it will be agreed that the tabling of the Honours List in the Houses of Parliament will give all the scope for criticism and advice that human ingenuity can devise. One well-informed and honest man in either House could do a lot of damage to an ill-advised choice. And if such a procedure does not rescue us from our present deplorable condition, we shall have ourselves to blame. In the Honours List, as in most national affairs, we get what we deserve. If we have dull, stupid, or dishonest representatives, we shall get a list of Honours that will at least represent our lack of merit, even if it does not reward merit in anyone else.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

PROLOGUE TO FASCISMO

I

MANY attempts have been made to explain the interesting phenomenon of Fascismo, but none, to my knowledge, has done much more than recapitulate the exciting incidents of its adolescence and its prime. And yet it is impossible to understand it, unless some account be given of its birth and youth, and unless it be brought into relation with Italian political history. It might even be said that Fascismo is in the direct line of political descent from that movement which appeared to be complete when Italy was united in 1870. Nationalism, in its modern significance of a preponderating political impulse in all countries, began with Arndt in Germany in the time of Napoleon ; but it was Mazzini who first made it into a gospel. To-day the Fascisti are intensely Nationalist, even though the moderating responsibilities of office have led Mussolini to discard its more extreme extravagances. It is their nationalism which has given them their political *cachet*, just as their anti-Socialism has given them their economic *cachet*. But they would never have become a political party, or at least they would never have attained power, but for the peculiar character of Italian politics.

In 1848 Charles Albert gave his people a constitution which was applied to the new Italy by Victor Emmanuel II. after 1870. The franchise was extremely limited and resulted in the election of Chamber after Chamber devoted to the Right and to the Court. Stability and continuity of policy were thus easily maintained by the chief Minister of the day. With the accession of Humbert there was a significant change. The franchise was enlarged, and it became necessary to engineer a majority in the Chamber. Depretis, Crispi, and Giolitti all worked on the same plan. They had the full confidence of the Sovereign, and created for themselves a strong body of devoted personal followers sufficiently large to give them a majority in temporary alliance with whatever other group suited their purpose. This system was brought to perfection by Giolitti. His method was to fight and win an election, and then retire for a year, having appointed a *remplaçant*, who was naturally

always at the mercy of Giolitti's own following. After the year he would come back, make himself Prime Minister, and prepare for another election. He then repeated the process. In this way he governed Italy without risking unpopularity.

The whole tradition of politics in Italy is therefore puppet Government, with the real power outside Parliament. It is quite essential to grasp this fact, because it explains the feeble vacillations of the ostensible Governments since the Armistice, and also how it was possible for extra-parliamentary movements, like Socialism or Fascismo, to obtain their enormous influence. When parties consist of groups attached to personalities it follows that all parties are anarchist in the literal sense of the word—that is, that all parties are ready to disregard the law in the pursuit of their own ends.

Early in this century another very important feature began to appear in Italian politics, namely, the German conception of government. This, of course, was due to the Germanisation of Northern Italy. It resulted in the creation of a childlike belief in '*il Governo.*' For no particular reason everybody always expected the Government to do everything, and it made no difference that it seldom did anything. This belief was enormously favourable to the rise of Socialism. It made government control in war-time not unnatural, as it seemed in England, but entirely natural and correct. Central control, be it remembered, in the form of a dictatorship or an oligarchy is the only form of government truly in accord with the Latin tradition. Democratic institutions are imported from England, and are either despised and not understood, or at best tolerated as the useful mask of an absolute authority. It has taken France 1000 years to perfect a highly centralised bureaucracy which rules with complete absolutism while conveniently calling itself Socialist. Much the same system was imposed on Italy in five minutes, and on an Italy in which nobody even now dreams of calling himself an Italian, but always a Neapolitan, a Roman, a Venetian, a Piedmontese, or a Sicilian. It was inevitable that the Italian bureaucracy should be comparatively inefficient; but it was, on paper, absolute and easy alike to control or to capture.

Giolitti, therefore, managed very well indeed for fifteen years up to the outbreak of war. At that time he had just granted a large extension of the franchise, held the elections, and performed his usual trick of retiring. The *remplaçant* happened to be Salandra. It shows the curiously artificial character of Italian politics that whereas Giolitti was nominally a Radical of the left wing, Salandra was, and is, on the extreme right of the Liberal party, and is the nearest approach to a Tory in Italy. Yet he ruled through the Giolittian majority. The outbreak of

war gave him the chance to break the system of personal government incarnate in Giolitti. He proceeded to come to terms with the Allies, without telling his chief how far he was going. Whenever a Government wants to do anything it organises a demonstration in favour of that thing, and then declares that it must bow to public opinion. The method is not confined to one century nor to one country. Salandra organised demonstrations in favour of intervention, though the people were probably against war, and the Chamber, being Giolitti's, certainly against it. Just at this moment back came Giolitti to Rome in order to prevent intervention, and was at once besieged by deputies offering him allegiance. It looked as if the Government were doomed, but all calculations were upset by D'Annunzio. This man, the most extraordinary creature of the age, spoke continuously for three days from a balcony in Rome. The passions and the fire raging in his frail body communicated themselves to the Roman populace and Italy was launched into war. This was the real beginning of D'Annunzio's influence and of the spirit of the new imperialistic Italy. He became a world figure, symbolising for Italy the poetry, the glory, the domination of things Italian, the only person who could unite the Renaissance to Manchester and lay the beauty of the one and the power of the other at his country's disposal. I frankly confess that his later teaching may be a disaster to Italy, because one Tripoli is enough; but only a fool would deny that he is or was the prophet of his people, or, to use his own phrase, 'the blacksmith who cuts free the Eagle from the Roman Shield.' Having taught his people to war, he was the first who taught the war-worn to stand up for themselves in peace, and he was the first to show that Government could be defied with impunity.

Italy having stumbled into war almost by mistake, it is natural that there should have existed throughout a strong defeatest party, not by any means confined entirely to the Socialists. Hatred of the war was common to many persons belonging to every party, and it is not uncharitable to suppose that to this fact may be referred the long continued tolerance of the oppression of those who had fought in it. The only astonishing thing is that the fearful defeat of Caporetto nerved the nation to battle and produced a far greater measure of national unity than the overwhelming victory of Vittorio Veneto. When the Armistice came it was widely acclaimed as the end of a moral and physical hell, and Italy turned to the tasks of peace as a man turns to burrow in a heap of rubbish, only to find it is blazing within.

II

The Italian Government from beginning to end of the war had worked with the unpleasant knowledge that the majority of

the people loathed the task on which it was engaged. Its war propaganda, therefore, was more than usually alluring and lavish in promises:

> Secol si rinnova,
> Torna giustizia . . .
> E progenie discende dal ciel nuova.
>
> (A world restored, justice returned, and a new race descended from heaven.)

Such was the Italian interpretation of President Wilson's famous manifesto, which captured the attention and the belief of Italy to such an extraordinary degree that even now no American can do wrong. The expectations aroused were consequently even higher than in other countries, and even more rudely disappointed. Those who had always opposed the war asked, as ever, 'What has your war brought us?' And they began to ask without receiving an answer.

The difficulties were enormous. A vast expansion of industrialism, born under German auspices before the war, had taken place. For example, the metallurgical industries at Turin employed in 1913, 12,000 persons, whereas to-day they employ 33,000. So long as the resources of the Allies in coal and iron were pooled, Italy, though her home production of both is negligible, could support this growth; but when the pooling ceased her industries were stranded. Coal rose to 30*l.* per ton and over in an exceptionally severe winter, so that even the vines were burned for fuel—a proceeding which must have delighted the local 'Pussyfoots.' Half a million prisoners of war had to be brought home and half a million refugees restored to Udine. The temporary dislocation was immense, and was reflected in a wave of unemployment and a fantastic rise in the cost of living. A doggerel verse during the war, which had a great *succès de plaisanterie*, represented the Commander-in-Chief telling the Government that if it wanted Trieste it had better buy a picture postcard of it. The suffering people began to believe that it would have been better to take the advice in earnest. The Nationalists themselves were terribly disgruntled. All was not going well at the Peace Conference; Italy was not receiving what she had been promised; returning soldiers were treated like criminals, and the Government could neither stand up for Italy abroad nor for itself at home. In the summer of 1919 D'Annunzio started the Fiume adventure. The repercussion throughout Italy was terrible. People began to think that the war was going to start all over again, for it was currently believed that D'Annunzio was backed by the General Staff. The feeling was reflected in the 1919 elections, which for the first time were fought on universal franchise under proportional representation. The results were

amazing, and marked the end of the system of personal government, which had at least given a certain strength and stability to Italian Ministries. One hundred and fifty Socialists and over 100 members of the new Catholic Party—the Partito Popolare—were returned, but not one single representative of the Combattenti, or Ex-Service, Party. Moreover, the number of votes they received was ludicrous, even Mussolini in Milan polling only 5000 as against 100,000 cast for the Socialists. One can well imagine the surprise and disgust of those who had been told that they, the 'flower of Italy,' should govern their country after the war. The defeat was so complete that it awoke them to the necessity of work and organisation from which Fascismo was born.

The Socialists meanwhile were signally elated. They were a united body, though they included all shades of red. The moderate Socialists to-day say that they co-operated with the Communists in order to exercise upon them a moderating influence. They were not very successful, and did not separate until defeat. But in 1919 everything seemed to presage the speedy victory of their united forces. The Socialist Party found its strength chiefly in disappointment with the results of a war of which they had been the stoutest opponents, but there were other tributaries to the stream of their power. In the country, interest in the Bolshevik experiment was at fever heat. Spartacism in Germany and Bela Kun in Hungary seemed the forerunners of universal Communism. The south was more or less untouched, but the *contadini*, or peasantry, of the centre, the very backbone of Italy, are people who like to be on the winning side, and they apparently thought Socialism was winning. Tuscany, in particular, was as red as fire. As regards the north, the war had brought with it the trustification of industry, rapidly developed after the Armistice. The huge increase in the industrial population has already been noticed. It is much easier to organise strikes when industry is conducted on a grand scale and the direction is *quasi*-impersonal than when it is spread over a number of small independent factories. Further, universal suffrage, in a country where so large a percentage of the population is illiterate, was to the Socialists the greatest boon. Their only real competitors for the proletarian vote were the Popular Party, whose foreign policy was very much theirs, but who naturally opposed them in defence of the Church and Church property. They knew that the *bourgeoisie* was thoroughly frightened, that the Government would not act, and that the Nationalists were otherwise engaged. Lastly, in my opinion, the then Prime Minister, Signor Nitti, deliberately encouraged the Socialists because he earnestly desired to gain sufficient strength to deal with the Fiume wasps' nest. The

result of all this was that the Socialists had the country at their feet—and they kicked it.

Their methods were fairly drastic. They were not, of course, strong enough to form a Government, so in Parliament they merely segregated themselves from all other parties. But they controlled very many municipalities and country districts. In the latter especially, life for a non-Socialist became intolerable. Unless he could produce a card showing that he belonged to the Socialist organisation, an individual found great difficulty in obtaining food and fuel. Land seizure was practised on a considerable scale under the shadow of a decree authorising the entry upon unoccupied or uncultivated lands. In the small towns, if prices seemed too high, the stock of the local shopkeepers was 'requisitioned,' taken to the local Socialist headquarters, and sold at sacrifice prices. A good deal of it, naturally, never got so far, and the proceeds of the sales never returned to the shopkeepers. Of actual personal violence, however, there was little. The voice was the voice of Trotsky, but the hand was the hand of Lenin. In the towns the method of repeated strikes, ostensibly economic but really political, was employed. The funds of local authorities were soon bankrupted because the wages of municipal employees were raised to terrific heights. By the autumn of 1920, therefore, the Socialist movement constituted a definite danger to the economic life of Italy. But it was left to later events to bring home the danger to the public and to give the Fascisti that enormous accretion of strength which has carried Mussolini to the head of the State.

III

The result of the 1919 election was that Giolitti became Prime Minister. The event was as portentous as if in England Lloyd George had been succeeded by a conscientious objector. Giolitti had opposed the war, and for four years had been called bad names by the war party, which now humbly acquiesced in his premiership. So unpopular was it to have fought for Italy! The Socialist extremists took heart of grace. There had always been a desperate struggle between the moderate and extreme wings for the control of the labour organisations at Turin, and the latter now obtained the upper hand. A series of demands were made and granted by the employers, until finally the slump came and rising costs had to be checked. No agreement could be reached, and a lock-out ensued, whereupon the workers in September 1920 seized the workshops and declared that they would run them. They appointed managers, organised the interchange of raw materials between factories, paid themselves with vouchers on the co-operative stores, and began to produce. Turin was like an archery

target, the outer circle of which is brilliant red, the next a pale rose, and the centre a quiet and untroubled white. There was no trouble of any kind, nor were the men disturbed in any way. But in a few days production fell to practically nothing, and the few sales effected did not bring in enough to pay for the replacement of raw materials. Naturally enough, no capital could be obtained. Giolitti refused to interfere on the grounds, he tells us in his *Memoirs*, that it was better to have Bolshevism in the factories than in the streets. He was justified by events. After a fortnight the men's leaders asked for a conference, and arrangements were made—guaranteed by the Government—for handing back the works to the proprietors. The latter cashed the vouchers given to the co-operative stores, and so the experiment ended in a complete fiasco.

Its effect throughout Italy was considerable. It roused the *bourgeoisie* to a sense of danger so that its members opened their ears and their pockets to the Fascisti. It started a split in the Socialist Party, so that although the Moderates did not dissociate themselves from the affair, yet they were lukewarm, and Turati, the most eminent of their leaders, refused to come from Milan to Turin to assist in any way. Above all, it frightened the Government. Giolitti did nothing openly, but it is now freely asserted, and seems highly probable, that he instructed the General Staff to assist the Fascisti, to supply them with arms, and to allow members of the army and police to join them. When Giolitti followed his usual plan of retiring this policy was continued and extended by his *remplaçant*, Bonomi. Meanwhile the Fiume business was wound up, and the legionaries were back in Italy closely co-operating with the Fascisti. Troubles in Bologna, culminating in the murder of a wounded soldier by the Socialists, roused public opinion in their favour. They were obviously brave men who thought they were right, and did not mind risking death to prove it. But the swing in their favour was by no means very pronounced. Those who date their success from this time are quite mistaken. They had evolved no political programme beyond a purely negative anti-Socialist slogan and a somewhat strident nationalism ; and the best proof of their political weakness is contained in the results of the elections of 1921. The Socialists lost practically nothing, and to-day in the Chamber are 125 strong, in spite of the fact that some of their best men, Ferri, the criminologist, for example, did not present themselves for election. The Partito Popolare retained its hundred deputies. The Fascisti secured thirty-one seats only, but one of them was won by Mussolini.

This result was a grievous disappointment to the Fascisti organisers, and they resolved to force the pace. The Government

was deplorably weak and easily bullied; and Mussolini in particular set himself to the task of making its position impossible. The insensate behaviour of the Socialists in the country helped him greatly. The era of strikes recommenced, and in many cases the Fascisti came to the rescue of the public by running deserted trains and performing transport and delivery services of all kinds. Violence was met by violence, so that in Parliament the curious spectacle was observed of Socialists and Fascisti both calling on a Government to restore order when they knew it to be incapable of doing so, much as in the old days Nationalists and Ulstermen used to badger a distracted Government in the House of Commons.

When the *coup d'état* of October took place the strength had already gone out of the Socialist movement. In June 1922 a local strike at Turin took place and ended in complete failure. In August a general strike was proclaimed as a protest, according to the Socialists, against the failure of the Government to deal with Fascista lawlessness. The strike was a complete failure, but the Government of Signor Facta continued its policy of surrender, and, without waiting for the strike to collapse, agreed to enforce the law in consideration of a return to work. But so complete was the failure of the strike that the Alleanza di Lavero, or Confederation of Trade Unions, which had called it, simply went out of existence. All that the Government had done, then, was to degrade itself still further in the eyes of the public and to make itself still easier game for the Fascisti. The latter, exhilarated by their success in breaking the strike, now boldly threatened the Government, and demanded not only immediate elections but the abandonment of a conciliatory foreign policy and five posts in the Cabinet. They also took a leaf out of the Socialist book and demanded the cessation of the policy of official 'neutrality' as between Socialists and themselves. The moderate Socialists were now thoroughly frightened, and the more sensible of them made a desperate effort to save those constitutional forms which they themselves had undermined. Turati made a definite offer to support and to join a new Government. It was too late. Matters came to a head at the huge Fascista concentration at Naples on October 24, the preliminary to the open assault on the Government, which terminated a few days later in the march on Rome. There was no defence. A feeble effort to proclaim martial law failed on the refusal of the King to sign the document, and the most serious obstacles the Fascisti had to overcome were a few *chevaux de frise* thrown across the Bridges—poor substitutes for Horatius! It was as easy as Jehu's entrance into Jezreel.

It may be astonishing to an Englishman that both Socialists and Fascisti could in this way take the law into their

hands. But if the reader has followed my brief sketch of the development of Italian politics it will be understood how such things became possible. The first stage is an autocratic Minister securely basing his power on a very limited franchise; the second is the same type of Minister, faced with the difficulties of a larger franchise, maintaining his power with increasing difficulty in a manner irresistibly reminiscent of Walpole; the third stage is marked by the failure of the personal system of government in the face of the universal franchise and the system of proportional representation. Mussolini's triumph marks the fourth and last stage, which is an attempt to restore the old system of personal government in spite of the conditions which originally broke it. Unconstitutional action was thus necessary, because it was the only way to secure a Government with any degree of strength. All politicians had ceased to be statesmen; they had been forced to become merely political jockeys. They never felt themselves strong enough to be impartial administrators, nor to employ force equally against all breakers of the law. When the law was broken the only method of which they could think was secretly to encourage other persons to break the breakers of the law and in so doing to break the law themselves. Many intellectuals in Italy secretly detest Fascismo because they have a real belief in constitutional methods, and are afraid alike of its violence at home and its bellicosity abroad. But, when the matter is impartially considered, it must be confessed that some such drastic action was necessary not so much to destroy the Socialist menace—that had already been done—as to free Italy from the degrading political conditions into which she had fallen. Some idea of the prevailing parliamentary chaos may be gathered from the fact that since the Armistice, with one exception, no law of any importance has passed through the Chamber. The exception is the Land Bill of last year, which took three months to push through and then lapsed with the fall of the Government which had proposed it. Legislation was entirely by Royal decrees, which were technically supposed to come up for approval, but were usually presented *en masse* at the end of a session and forced through without discussion. The whole time of Parliament was spent in the criticism of isolated administrative acts. If the reader can imagine the British House of Commons legislating solely by Orders in Council, and every day, not at 8.15, but at 4 p.m., discussing some definite matter of urgent public importance on the motion for adjournment, he will gather what the Italian Chamber was like. Moreover, he will observe that Mussolini the dictator, reforming Italy by decree, differs in form and in force, but not in reality, from Orlando, Nitti, Giolitti, Bonomi, or Facta playing the political game by decree. The sole difference,

as Mussolini himself told the Chamber with more truth than courtesy, is that formerly the Chamber was allowed to prattle and to vote, now it is not. The change is entirely salutary. It should teach Italian politicians the meaning of reality, and the fact that if a democratically elected Parliament plays at work it has no right to exist at all.

COLIN R. COOTE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD—I

One hundred years ago this Christmas was born Matthew Arnold, who enriched English poetry with three great elegies, English education with new secondary schools, and English politics with a truer perspective. What Thomas Gray was to English letters in the eighteenth century Matthew Arnold was in the nineteenth. Just as Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations* convinced the English intelligentsia of the social value of primary education for the masses of the people, so did Matthew Arnold by his reports to the Commissions of 1861 and 1868 prevail over the prejudice which had withheld English statesmen from using the power and resources of Government in the establishment and maintenance of publicly managed and conveniently accessible secondary schools. And the Marquis of Halifax himself when he justified 'The Trimmer' as the steadying force in political controversy did not do a more useful service to English national life than did Matthew Arnold by sprinkling 'sweet reasonableness' over the stock-in-trade of some of the mid-Victorian politicians and their hackneyed catchwords.

Melodious like Gray's and as meticulously wrought, Matthew Arnold's poetry is most exquisite, as Gray was most exquisite, in elegy, in poems of mournful and pensive remembrance. Based upon a romantic tale in Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy* pictures

> The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
> Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,
> Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door
> One summer morn forsook
> His friends, and went to learn the gipsy lore,
> And roamed the world with that wild brotherhood,
> And came, as most men deemed, to little good,
> But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

Glanvil's tale, published in 1661, was as follows:

> There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he

had been a pretty while exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others; that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.

In his *Elegy written in a Country Church-yard* Gray paints, as Gainsborough might have painted, 'the rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade' in the glimmering dusk of the Thames Valley meadows at Stoke Poges. Not less deeply felt are Matthew Arnold's word-pictures of the Oxford landscape in *The Scholar Gipsy*—'the warm, green-muffled Cumner hills,' 'the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe,' 'the skirts of Bagley Wood,' 'the line of festal light in Christ Church Hall.' What Thomas Hardy has done for Dorchester and Wessex, what Charlotte Brontë did for Haworth and the Yorkshire moors, Matthew Arnold did for the water-meadows and upland farms, little visited in his time, girdled by which Oxford lay like a grey carving on a green cloth. In after years and in distant lands, when the work of life has drawn them far from the haunts of their youth, Oxford men find that *The Scholar Gipsy* recalls poignantly to them the colour and the quiet of the Oxford country and revives in pristine freshness the faded memories of days long gone. The poem, like Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, is the work of what Wordsworth called 'a sensitive being, a creative soul.' Because they had felt in moments of insight and sensitive perception the tranquil beauty, the pathos, the veiled mystery of the scene, the poets had power to recreate it for us and to disclose to us its significance.

Gainsborough, perhaps, would have drawn the English woodlands differently but for Claude. And in Matthew Arnold's *Scholar Gipsy* there are echoes of Gray. A great poet, like a great painter, creates a tradition in which those who follow him may work freely though with obligation, and be no copyists though they have learned from his technique. What the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century were to John Crome of Norwich and to Georges Michel who loved the sandy slopes of Montmartre, Gray was to Matthew Arnold when he wrote *The Scholar Gipsy*. The younger poet was indebted to his predecessor but was not, in any derogatory sense of the word, derivative. He shared in his mood, and therefore in the mode of his interpretation of things felt and seen.

There is a likeness between Matthew Arnold's elegy and Gray's. But while acknowledging Arnold's debt to his predecessor,

who shall say that the later poet did not show himself worthy to be ranked with the older one in pathos, in portraiture, and in haunting melody of words?

There is love poetry by Matthew Arnold, but not love poetry of the customary kind. So far as his published writings are concerned, his best love poetry is not about women, but about places, and especially about one place. Rugby he did not love—though there is a true picture of the old yellow-brick chapel,

> Solemn, unlighted, austere
> Through the gathering darkness,

where his father was laid. Winchester, his other school, seems to have had no hold upon his affections. Carnac, in Brittany, moved him. The Lakes moved him. And he is deeply himself when he writes of the Mediterranean, the Illyrian hills, and 'a folding of the Apennine.' More than once he discloses a weird perception of Central Asian plains and waterways as though, himself untravelled in those lands, his eye had seen them. But Oxford is his love. Oxford he sings in *The Scholar Gipsy* and in *Thyrsis* as a lover sings. And once in prose he sang her charms:

> Beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene. Steeped in sentiment she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic, who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to heroes and causes not mine. Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties.

But this passionate prose-poetry is a lament, an elegy. And in his love poetry, strictly so called, the most moving verses are an elegy also:

> Strew on her roses, roses,
>   And never a spray of yew!
> In quiet she reposes;
>   Ah! would that I did too.
>
> Her mirth the world required;
>   She bathed it in smiles of glee.
> But her heart was tired, tired,
>   And now they let her be.
>
> Her life was turning, turning,
>   In mazes of heat and sound.
> But for peace her soul was yearning,
>   And now peace laps her round.
>
> Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
>   It flutter'd and fail'd for breath.
> To-night it doth inherit
>   The vasty hall of death.

Heine might have written that. In some moods Matthew Arnold was an English Heine. Both, I think, wanted to believe

things in which their intellect, and still more the intellectual climate in which they lived, forbade them honestly to believe. Both, perhaps, inherited a wish to believe—a momentum towards belief. But in the mind of each of them a sceptical voice mocked at belief. Despondency, despondency deepening into despair, is the dominant note of Matthew Arnold's poetry:

> Repose has fled
> For ever the course of the river of Time.
> . . . Cities will crowd to its edge
> In a blacker, incessanter line
> . . . Never will those on its breast
> See an ennobling sight
> Drink of the feeling of quiet again!

To us English of the generation which followed Arnold it is just possible, but to those who came later it seems impossible, to realise what wounds tore the heart of men and women who had to cut themselves away from the religious belief to which they clung and upon the firm tower of which the tendrils of their spiritual life had spread. Matthew Arnold's temperament was deeply religious. But his days fell on an age in which the intellectual atmosphere froze a susceptible man's faith in the creed of his childhood and youth. Matthew Arnold's father, himself swayed by many different religious emotions, believed in the Christian faith with heart and mind. Heart and mind in Matthew Arnold were not at one. Mind denied what heart desired. On him, as on his Swiss contemporary Amiel, the ends of a world had come. What in an age of faith would have been hopes of heaven were changed for him into vivid, wistful imaginings of some long-lost happier world—' the untrodden mountain-lawns ' where Cadmus and Harmonia forgot their first sad life, the Sicilian fold where young Daphnis with his silver voice heard ' a call celestial ':

> And heavenward from the fountain brink he sprang,
> And all the marvel of the golden skies;

and the calm of the earlier shore of the river of Time. God becomes Nature, a mystically personified Nature. The Christian ethic fades into Stoic philosophy, ' with close-lipped Patience for our only friend ':

> We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire that in the heart resides;
> The spirit bloweth, and is still;
> In mystery our soul abides.
> But tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

Yet in the third of his great elegies, written in thankful memory of the life and example of his father, Matthew Arnold recaptures the glow of the faith of his childhood and bids us

believe that in the hour of need to our fainting, dispirited race men—'sent men' as Blake called them—'like angels appear':

> Radiant with ardour divine
> Beacons of hope, ye appear!
> Languor is not in your heart,
> Weakness is not in your word,
> Weariness not on your brow.
>
> Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
> Follow your steps as ye go.
> Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
> Strengthen the wavering line,
> Stablish, continue our march,
> On, to the bound of the waste,
> On, to the City of God.

The Arnold family is an example of the transmission of gifts of mind and character. Like the Darwins in the observation of Nature, the Cecils in the conduct of affairs of State, the Wesleys in susceptibility to religious feeling, the Cavendishes in steadiness of political judgment, the Maurices in sensitive loyalty to truth, and the Frys in pity for the degraded and destitute, the Arnolds in successive generations disclose an inherited ability. Matthew was the son of the formidable Thomas Arnold, who became Headmaster of Rugby. His mother was the winsome Mary Penrose. The qualities of his parents were united in Matthew, but in disconcerting combination. On one side of his nature he was a son of the prophets, endowed with something like second-sight and, like his father, a little prone to censure. In other moods he had his mother's charm, her sweet reasonableness and sympathy, and a touch of the magic of her ancestral Cornwall. At times he was moved, as his father and the Hebrew prophets were moved, by an overpowering sense of the things which were coming to pass upon the earth in divine retribution for the ignorance of men. But at other moments he was overcome by a sense of the beauty of much that morally he would be disposed to condemn, by wistful loyalty to an ancient order which Time and the trend of things had doomed to decay, and by a humorous compassion which made him jest rather than curse.

He was less of one piece than his father had been. We know, indeed, that in his earlier years his father was agitated by strong but conflicting ambitions, and that his religious sympathies underwent changes which at his early death seem to have been still incomplete. But in Thomas Arnold there was a consistency of judgment greater than that which we find in his son. The father's susceptibility to new influences was nearer the surface in Matthew.

The great Headmaster of Rugby flamed with moral indignation like a Hebrew prophet. His son had persistency, but a milder kind of zeal. The father was not humorous. Matthew wrote many amusing things. But as I remember him—remember him with the impression which a youth forms of a celebrity he did not know—I recall something inaccessible and rather formidable in his bearing. He had the aspect of a man who would have been more himself if he had let himself go and had bent himself a little more freely to the common level. There was that about him which made the Athenæum in old and stiffer days rather terrifying to a young member. Yet his face surprised me when I first saw him. He was so unlike what I expected a poet to be. He was dressed rather stiffly in black with, I think, black kid gloves. His face was large and broad and very noticeably red, with dark close-cut whiskers and waved hair parted in the middle. Looking back on what I saw, I feel that he was too stiff and aloof—a little less natural and easy than a man of his gifts should have been. This may be a wrong impression of him, but it lies strong on my mind after a lapse of nearly forty years.

In Matthew Arnold's mind there was something impish. It was hidden by his gravity and by the stiffness of his demeanour, but impish is the only word that describes it. I suspect that his early training and the overwhelming personality of his father suppressed the imp in Matthew Arnold's childhood. But the imp remained. And in a writer suppressed impishness has a way of coming out as impertinence.

Impertinence, smooth-tongued impertinence, was the flaw in some of Matthew Arnold's prose-writing. He was impertinent to some well-meaning politicians, he was impertinent to dissenters, he was even impertinent to the Holy Trinity. But the imp in Matthew Arnold was a good imp, an amusing imp, a well-meaning imp. If the imp had not been untimely suppressed in his childhood Matthew Arnold might have been a great and good-humoured caricaturist of the foibles and shortcomings of his time. 'Mat's sublime wagging' amused Tennyson. The author of *Friendship's Garland* should have been the Max Beerbohm of his generation. And it would have been good for that generation to have a Max Beerbohm in their midst.

The other side to Matthew Arnold's impishness was his predisposition in favour of authority. The imp held it in check. But Matthew Arnold inherited a dislike for unchartered freedom. His father hankered after theocracy. The son relished aristocratic leadership in politics and envied France its Academy and Superior Council of Education. On his pundit side, he was very much influenced by the old tradition of the public schools and of Oxford.

If the aristocratical institutions of England could be saved by anything [he wrote] they would be saved by the Public Schools and the ancient Universities.

He remarked that in England in his time boys intended for the professions were brought up in schools very different from those in which boys intended for commerce and industry were trained. The future recruits of the professions went to the aristocratic public schools.

In England, accordingly, [he said] the professions have long recruited the governing force of the aristocracy and assisted it to rule. In no country do the professions so naturally and generally share the cast of ideas of the aristocracy as in England. Judged from its bad side, this cast of ideas is characterised by over-reverence for things established, by an estrangement from the powers of reason and science. Judged from its good side, it is characterised by a high spirit, by dignity, by a just sense of the greatness of great affairs—all of them governing qualities.

And though he spoke of ' the helplessness of English aristocracy, whose day is fast coming to an end,' he believed that ' the real strength of England lay in the immense extent of the upper class —the class with much the same education and notions as the aristocracy.'

He disliked what he called ' the chaos of false tendencies, wasted efforts, impotent conclusions, works which ought never to have been undertaken,' in English literature. Though he felt it ' almost certain that English democracy will throw off the tutelage of aristocracy,' he pointed out that ' we have never yet been a self-governing democracy or anything like it,' and evidently had very little relish for the probable results of our becoming one.

The difficulty for a democracy is how to find and keep high ideals. The individuals who compose it are, the bulk of them, persons who need to follow an ideal, not to set one: and one ideal of greatness, high feeling and fine culture which an aristocracy once supplied to them, they lose by the very fact of ceasing to be a lower order and becoming a democracy.

He liked the best of the aristocratic tradition, in so far as it showed itself in leadership and culture, but he regarded it as doomed, just as he reverenced the best of the old religious tradition, but thought that this was intellectually exploded. In a world sliding into intellectual and moral chaos he thought we should be wise to clutch for safety at the authority of the State. What he never set himself to contemplate was the possibility of finding ourselves in matters of opinion and taste under the thumb of a State which drew its standards from nothing more select than the multitude.

But he wanted what he was right in wanting—an infusion of

the modern spirit of science and investigation into the older aristocratic ideal of English life, and a heightening of the ideals of democracy by an infiltration of the manners and culture of the more favoured few. Similarly he felt the need in England for men of what he called the happy and gracious flexibility, the *eutrapelia*, of the Periclean Greeks, a relaxation of Puritanical prejudice, a greater amiability of manners, a fuller measure of lucidity in its thought. And it was for what he said about this in *Culture and Anarchy* that Charles Kingsley wrote to thank him from Eversley in 1870.

> For me, [wrote Kingsley, with some of the exaggeration with which a man having the gift of words sometimes thanks an author for the present of one of his works] For me, born a barbarian and bred a Hebrew of the Hebrews, it has been of solid comfort and teaching. I have had for years past an inkling that in Hellenism was our hope. I have been rather ashamed of myself, as a clergyman, when I caught myself saying to myself that I had rather have been an old Greek than a clergyman. Your book has justified me to myself. . . . I must thank you for it as a moral tonic as well as an intellectual purge.

But Arnold did not at heart want to remake England. He liked and believed what Burke said of the English—'the ancient and inbred integrity, piety, good nature and good humour of the people of England.' He held that what he called 'a serious conception of righteousness and the need of it' is essential to the stability and strength of a nation, and declared that nothing gave more freshness and depth to his own reading of the Bible than the sense that righteousness is the only foundation of national welfare and that history bears perpetually this testimony to the book of righteousness itself. The Bible, therefore, he would have made 'the great vehicle for conveying the power of letters into the schools' of the people. 'Through the Bible only have the people much chance of getting at poetry, philosophy and eloquence.' Therefore he insisted in reports to the Education Department on the need, if from this point of view only, for the Bible in the schools of the people.

In his political and social views Matthew Arnold may have been two-minded, but it was because he saw and felt the two sides to the great questions which confronted his fellow-countrymen. He was less a leader of the people than his father was. He was born into a milder generation. His father was of the age of the great Napoleonic wars. The son was of the generation of the peace. Matthew Arnold had a vein of irony in him which weakened him for partisanship. He had not his father's uncompromising and hazardous zeal, or Gladstone's power of high effervescence. Walter Bagehot and he worked upon the minds of the *élite* of the next following generation. Their instrument

was the pen, not the spoken word, which in Matthew Arnold's case was comparatively feeble and ineffective. He saw, as Ruskin saw, the storm cloud of the nineteenth century terrible on the horizon. But the mental strain which drove Ruskin mad, Matthew Arnold relieved by his ' hourly-varying anodynes.'

M. E. SADLER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SCOTTISH VERNACULAR[1]

In the cultivation of the Scottish vernacular there has been, and still is, discussion as to its value and the extent to which it should be taken seriously: and when the view is favourable there will be degrees of opinion. As it is always well to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in us, it may be not out of place to mention, by way of suggestion or reminder, some of the attributes of the vernacular which make it worthy of study and cultivation.

In the first place—though not perhaps the most important—Scottish idiom has various distinctive features which often make it the vehicle of certain condensed expressions of thought, and especially of humour. A few examples may be quoted. I remember how the late Dr. Marshall Lang (when speaking in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland with reference to the provision for 'aged and infirm ministers') made an allusion which depended for its point entirely upon a well-known Scottish expression, not yet included in the English vocabulary. Referring to the institution of 'assistant and successor' to ministers who have become rather frail, he mentioned that in one such case the senior minister remarked to his assistant and successor, 'I suppose, my young friend, you are *thinking long* for my dying?' to which the younger man replied, 'Ah, no, sir! but I *am* keen about your living.'

Even a Scottish 'bull' (for such have been perpetrated in our land as well as in the sister isle) may be partly dependent on the dialect. I am thinking of the utterance of two worthy citizens who walked from their town to inspect the new cemetery.

It was quite a contrast with that to which they had been accustomed in the country parish from which they had come (for this was some time ago). In that case there was a good deal of confusion in the matter of vegetation, etc.; but what they now saw was all spick and span, with neat iron railings, and so forth. After a short inspection without utterance, one of the two said, 'I dinna like it; I'd raither dee than be buried in sic' a place';

[1] The subject of this article was the topic of an informal lecture recently delivered to the Vernacular Circle of the Robert Burns Club of London.

but his companion exclaimed, 'Weel, wi' me it's the verra reverse: I winna be buried onywhere else, if I'm spared.'

The point now dealt with can often be also illustrated by selections from what might be described as a kind of folk-lore.

I suppose that local folk tales owe their vitality to the fact that, as they are based on actual incident, the people living in the district at the time of the occurrence retain a vivid recollection of the circumstances, including the names of those concerned, and can therefore hand on the story to the next generation; and in this way, too, a correct picture of former ways and customs is preserved, with some historic interest; but for such preservation and presentation a watchful after-care may often be needed. And the following may serve as an example, taken from the Strathdon district.

There was a well-known family there named Beattie. The old man had three stalwart sons, who remained bachelors until after the father's death. When the funeral took place there was a discussion as to whether the road to the place of interment, namely, Glenbuckat, should be by the somewhat circuitous route, or straight over the hill, although at the time there was snow on the ground. However, the hill route was decided upon, but it was found to be more arduous than had been expected. The bearers, of course, were relieved in turn, and the oldest of the sons was provided—according to the custom of the time—with a bottle of beverage, which he dispensed from time to time from a small cup. Before the top of the hill was reached, it was observed that the bearers were becoming quite exhausted. However, the elder Beattie hastened forward and cheered them on with the exclamation, 'Jist anither houpie, lads, and we'll fairly fop him!' (*i.e.*, whip).

And, on the plea that it also represents a phase of former times, I shall venture to throw in another little episode from the same region; and for this, as for the last mentioned, I have to thank Mr. Charles Christie, of Strathdon.

The scene which we are asked to visualise with the mind's eye is the supper-table in the kitchen of a comfortable farmhouse. The farmer and his family and the members of the household have taken their seats for the simple meal, consisting of a large dish of "sowens," of tempting appearance, placed on the centre of the table. On this occasion the minister, on his rounds, happens to be present, and he is, of course, asked to say grace. This is somewhat lengthy, and meanwhile the house cat, observing that the attractive dish is undisturbed, hops on to the table and commences to lap up the delicious diet. The minister notices this and, in order to drive off the animal, interrupts his own utterance with 'Hish! whish!'; but another visitor is amongst the company—

the itinerant tailor—whose old designation was 'Whip-the-Cat,' who, becoming anxious about the supper, seizes his measuring stick, or 'straucht edge,' and, aiming a smart blow at the cat's head, mutters,' That'll be mair eese than a dizen "hish-whishes."'

For a few more specimens of terse use of Scottish phraseology I may mention an incident supposed to have occurred at Kintore, the name and appearance of which may be familiar to friends from the north. One can picture the scene: Main Line train standing in the station. A Southerner, observing that the place seems small, puts his head out of the window and, beckoning to a porter, inquires, 'Why are we stopping here?' to which the porter replies, 'Ye maun stop here; it's a junction, ye ken, and forbye, Kintore's a royal burgh.' 'Indeed?' says the passenger. 'And have you a provost and magistrates?' 'Ay.' 'And does the provost go about in a chain?' 'Na, he jist gangs aboot lowse.'

One other railway incident. When the early train from Aberdeen to the north was first put on, a commercial man thought that he would try it for his next trip to Inverness, and accordingly got called early at the hotel, and, on arriving at the station, said to the porter, 'Here, porter, hurry up; see, here's my luggage for the three o'clock to Inverness'; but the porter, showing complete composure, replied, 'Ye needna fash yersel': she's awa'.'

The last of the specimens which I shall give under this head is very simple. A man requiring some small article at a shop, put down a pound note, which, of course, involved a good deal of small change. This he proceeded to count with very great care and deliberation. The shopman, not quite appreciating this extra scrutiny, said, 'Well, there's nothing wrong with your change, I suppose?' and to this the customer replied (with a sigh), 'Ay, it's richt, bit it's nae mair than richt.'

And now, while the native Scottish dialect is manifestly the guide and medium of much Scottish wit and humour, it is surely not less the exponent of pathos; and this we especially look for, and find, in Scottish poesy.

That remark inevitably suggests resort to the prince of Scottish song. But were I to enter upon *that* field, the present brief paper would be liable to develop into a would-be discourse on the masterpieces of our national Scottish bard; and that is not the task now undertaken. None the less, it may not be out of place to introduce a few modern examples, showing how well the Scottish mother-tongue lends itself to tenderness and emotional expression. And certainly recent years have produced an abundant harvest of verse providing ample material for the selection of choice examples of this feature. The compositions of Charles Murray would alone suffice as a spring to draw from; but as limitation is necessary, I shall cull sparingly from another Northern bard, not now living,

who, I think, did in no ordinary degree strike the note of sympathetic understanding, and express it with complete familiarity with the Doric of the country folk amongst whom he lived and worked, and whose affection he greatly won. I am alluding to the late Rev. George Abel, of Udny, and I cannot refrain from quoting a few stanzas from one of his poems, entitled *The Doctor :*

> In saidle aft, an' syne in gig,
> At beck o' great and sma',
> An' never war his chairges big,
> An' files nae chairge ava.
>
> Folk sent for him tho' nae oonweel ;
> He kent fine fat to dee ;
> He gied to them a breid-made peel,
> An' coloured-eater bree.
>
> An' sae for forty years and three
> He helpit ane an' a' :
> We gat him near the sheilin' tree
> Smored in a wraith o' sna.
>
> The shepherd taul' him nae to come
> Afore 'twas mornin' licht,
> That there war wraiths as heich's the lum,
> An' roads war oot a' sicht.
>
> But Jean was a' the shepherd haed,
> His love an' pridefu' care ;
> The doctor cudna rist in bed
> Fin life hung by a hair.
>
> He faced the mirk nicht's fearsome moan,
> An' leggit up the steep ;
> But foonert, an' the drowse cam' on,
> An' seen his hinmost sleep.
>
> We brak' the news to little Jean ;
> Her een grew weet an' dim ;
> ' He canna gyang to Heaven his leen,
> An' I maun eftir him.'
>
> The shepherd an' his sabbin' wife
> Loot's pit them in ae grave—
> The man that blithely gied his life,
> The lass he tried to save.

It may have been observed that, almost instinctively, I have drawn upon the north-east of Scotland ; and perhaps no apology for that is needed, for, indeed, where better could one go ? Sydney Smith spoke of Scotland as the knuckle-end of England. Well, the bit of meat towards the knuckle is, perhaps, the choicest part of a leg of mutton ; and if Scotland is the knuckle-end of England, the north-east corner may be described as the knuckle of Scotland. And this seems to be the right moment for allusion to a most welcome arrival on the scene, namely, *Mair Swatches o' Hamespun.* I have not seen the previous instalment, but as to this new

symposium, it is really treasure trove, and cordial thanks are due to those who have been the means of its production.

This brochure—or rather, as I have already described it, symposium—is distinguished from first to last by its genuinely native Scottish character both as to language and sentiment. And there is another important quality which is maintained throughout, namely, refinement. This might be regarded as a matter of course; but it is worthy of notice, because we frequently come across a notion, a sort of superstition, that in literary or social converse, when the jocular element is introduced, a relaxation from the usual standard of tone is not only permissible, but advantageous, as imparting a sort of spice or additional comicality. But this idea implies a forgetfulness of the fact that as such procedure nearly always causes a sense of jar and discomfort to at any rate a portion of the company or audience, it is therefore not in accord with the recognised canons of good taste.

No reference to the pathos of Scottish verse and song can properly omit at least an allusion to some of the abiding classic specimens of the art. What a priceless gift, for example, was bequeathed by Lady Nairne to her country, and to the world, by such gems as *The Land o' the Leal!* And in scarcely less high a place would I venture to name *Caller Herrin'*. It seems, as it were, to inspire any gifted singer; and ever afresh comes the moving effect of those concluding words:

> O! ye may ca' them vulgar farin'—
> Wives and mithers maist dispairin'
> Ca' them lives o' men.

It will have been inferred that the foregoing remarks and quotations have been designed to provide some sort of contribution to an answer to the question, Is the preservation of the Scottish vernacular really worth while?

Yet something deeper is required in order to give support to the claim that this study or pursuit is not merely a pastime or question of purely historic interest, but that it may be an actual source of benefit in no mere materialistic sense. As to this, there will doubtless, as already hinted, be degrees of opinion; some take high ground in the matter; and, amongst these, notably, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Bruce, of Banff, who is an apostle of the cult, and has shown his faith by his works, especially in that choice volume *The Nor' East*, which has gone through three editions. Dr. Bruce claims that there is advantage, in the mental and moral sphere, to be gained by the study of the ways and the words of our Scottish ancestry.

In connection with this thesis, Dr. J. M. Bulloch recently made some very discriminating and illuminating observations,

commencing with a definition of distinctive Scottish humour as a very subtle combination of intellectual wit with the humour of the heart, which is something quite *sui generis*; and as also involving the requisite of imagination, which is not supposed to be a dominant English quality.

This suggests an interesting explanation of one of the distinguishing features between English and Scottish jocularity, namely, the prevalence in England of the *pun*, a form of joke which in Scotland is comparatively rare. The explanation may be that in the case of a pun the joke is necessarily on the surface and requires no filling in by imagination or dramatic instinct. Of course, 'punning,' when indulged in too freely, usually becomes tedious and, indeed, a banality; but it need not be altogether dismissed on that ground, and undoubtedly some really celebrated English wits have frequently resorted to it with effect, including Sheridan. A specimen of one of the utterances attributed to him may be quoted, though it cannot be described as altogether elegant. At a social gathering a young lady was overcome by the heat of the room, and had to be carried out in a fainting condition. Subsequently one of the company said, 'I was very much alarmed, because Miss So-and-so looked so ill that I was afraid that she was going to "kick the bucket."' 'Oh, no,' said Sheridan; 'she only turned a little pail.'

And to come to more recent times, Bishop Wilberforce, of course, showed extraordinary readiness in this line. Possibly the following sample may not be familiar to some readers.

In the days when Thorley's Food for Cattle was advertised with large illustrations at every railway station, the Bishop happened to be giving an address to an agricultural gathering in his own diocese. He opened by remarking that he had not been very well recently, and that his doctor had hesitated to allow him to come out that evening, so he would have to be brief. On this some would-be wag at the back of the hall called out, 'Try Thorley's Food, my lord.' 'Ah, yes,' retorted the Bishop, 'Thorley's Food —good for horses and for *asses*; but it doesn't suit *Oxon*.'

Reverting to Scottish anecdotal and proverbial lore, Dr. J. M. Bulloch has also well observed that, notwithstanding the existence of the feudal system in Scotland, it never succeeded in establishing the pernicious system of *caste*. And if one were asked to mention a visible sign—all the more significant because, in the main, unconscious—betokening the traditional democratic Scottish spirit, it may be found in the Scottish handshake.

This would furnish a theme by itself; so, to avoid prolixity, it may be dealt with by way of some examples, mostly drawn from actual observation. But first, taking one of a general sort, let us imagine the case of someone who has a place in Scotland. On the

occasion of a visit from a Scottish friend, the host takes him for a walk through the grounds. There the gardener happens to be met, and the host mentions his name to the guest, remarking that he has been a long time in that place. The guest immediately extends his hand, which is shaken with perfect naturalness by the gardener, without a particle of self-consciousness or artificiality on either side.

But supposing that on a subsequent occasion the visitor is an Englishman who has not been much in Scotland; if the same incident occurs, the English visitor will feel a certain amount of hesitation as to whether he should shake hands or not. He is quite willing to do so, but he is not quite sure whether it is expected, or whether it might seem like a patronising act.

And now for a case of personal observation.

During a visit by the writer to Bowhill, about forty-nine years ago, an afternoon walk was taken, and the Duke of Buccleuch (universally recognised as the *grand seigneur, par excellence,* of all Scotland) was accompanied by the house party. After reaching a hillside part of the estate we came upon a group of workmen busily engaged in cleaning up the path. An old foreman, vigorously using his hoe, made as though he saw not the approaching party, until, reaching the spot, the Duke put out his hand, remarking, 'Well, John!' On this John looked up, warmly grasped the Duke's hand, and exclaimed, 'I'm always glad to see you; but I sometimes wish your Grace wouldn't come quite so soon!' The Duke laughed, and, after some further chat, moved on. Somehow the incident, with the words and the tone in which they were uttered, remains as vividly in memory as if it had occurred only a month ago.

And now an example (also drawn from personal observation) of a symptom of the opposite kind.

During early boyhood, when enjoying the delights of the annual summer stay at Haddo House, a special treat was to have tea with the delightful old tenant of a farm, not far away. She was the widow of a former head gardener, and was quite a type of the bright, picturesque, and humorous Scottish housewife; and rich and rare were the scones, the cakes and the jam, when she entertained the old laird's grandchildren.

On one of these occasions, the party included an English lady 'of title,' related to our family by marriage. During the visit she remarked to me, 'The people here seem to be rather forward; that old person evidently expected me to shake hands.' I am sure I listened to this remark open-eyed, and with open mouth; but no utterance escaped me, and perhaps this was just as well, on the part of an urchin of nine. And, indeed, it would have been difficult to find words to express my amazement.

Of course, the significance of the Scottish style of handshake

consists in the index which it gives of an attitude and habit of mind, and in so far as this indicates freedom from the hateful tendency of social and class exclusiveness, which may come perilously near to snobbishness, we Scottish people have reason to be grateful for such an inheritance.

No doubt the distinction between England and Scotland in this, as in some other characteristics, is much less marked than in former times. The English have moved on a bit. Let us hope that we Northern folk have not deviated from the old style and standard.

To sum up: if it can be shown that the cult of old Scottish tradition, usages, dialect, and anecdote, contributes to hilarity and geniality; and further, if it furnishes an interesting subject of historic study; and still better, if it can be made a source of stimulus towards the acquirement and practice of the robust qualities of our Scottish forbears, surely all this will go to show that the movement for preserving the mother tongue is of no mere dilettante sort, but deserves commendation, appreciation, and encouragement.

ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS

The artist creates: the critic is hardly more than a parasite. None the less, a critic may be valuable. If he criticises nothing else usefully, he criticises himself.

It is now some years since the present writer had the temerity to attempt an appreciation of the work of Mr. Norris. He was admonished in severe prose, and alluded to as a 'reviewer who found in Mr. Norris's pleasant tales a second Thackeray.' He calls these novels 'pleasant tales'! This places him to perfection. He must have a very thin mind. As for 'a second Thackeray,' one carefully excluded that possible misconception, remarking only that the prose style of Mr. Norris was not inferior to that of Mr. Thackeray. One was considering the question of how far each of the giants represented the period over which he was active, and from this point of view our author stands far above them all.

The catalogue of the British Museum shows that Mr. Norris has published sixty-seven books. This is a very large output. To stray in the garden of kindred arts, we may note that Charles Méryon left very few plates behind him, all of consummate merit, but still very few, whereas Turner left twenty thousand works of all sorts. It is not, therefore, to an artist's discredit that he should be prolific. Tennyson wrote up to the last year of his life, and wrote nobly up to the last moment. It depends entirely on the quality of the artist's work.

There have been many writers who were very prolific, who are now forgotten: strictly speaking, and with a conscientious effort to appreciate their work, we can hardly avoid the term pot-boiling. Pot-boiling is wholly outside the books that we are considering: each one is as finished and polished as its predecessor. It is clear, if the writer is an accurate observer, and began writing forty-five years ago, and is still writing, that his books must be invaluable as a reflection of contemporary manners. They throw back, so to speak, to days in old Germany, before 1866, and in *Heaps of Money*, published in 1877, we have Dresden, and the surrounding country, and the manners of the English settlers there, exactly as they were, and not greatly differing from the

Dresden one knew in one's youth. That is the beginning of the tale.

The end of the tale brings us well into the unhappy twentieth century, after the war. What is remarkable in this literal library of fiction—for it is nothing less—is its vast range of scenery. As to whether it is accurately observed and recorded, one can only speak of what one knows. In England scenes one knows—Sussex, and Northumberland, and Devonshire—are accurately delineated. One takes, therefore, on trust the pictures of Wiltshire and Norfolk, counties which one has never seen, or seen too superficially for one's observations to be worth noticing. It is the same outside England. Scenes of Rome, and Paris, and Tasmania, and Egypt, which one knows, are here. One must therefore conclude that Ireland, and Algiers, and Athens, and St. Paul, which one does not know, are also faithfully reproduced.

We have, then, an author with a vast range of observation, and active over the best part of half a century. To be sure, it is possible, as we noted before, to write a great deal without leaving any impression. To employ the horrible phrase which is creeping into the language, the 'acid test' is, Can you read a book twice? And in Mr. Norris's case one answers unhesitatingly, 'Twenty times.' He possesses the supreme gift of effacing himself, and contemplates creation with the dispassionate gaze of a creator.

Impossible to guess his politics. He delineates charming Radicals and idiotic Radicals, attractive Tories and Tories *à tout casser*. He draws clerics who are nothing less than saints and clerics whom the world would be better without. He draws great ladies who enchant and great ladies who terrify. He performs the almost impossible trick of bringing into London society that exotic type the overdressed 'rasta,' and hits off, with one masterly stroke, the impression the man makes upon his friend and subsequent victim, a most attractive young Tory member of Parliament: 'The fellow ought to look a most outrageous bounder, but somehow or other he doesn't.'

Whatever astonishing situations he creates, and they are innumerable, his characters are always alive, and always act as they would in real life. That is to say, Mr. Norris does not label his *dramatis personæ*: there is no harm in doing so, and quite great artists, like Charles Reade, have done this, stating with great precision: 'This is a villain; this is a good man; this is a nice girl; this is a cat.' Mr. Norris allows his characters to speak for themselves. There are many rogues about, for instance. One does not count the poor wretches in the dock of the Central Criminal Court, but the real rogues, the disastrous rogues who wreck people's lives, and plunder unrebuked, even applauded.

Such a rogue is Tom Heywood, such was Arthur Vaux, such was Sir Gilbert Marling. All of these people ought to have been sent to prison; and are highly popular and considered. The pious rogue, perhaps the vilest type of all, has never attracted Mr. Norris. In fact, one may surmise he is too repulsive a type. The great Dutchmen stuck at nothing, literally nothing, and no one can deny their power, but much of their work, or rather of their subject, is coarse. One prefers not to look at it.

The great passions are all here, but the narrative moves smoothly, as events mostly do in real life. The Countess Radna, for instance, who marries Douglas Colborne, is furiously jealous of Peggy Rowley. Her jealousy and the consequences of its indulgence end her short and most unhappy life; but you would never guess, from the way the narrative moves, that the Countess was aware of Peggy's existence.

In the same novel, called after the unhappy heroine, Mr. Norris presents to us the Marchese de Leonforte, who, as one has never been in Sicily, one must assume to be a correct portrait. As his ideas date from about the thirteenth century, we may imagine the remarkable situations in which he contrives to figure.

Mr. Norris has a high regard for birth and breeding. In the Age of Silliness in which we are condemned to dwell it has become the fashion to reprobate and deride these things. Coincidently we are following a science that we are silly enough to suppose that we have discovered, the science of eugenics. Of course, the only possible eugenics are that men should be strong and women fair. These are the eugenics practised by all the aristocracies through all the ages, and by a great many people who are not at all aristocratic.

Perhaps we should be right in saying that our author handles everything beautifully. He does not pretend that the world is entirely virtuous, but he makes it quite clear that virtue is a higher state and a more beautiful state than wickedness. One misses altogether (and is very grateful to the author therefor) the horrific type of what, for want of a more elegant expression, one must needs call the female cad. Men are well drilled in manners at school and college, or in the Services, or in business, and with the exception of an occasional 'yahoo' our manners might be worse on the whole. Women lack all these advantages, and several generations of self-assertion have produced this very ugly type. Perhaps for that reason, that it is very ugly, Mr. Norris will have nothing to say to it. In fact, on one occasion he dismissed a whole crew in three contemptuous words: 'Silly old things!' Nevertheless, in *Clarissa Furiosa* he presents us with the portrait of a young lady with five thousand a year and a house in Cadogan Gardens, who strays into this arid tract of wasted

endeavour, but she returns to sanity, and the story is wholly charming.

It must never be forgotten that, style, incident and narrative apart, these volumes are invaluable to the student of social history. In fact they *are* social history. Thus, when Mr. Norris describes the Movement as 'a singularly silly campaign,' he prophesies, but prophesies all wrong, because the 'singularly silly campaign' has ended by sweeping the Conservatives back to power. Sir Henry Maine was a true prophet when he pointed out that the Movement, fostered by a few disagreeable fanatics with a respectability here and there to give it tone, would have precisely the contrary effect to that anticipated by its fautors. Placed in the forefront of the most advanced Radical programme, the gift of votes to women could only result in a rootedly Conservative policy for the Government.

Clarissa and her husband being separated for various foolish reasons, it was as one of the audience that Sir Guy attended a lecture on 'The Girl of the Future.' The usual patter followed, and the speaker finished up by saying that the 'girl of the future' would ride cross-saddle. The ex-guardsman, who had a daughter growing up, could not stifle the ejaculation 'I'm damned if she shall!'—after which he left the hall.

It is many years since one was in the Row, but every morning in the Bois de Boulogne you may see the most distinguished horsewomen in Paris riding *à califourchon*, so that what was indecorous, not to say scandalous, thirty years ago is a habit to-day of a large minority, if not a slight majority.

There are Blue Books on the Movement, but if anybody wants to study the question with all its sideshows he need only read *Clarissa Furiosa*.

Many of us may remember the kidnapping of Alexander of Bulgaria, and the subsequent assassination of Stambouloff under Prince Alexander's successor. This tragedy is greatly concerned with the fate of one of Mr. Norris's most gallant and unhappy characters. The scene is shifted from a stately English manor-house to a conspirators' den in Constantinople. The atmosphere is dingy, but convincing. Never having been within a thousand miles of Constantinople, and never having consciously rubbed elbows with a conspirator, one is hardly entitled to profess an opinion, but one pictures the frowsty room, the incessant jabber in unintelligible tongues, and the general air of seediness and incompetence. In this uncongenial society the English lancer, bewildered and bored, awaits his doom. He has to wait long, for the committee, seeing him young, healthy and rich, wonder whether he be not a spy. He had not been warned off the turf, or caught cheating at cards; therefore, why should he wish to die?

In the end he receives orders, which he tears up and throws out of the carriage window, assassinations not being what he bargained for. The death for which he longed came to him in a sham duel, and if anybody wants to know why he sought death he may read *Misadventure*

Harry and Ursula is cast in the period of the siege of the Legations; *Lord Leonard the Luckless* brings in the Boer War; *Paul's Paragon* the earthquake at Messina; and so on through all the long list of 'pleasant tales.' Each novel reflects with accuracy passing fashions, even to such trivial details as gentlemen turning down their gloves, and is immediately concerned with some event of contemporary history.

The traditional folly of nations, misdescribed wisdom, has decided that comparisons are odious; on the contrary, nothing is so instructive. To turn, therefore, to the novels of Mr. Thackeray, which reflect the life of the nineteenth century up to half-way through the century, one cannot help asking oneself, 'Were our grandfathers really such a rough lot?' There is so much fisticuffs, so much of throwing people out of the window and knocking people down. It seems improbable that manners could have changed with such rapidity: because there is nothing of all this in Mr. Norris's novels. People differ, and even quarrel, but they quarrel—to use a good old word completely out of date—genteelly.

We must therefore conclude either that a sudden reformation took place or else the alternative. The alternative is, as Sir Henry Maine pointed out, that Thackeray, like a great many people, perhaps the majority of his contemporaries, was tainted with Rousseauism. The result is that his favourite characters present much the appearance of Rousseau's Natural Man, as the latter would display in modern society—much, that is, of the violent blackguard.

> While Music, heavenly maid, was young,
> While yet in Early Greece she sung

(which is sound rhyme, though bad grammar)

> The Passions oft about her cell

and so on.

The passions frequent the cell of Norris the necromancer, but they all behave very nicely. It is no longer necessary for colonels in the Army to swoon by way of demonstrating the depth of their emotions. Nevertheless, people do fall in love in these novels, and some of them make quite a practice of doing so. Duelling has been made a criminal offence, and brawling is mercifully out of date, if it ever was really the fashion. Nevertheless, people do hate in these novels, and even, when put to it, murder.

We are all more or less keen on psychology—a dreary pursuit; and nothing that is not dreary is considered to be correctly psychological. None the less, all these novels, without any reservation, are subtly psychological. We may take, for instance, *Marcia* or *Lord Leonard the Luckless*.

The professional psychologist worries his subject to pieces, and ends by producing nothing but a dissertation on the obvious. The effect of *Marcia* is one of profound melancholy, but deeply instructive. As in all of Mr. Norris's work, there are half a dozen plots each reacting on the other. As the book is in effect the history of twenty years of family life, one wonders how it is that one is not profoundly bored. We watch the higher type disappear, the lower type prevail. So it is in real life, 'captain good attending captain ill.' When *Moral Tales* were in fashion one naturally shrank from them on account of their repulsive title; but lofty morals, proceeding from exquisite fiction, are a valuable contribution to good.

It has come to my knowledge that *Batham of Beltana* caused annoyance to Tasmanians by reason of its allusion to the convict system. One should respect everybody's point of view, and for that reason perhaps some little respect might be implored for one's own. From my point of view, then, the Australians may take it as one of their chief glories that from a beginning so unpromising they have succeeded in building up a sumptuous and unique civilisation. There is surely nothing in this book at which a candid observer can take umbrage. Mr. Norris is careful to make the Englishman the rogue and the Tasmanian the victim. The victim's son is presented as upright, industrious, and vastly wealthy. He loathes England and all things and persons English, and does not care if you know it. His family feelings are strong and quite outweigh his prejudices, so the story ends happily. But of course it is obvious that all these considerations are side reflections, and what our brethren overseas detest is the faintest allusion to the subject. Surely if we can stand it, they can; the shame is ours, not theirs. Is it not to Mr. John Scantlebury Blenkiron that we owe the remark: 'It's a wonderful thing, your British Empire, but what I can't make out is, how your old-time highbrows built it up'? Just so. Very penetrating, like all the remarks of that immortal creation. He would wonder still more if he had spent twenty years in the Record Office. It is enough to make any man of honour, or even decent feeling, wince.

It is a profound remark of M. Guizot that 'No bcdy of men throughout history ever yet lost power for any other reason than that they had become unworthy to exercise it.' That appears to be exactly where we find ourselves to-day. It is not that this man is incompetent, or that measure mischievous; it is that

the Imperial sentiment is being deliberately stifled. All sentiments die unless they are cherished. There ought to be chairs of Imperial History in every university. Boadicea and the Wars of the Roses are intensely interesting to historians, just like all other historical events, but Imperial history ought to come first, even to the possible exclusion of Boadicea. There ought also to be a social and academical centre for the Empire, and in this way we should all get to know each other very much better, and we should avoid distressing if salutary passages of arms like the following. Said a famous Australian to the present writer: 'What's London to us?' On the spur of the moment one feebly answered: 'Well, sir, London might be described as the brain of the Empire.' The rejoinder was crushing: 'Then all I can say, sir, is that the Empire has got softening of the brain.' Most unhappily true.

We miss the historic continuity when we come to the last fifteen cataclysmic years. It may be surmised that the subject is distasteful to a patriotic writer who seeks first of all after grace of expression. There is nothing which he could not achieve if he chose to attempt it, but would it give him any pleasure to narrate the break-up of the foundations of the Great Deep of English History and the transformation of a once proud people into a rabble of spongers? For instance, can we imagine Gainsborough depicting the choice scenes of the Dutchmen? Of course not. He would pass by on the other side. Thus we come to Mr. Norris's limitation. He is essentially the Gainsborough of English prose writers. We have but to consider wizards like Mr. Edgar Jepson, Mr. Storer Clouston, or Mr. Phillips Oppenheim to see how far removed from Mr. Norris's province is all this 'Battle, murder, and sudden death.' To take only one example: if we want to know what revolution means, above all to the lowly, all we have to do is to read *A Prince in Petrograd.*

It is related of the late Sir Frank Lockwood that he and Mr. Birrell when walking across the park examined the question 'What is the saddest line in all poetry?' 'All poetry' is too wide a field for the present humble writer, but English poetry is more manageable. 'Captain good attending captain ill' is sad enough, but it carries a sense of fierce drama which somewhat mitigates the melancholy. Perhaps 'Thou hast been, art, shalt be, alone' is the saddest line of all. This is the keynote of *Lord Leonard the Luckless*, which is no book for the young. Not that there is any harm in it; only youth would fling it aside in impatience, and we can even hear their comments: 'Why didn't the old fool do so-and-so?' Ah, why indeed? Because when sorrow is piled on sorrow, when a man has been called upon to

endure what no man ought to be called upon to endure, the breaking point comes. Desire fails, ambition dies—nothing is worth while. The happiest, or rather the least miserable, end of all is to crawl away to one's den like a wounded animal; and to Lord Leonard even this was denied · he was too rich. What can youth understand of all this?

The only son of a younger son, he passed a miserable childhood of poverty almost squalid. His mother, vastly determined and capable, contrived somehow or other to put him into the Royal Navy. He was not popular—solitude and poverty do not engender the popular qualities, but he made one friend. He loved his work and everything to do with the sea. One fatal day there came the message announcing two deaths. The Commandant sent for him, delivered the message with due gravity, and anticipated some expressions of regret, but all the boy said was: 'Does that mean that I'm Lord Leonard, sir?' To himself the Commandant remarked: 'Hang it all! At his age one does not have such an uncommonly keen eye for the main chance.' So he was misunderstood from the first. All the poor boy was thinking was that his mother would never allow him to stay in the Navy; and, indeed, a midshipman who was a peer of the realm with thirty thousand a year would be something of an anomaly. He was also thinking what a terrible thing it must be to be suddenly transformed into such a disagreeable person as the late Lord Leonard.

He left the Navy then, his one great pleasure. Only one stroke of luck befell him in all his miserable life: he was spared the pains of indigence. No rascally lawyers or swindling trustees could evade the vigilance of Mrs. Leonard, and when he came of age he found himself not only rich, but vastly wealthy. Urged, injudiciously enough, by his mother to marry, he attempts to do so, selecting a graceful and accomplished young lady, who rewards him by eloping with his only friend. Betrayed by his friend and his betrothed, it remained only for him to be betrayed by his wife. The girl was a minx, and turned out to be a termagant or worse, if there can be anything worse than a termagant wife. His son died, but he owned a daughter, of whom nothing could be predicated except that she was his wife's daughter. The unavoidable divorce followed. He retained a love of the sea, and also a queer idea that he could write poetry. Late in life he formed an attachment for the son of his old friend. The boy went out with the naval contingent, and was killed in Methuen's advance. The unhappy man expires almost with the cry of Calvary on his lips.

'The Fine Arts' is an expression that covers all the arts except music, prose, and poetry, as the expression is usually

employed. How many people are there in England who appreciate all the Fine Arts? The members of the Dilettanti Club. Here, in order to secure community of sentiment, you cannot become a candidate; you must be invited. Next, the Burlington Fine Arts Club, with a nominal membership of 500. Finally, the frequenters of Christie's, including those who are interested commercially and those who are interested artistically. Say 1000 altogether. From all of these gentlemen you may expect a sound and probably an expert opinion. Outside this microscopic portion of the electorate there is hardly anything but pretence.

To return to our province of the Fine Art of Prose: there are very few people who can appreciate all styles. Probably at the present moment these novels are not widely read, although in the past they have been highly popular. But as for not being widely read, who reads Shakespeare? Only the most fastidious and highly trained.

Mutatis mutandis and at a long interval we can now place our man. As an exacting stylist, a master of narrative and of psychology, he is easily in the first rank.

W. F. LORD.

THE DIVINE POET

'THE two cardinal points of poetry,' it was agreed by Coleridge and Wordsworth in one of their conversations, are 'the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of Nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of the imagination.' If, on the one hand, we extend the word 'Nature' to include man and his works, his pains and pleasures, and, on the other, the word 'imagination' to include those mysterious exhalations from the immaterial world which sometimes, as in the case of Coleridge's own *Kubla Khan*, seem to amount to frank sorcery, we shall find the definition satisfactory. With these qualifications, for example, it is easy to place Pope, who is manifestly a great poet, though his imagination is not highly coloured, though he is not greatly interested in Nature, in the narrow usage of the term. We shall agree that in fact all that which we call poetry lies between the one and the other, inclining now to the former point, now to the latter. We shall probably conclude that as a rule the greatest genius lies most nearly equidistant between the two. This is certainly true of Milton and Wordsworth, two of the greatest and most representative of English poets, though with the first the needle points rather to imagination than Nature, and with the second the reverse is the case. But the Milton of *Paradise Lost* is also the Milton of *Il Penseroso*, our finest pastoral lyric. And where in our language are the two influences more happily combined than in *Tintern Abbey* and the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*? Nor is Shelley even an exception to this rule. The men at the extremes will generally be of the second order of poets.

As an example of one sort we may cite the poet Crabbe, whose realism is little illumined by 'the modifying colours of the imagination.' If the author of *Phœbe Dawson* be at one pole, Richard Crashaw is at the other. If the first be of the earth earthy, the second is of the sky skiey. Crashaw, indeed, at his best fulfils the conception of the poet as an ethereal being, whose eyes are fixed upon a world that those of grosser vision see not, whose feet scarce touch the clay of this in his passage through it, who shines with a light reflected from divine fires. The foremost charac-

teristic of his poetry, that from which springs his chief fascination, which compensates for his faults, is ecstasy. Now we are inclined to consider the Englishman a stolid individual, but it is a fact that ecstasy is very common in English poetry. It is its lack that so often disappoints English readers of French poetry, where they find no Crashaw, no Shelley, no Francis Thompson. Allied with this ecstasy is mysticism, wherein also English literature, from Vaughan to Coventry Patmore, is rich. What is remarkable about Crashaw is that his mysticism is not typically English—is, in fact, most un-English. He stands alone, not only among English poets, but among English Catholic mystics.

Richard Crashaw was born in London, at some date between July 1612 and July 1613, of Protestant clerical stock. He was educated at the Charterhouse. The exact date of his entry cannot be determined, the registers not going back so far. Among his many Latin poems is one addressed to his schoolmaster, 'ornatissimo viro praeceptori suo colendissimo, magistro Brook,' included in the book of Greek and Latin poetry written 'dum Aulae Pemb. alumnus fuit, et Collegii Petrensis socius.' He was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in July 1631, graduating in 1634, and transferring in 1636 to Peterhouse, thus making, as Dean Beeching notes, the opposite journey to that which was made by Gray in the following century. In a volume of divine epigrams in Latin published that year is perhaps the most famous Latin line written by an English poet, on the miracle of the water turned into wine, the pentameter

> Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit

which has attracted many translators, the majority of them basing their versions on a misprint of 'lympha' for 'nympha.'

Crashaw became a Fellow of Peterhouse in 1637, the year in which the brilliant young Abraham Cowley, whose friendship with the elder poet was to be immortal, came up to Trinity. Another friend was Joseph Beaumont, author of *Psyche*, also at Peterhouse. The unknown editor of Crashaw's *Steps to the Temple* declares that the latter was 'excellent' in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish (in the two last of which he had no instructor), and skilled, as well as in poetry, in 'Music, Drawing, Limning, Graving.' He became an intimate of Little Gidding, in the neighbouring shire of Huntingdon, where Nicholas Ferrar had founded a religious settlement devoted to divine meditation, where, he declares, in words which have kinship with the famous passage in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*,

> The self-rememb'ring soul sweetly recovers
> Her kindred with the stars.

At this time he was still a Laudian within the Church of England.

There is no reason to suppose that he would have left it but for the overthrow of the High Church party. In 1644 came that *débâcle*. Laud was beheaded, and on Cambridge came, like a wolf on the fold, the Earl of Manchester to administer the Solemn League and Covenant. Crashaw refused to subscribe, and was one of sixty or seventy Fellows expelled. He went to the royal headquarters at Oxford, of which University he was already a member. It was probably here that he became a Roman Catholic. We next discover him in poverty and distress in Paris, where, as the story goes, he was presented to Queen Henrietta Maria by Cowley. There also his *Steps to the Temple* was published. The Queen sent him with letters of introduction to Rome, where he became secretary to Cardinal Palotta, the Governor. Another Fellow of Peterhouse, John Bargrave, relates that he complained to his master of the wickedness of his suite. This brought him into so great danger that the Cardinal had him appointed to a benefice at the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, which enshrined the Holy House, said to have been carried by angels from Nazareth to deliver it from the impious hands of the Saracens. There he died of a fever shortly after his arrival. Dr. Grosart has discovered that a new appointment was made on August 25, 1649, four months later. Cowley writes in his famous elegy:

> Where, like some holy sacrifice t'expire,
> A fever burns thee, and love lights the fire,

evidently not crediting the story that he was poisoned by the Italians whose wickedness he had exposed to Cardinal Palotta. No more fitting end can be imagined for this creature all flame and passion than a passing at such a site. The incident is one of the great romances of literary history, and has a worthy commemoration in Cowley's splendid ode.

In dealing with the metaphysical poets we find ourselves constantly referred to two names. Whether our study be Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Quarles, Cowley or Marvell, we are always repeating these names, those of John Donne and Ben Jonson. These two poets dominate all their age and for good and ill mark it as their own. Crashaw, most 'metaphysical' of them all, appears to owe rather less than these others to Donne and less still to Ben. Some of those strangely earthly metaphors for sacred things which he employs may indeed come from Donne, but much of his inspiration is foreign—Spanish and Italian. Two of the sources are revealed by himself in his hymns to Saint Teresa, the Spanish mystic, and in *Sospetto d'Herode*, a translation of the first canto of an epic by Cavaliere Marini, an Italian poet whose death occurred in Crashaw's childhood. It is from these sources that come his religious ardour, wherein the divine mingles so strangely

with the half-animal, and also that ultra-refinement of 'wit,' that wealth of extravagant metaphor, which Mr. Gosse calls 'fantastic foppery.' There is no doubt that he derived from the Spaniards that symbolism of sexual passion which, from the *Song of Solomon* to certain poems of Coventry Patmore, is so disquieting to the devout. With the Spaniards, indeed, it sometimes appears to us to degenerate into deliberate sensuality. This we tolerate in King Solomon, who, when he wrote

> Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb ; honey and milk are under thy tongue ; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon,

wrote clearly as an earthly lover, even if employing earthly love as an image. It is startling in the mouths of monks and nuns. In those of Crashaw and Patmore it is often scarce less surprising.

Crashaw's conceits are not more bewildering, but are more highly coloured than those of Donne. A tear from the eye of the Virgin becomes in one poem a 'moist spark,' a 'watery diamond,' a 'star about to drop,' a pearl 'slipp'd from Aurora's dewy breast.' Yet nothing could be more unjust to Crashaw or destructive of his charm than to pick out these purple spots from the web of his verse and exhibit them singly. These poets, and Crashaw above all, fascinate not in spite but because of their glitter and flamboyancy. Their 'wit' is a part of their work, a pattern, a flavour, a perfume, which, whether it appeals to us or not, cannot be subtracted without the ruin of the whole. It is a quality easy enough to recognise, but extraordinarily subtle and elusive when the moment comes to define it It may seem at first sight absurd to declare that it is in part the product of a conviction that the visible world exists, when we have just been insisting upon this poet's preoccupation with the mystic side of life. Yet it is a fact that this poet and all the rest are in a sense materialists. Material things about them are ever to them very real. They live in an age very interested in science, and they exhibit their own interest by their metaphors. Says Marvell, excusing Cromwell for overthrowing the existing order :

> Nature, that hateth emptiness,
> Allows of penetration less,
> And therefore must make room
> When greater spirits come.

John Hall thus expresses his Epicurean philosophy :

> Since that this thing we call the world
> By chance on atoms is begot.

Cowley summons chemistry to punish his cruel mistress :

> Wo to her stubborn heart if once mine come
> Into the self same room ;
> 'Twill tear and blow up all within,
> Like a granado shot into a magazin.

And here is a stanza from *The Weeper*, by Crashaw, which Mr. Gosse declares 'has driven away from it [his shrine] many a would-be worshipper':

> Not the soft gold which
> Steals from the amber-weeping tree,
> Makes Sorrow half so rich
> As the drops distill'd from thee.
> Sorrow's best jewels lie in these
> Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the keys.

Of those who are driven away by this, one might well demand what they went out for to see. Not, surely, an Elizabethan, with wood-notes wild, nor an Augustin, with polished *mediocritas*, nor a Victorian romantic, with great accomplishment and subtle music. No, they expected to find a 'Fantastic,' the most fantastical, perhaps, of them all. They must take him as he is. There will be times when he will strain his note, just as there are times when these others strain their notes. Above all, they must not believe that it is naivety which leads these metaphysical poets to their excesses. On the contrary, it is sophistication. And here, perhaps, we come to the heart of the matter. It is impossible to define poetical 'wit' in one word; but if the task were imposed, what better could be found than this—sophistication? There is in the poetical art no standing still. Each generation of poets must find a new mode of expression. He who deliberately repeats the mode of the old is cramping his own art, which is in part the product of his environment. Cowley was a disciple of Spenser, but he wrote like Spenser only while a precocious child. The metaphysical poets must take their own road. Their signpost is 'wit.' They are too 'fine,' in the best meaning of the term, too particular to ape the simplicity of their predecessors. The heroic days are gone. These men, but for the greatest of them, Milton, who is assuredly of their company, are lesser men. Ah, yes, but that they have something the others lacked in this quality, something that has lacked since then. They have their 'wit.'

The most famous of Crashaw's religious poems is *A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the Admirable Saint Teresa*. It is interesting because it contains instances of all Crashaw's qualities without the exaggeration of those qualities displayed in *The Weeper* and other poems. It has rapture and fire, it has all that high-coloured imagery that Crashaw borrowed from its subject. Its theme is unfolded in the opening words:

> Love, thou art absolute, sole lord
> Of life and death!

It tells how Teresa, 'yet a child, outran maturity, and durst plot

a martyrdom,' and how she was reserved for another life and death.

> Farewell then, all the world, adieu!
> Teresa is no more for you.
> Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,
> Never till now esteemed toys!
> Farewell whatever dear may be,
> Mother's arms or father's knee!
> Farewell house, and farewell home!
> She's for the Moors and martyrdom.
>
> Sweet, not so fast; lo! thy fair spouse,
> Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows,
> Calls thee back, and bids thee come
> T'embrace a milder martyrdom.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Thou art Love's victim, and must die
> A death more mystical and high;
> Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
> A still surviving funeral.
> His is the dart must make the death,
> Whose stroke will taste thy hallow'd breath;
> A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame
> Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
> Upon the roof of heaven, where aye
> It shines, and, with a sovereign ray,
> Beats bright upon the burning faces
> Of souls which in that name's sweet graces
> Find everlasting smiles.

So splendid is the passion, so lyrical, so intense, in this poem that we are never cloyed by the extravagance of the metaphors, nor notice, till we come to examine the verses carefully, a fact such as that the word 'sweet' occurs six times in less than fifty lines. But Crashaw is more uneven than almost any poet save Coleridge. *An Apology for the foregoing Hymn* is lead to the gold of this. Here also, indeed, are a few fine 'fopperies,' but for the most part the poem is dull with the dulness of Habington. He returns yet again to his favourite saint in *The Flaming Heart*, and yet again is at his worst, though his own true disciples, as fierce a clan as those of Wordsworth and Browning, will not admit it. To make amends, in a final passage added at a later date he gives us perhaps his highest flight. Nothing even in the *Hymn* is so splendid as this:

> O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
> By all thy dower of lights and fires;
> By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
> By all thy lives and deaths of love;
> By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
> And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
> By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
> By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;

By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His ;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim !)
By all of Him we have in thee ;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

Of all poets Crashaw risks most from the hasty judgment of minds which do not alone move outside the channels of his, but are unable to comprehend the course of those channels. If a man sing of the loss of Paradise, of a lock cut from a beauty's head, of a skylark climbing the heavens, of the pictures upon an antique urn, or of a great murder trial in seventeenth-century Italy, all men can readily sympathise with him. But a Catholic mystic, steeped in the traditional imagery and concepts of foreign Catholic mystics, is further from the average Englishman's sympathies. If we would appreciate Crashaw, we must try to enter into his mind, to accept his conventions. To illustrate my meaning I cannot do better than quote a stanza from the famous *Song* (*of Divine Love*), which goes to an extreme that to some may appear repulsive :

Lord, when the sense of Thy sweet grace
Sends up my soul to seek Thy face,
Thy blessed eyes breed such desire,
I die in Love's delicious fire.
O Love, I am thy sacrifice !
Be still triumphant, blessed eyes !
Still shine on me, fair suns ! that I
Still may behold, though still I die.

Of the other most notable religious poems reference has been made to *The Weeper*, likewise a subject of contention between the initiate and the outside world. *Sospetto d'Herode* is Crashaw's most sustained effort. In eight-line stanzas, a triple rime with a concluding couplet, it never falters in its rhythmical fluency. This man was capable of an epic in his best moments, yet we must be grateful that he did not attempt one, for all the probabilities are that his worst would have had a part in it. Of dramatic and narrative instinct he had no more than flashes, whereof some appear in the hymn for the Nativity. In that for the Epiphany he takes one of the most beautiful subjects in religious history, and contrives to make the highly romantic figures of the three kings curiously dull. Indeed, it cannot be denied that there is a vein of dulness in him. He works on the perilous borderland between ideas that can be apprehended by the intellect and the vague country of the spirit. When he fails to reduce to earthly language his spiritual meaning, then the failure of the whole

passage, or even of the whole poem, is complete. It is the risk that every mystic needs must run.

There is difference of opinion on the merits of Crashaw's sacred and profane verse. To my mind there can scarce be a comparison. The *Wishes to his (supposed) Mistress* is indeed as notable as anything in the other book, while *Music's Duel* and the *Song out of the Italian* are worthy of their place with the second best. That is all that can be said for *The Delights of the Muses.* Given Crashaw's temperament, his training at Little Gidding, his reading, can it be expected that it will be as a 'poet of earth' that he will chiefly shine? No, these other poems are the mere diversions of a religious mystic. The *Wishes* has indeed become known, though in an arbitrarily shortened form from a bad text, to a very wide public from the *Golden Treasury.* It deserves its fame. The poet through over forty stanzas piles wish upon wish, image upon image, colour upon colour, till he invests the whole with a wonderful rainbow effect. There are some of the most charming conceits:

> Till that divine
> Idea take a shrine
> Of crystal flesh, through which to shine,

And there is some noble philosophy:

> Life that dares send
> A challenge to his end,
> And when it comes say, Welcome, friend!

And there is, one feels, a certain wistfulness, as if the divine lover for a moment regretted that he were not an earthly lover, while setting himself to paint a glittering portrait of the ideal mistress that might have been his.

Strada's story of the contest between the lute-player and the nightingale has brought good fortune to English poets. The translation of it has given Crashaw one of the finest of his profane poems, his contemporary John Ford one of the most gravely beautiful and musical passages in his *Lover's Melancholy*, and a few generations later Ambrose Philips one of his best pastorals. Of the three versions Crashaw's is the more ambitious, the longest, and the fullest of varied splendours. Yet its very ambition, length, and diversity overweigh it and make it a too mighty mould for its slender subject. We cannot see that subject for its adornments. With all its flame and colour and intricacy and sweetness, it is less pleasing than Ford's gracious simplicity.

The *Song out of the Italian*, from an unknown original, has all the fantasy and the music, if not the charming originality, of the *Wishes.* Its metre has been copied by Swinburne in *A Song in*

Season. It is one of the most daintily worldly of Crashaw's songs. There is in it a thistledown delicacy and grace which he does not always display :

> In free air
> Flow thy hair ;
> That no more Summer's best dresses
> Be beholden
> For their golden
> Locks to Phœbus' flaming tresses.
>
> O deliver
> Love his quiver ;
> From thy eyes he shoots his arrows ;
> Where Apollo
> Cannot follow ;
> Feather'd with his mother's sparrows.

There are several other translations from Greek, Latin, and Italian of great charm. Indeed, it is significant that the only notable poem in *The Delights of the Muses* which is not a translation is the *Wishes.* It would seem that Crashaw's spirit, bent upon holy things, moving in an aura of incense and to the melody of divine music, needed the ideas of others to inspire him to worldly song.

Crashaw, after long neglect, has come to considerable popularity. He has, and probably always will have, two types of admirers. There are, first, the men of like mind, the religious mystics who burn with his flames. This is a small band, for whom their divine poet is the object of a cult. But in a far larger section of men of taste he arouses a more tempered and reasoned delight. These make for him no extravagant claims, and are content that he should be ranked in the second order of poets. They do not deny that his worst is leaden, nor that his best and worst are continually being mingled. But they assert that at his best he fulfils in a wonderful fashion the old conception of the poet as a holy and inspired seer, and that he has moments of pure radiancy which stand almost alone in our literature. In these golden glimpses, when he opens a shutter of the world and discovers to us the most sacred visions that man can conceive, there is but one poet to whom he can be compared. Coleridge has his ornament, Francis Thompson his passion, but neither the melodious perfection to which he then rises. At his greatest, when borne along by that lyric flood, he becomes for an instant Shelley's kinsman.

CYRIL FALLS.

BENJAMIN HAYDON: FORERUNNER

It is said that at the opening of the Alfred Stevens Room, which now forms so vital a point of interest at the Tate Gallery, a noted authority on art expressed his satisfaction at seeing leading representatives of the Office of Works and the Royal Academy, whose presence he interpreted as a tardy act of penitence for sins committed by their predecessors against great but neglected genius.

At a time when the Academy is beginning, somewhat tardily, to recognise wall decoration as a form of art worthy of a place beside the easel picture, and is, indeed, holding a winter exhibition of the works of English decorators, it seems profitable to recall the struggle entered on by Benjamin Haydon, over a hundred years ago, in the cause of decorative or, as it was then called, 'historical' painting, and to ask whether a similar act of belated justice is not due to the man who fought a gallant battle against the arrayed ranks of privilege and prejudice, and who, by so doing, ruined himself and raised bitter enmities.

The combat was unequal from the first. On the one hand, a raw, impulsive youth from Plymouth, still full of vague imaginings; on the other, a more or less compact body of professional artists, guarded by royal patronage, leagued by a common interest and led by the prominent portrait painters, who, through their close touch with their patrons, the aristocracy, were able to influence adversely any proposal for the encouragement of ideal art by public money and Government support.

Without intending any offence to our modern exponents of the art, it is necessary to note that portrait painting in Haydon's time supplied a wide-spread want—or vanity—now very largely satisfied by the photographer. When one considers how very important a part the portrait photograph plays in our modern family life, it is more easy to appreciate the importance of the portraitist at the end of the eighteenth century, when England was fast growing rich and all well-conducted households wished to be immortalised. For the general public of those days art and portrait painting must have been almost synonymous terms.

It is quite certain, however, that the business of portraiture

alone does not prepare the artist for the heroic subjects which Haydon was both adventuring on and advocating. Even Sir Joshua, though he talked a great deal about the grand style in his discourses, showed his limitations when he attempted it. Aware of their incompetence, the only defence of the portraitists was to deride any ideal higher than their own. As to the patrons of the day, they lacked moral courage to ignore the ridicule of the portraitists. The Academicians, secure of their market in pleasing likenesses, and cut off by the Napoleonic wars from the influence of the great Continental tradition, viewed with intense uneasiness the inroad of an insistent and often tactless young man from the provinces, screaming aloud such inconvenient doctrines as the necessity of a thorough anatomical grounding for the student ; the need of a British school of ideal art ; the superiority of the despised Elgin Marbles over the stylistic Græco-Roman sculpture then still in fashion.

We know from Sir Joshua's own evidence that the Royal Academy during his presidency had been content to do without a professor of perspective in its school for more than five years. It was, in fact, the insistence of Reynolds in demanding the nomination of a competent teacher in this science which led to the famous scene of bad manners in the Council and to his consequent resignation. This incident illustrates the attitude of the ordinary Academician of that day towards his profession and the instruction of the student. *The Farington Diary*, now being published, confirms the pettifogging spirit of art circles in the London of that period. Haydon, indeed, mentions the author as one of the chief intriguers against the President.

Yet it would be a mistake to imagine that Haydon, coming to London in the year 1804, at the age of nineteen, was already imbued with anti-Academical opinions.

On the contrary, he was all enthusiasm ; and we find him, hardly descended from the coach, hastening to the annual exhibition, then held at Somerset House. One of his earliest visits was to Fuseli, Keeper of the Academy, with whom he kept up for some years a half-admiring, half-critical relationship ; and his earliest and firmest friendship was with David Wilkie, a fellow-student at the Academy schools and, later, a pillar of that society.

Like most young students, he had looked on London as the goal of all his ambitions.

> My head whirled at the idea of going to London and beginning life for myself. . . . I thought only of London, Sir Joshua, drawing, dissection, and high art.

It was only after the disillusion produced by such men as Northcote, with his chuckling 'Mr. Hoare says you're studying anatomy ; *that's no use—Sir Joshua didn't know it* ; why should

you want to know what he didn't ?' that he realised how much he must depend on his own initiative in his studies to attain the lofty ideals he had set himself.

It is conceivable that had his headstrong temper not led him to premature criticism of painters of established reputation, and had his first important work, the *Dentatus*, been fairly treated, he would in time have been accepted into the Academy ranks, as, indeed, in his milder moods, and when compelled by harassing necessities, he seems genuinely to have desired.

But perhaps such speculation is futile. Too great a gulf lay between the intense alertness of Haydon's outlook on art and the conventional attitudinising of Benjamin West, Shee and Sir Thomas Lawrence, men so accustomed to their trappings and blinkers and to the well-balanced weight of society's barouche-landau, that the undisciplined gallopings of such a colt as Haydon round about their equipage infected them with the same dismay that the town-bred carriage horse shows at the unaccustomed sights and sounds of the open country.

The storm was not long in bursting. Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, attracted by Haydon's personality and belief in his mission as the regenerator of the grand style, showered attentions on him. By the former he was often invited to the Admiralty dinners and was commissioned to paint *Dentatus*, the first of his historical compositions.

The boy—he was hardly twenty-three—seems to have lost his head somewhat under his success, and when the painting was badly hung he considered himself, possibly with some reason, the victim of a cabal among the portrait painters, alarmed for their exclusive privileges with the nobility.

> While *Dentatus* was in progress he [Lord Mulgrave] continually said to me, 'I hope it will obtain a good place, but I much fear those Academicians will put it in a dark hole if they can—don't depend on them.

It was shortly before this that he had obtained an order to view the Elgin Marbles, then ignominiously hidden away in a pent-house in Park Lane. Payne Knight, the leading art critic of the day, had condemned them as the work of provincial journeymen carvers. The Apollo Belvedere still held its place as the *beau ideal* of form. Haydon, fresh from his anatomical studies, appreciated to the full the combined naturalism and sense of style in these great works, drew from them for months together, often by candle light, and trumpeted their value in his usual emphatic way to friend and foe alike. This seems to have brought him into ill repute with a generation that believed in little boys being seen but not heard.

> On my saying to him [Mr. Harman, a former patron] that my crime was the refutation of Payne Knight, he replied, 'It was.' 'It will never be

forgiven,' said I. 'It ought not. Young men should not give themselves airs.' So I, because I was a young man, ought not to have defended the Elgin Marbles because he was an old man who attacked them. The fact is the connoisseurs, as a body, will never forgive the man who destroyed the value of their judgment.

Two violent attacks, published a year or two later in the *Examiner*, in which Haydon gleefully demolished Payne Knight, art critics and the Academy in general, certainly did not help to mend matters with his opponents. 'By Gode,' exclaims the infuriated Fuseli, 'the fellow is mad or punishable'—a remark highly instructive of the spirit of that august age and of the extent of Haydon's *lèse-majesté*.

His noble friends, shocked by this offence against good manners, withdrew their patronage, while the Academy double-bolted its door against this noisy disturber of its slumbers. He was once and for all placed on the black list as a dangerous firebrand, as had been James Barry a generation before, and so remained till his death, in spite of half-hearted efforts to atone for these youthful indiscretions. Thus Haydon began his chief historical compositions almost penniless, supported only by his conviction of a divinely inspired mission, and by the assistance of some faithful though long-suffering friends.

It is not possible here to deal minutely with the dramatic phases of his working life. His brief artistic triumphs, his arrests for debt and imprisonments in the King's Bench are told with passionate zest in his autobiography and journal, one of the most human documents ever written. On laying down the volume, which abruptly ends with the words 'God forgive me. Amen. Finis,' of B. R. Haydon, 'stretch me no longer on this rough world,' one's first feeling is that his career was merely a ghastly tragedy, a pitiful failure. The entry was jotted down, as the time shows, only a few moments before he took his life, savagely, as if to end fitly a tumultuous existence; and the personality of the man is so strong that one follows his changing moods as if they were one's own, so that this final, deliberate act appals the soul for the moment, and blinds one to the preceding vigour of his life and purpose.

Yet his artistic activity had been very great, and his protest against the official art of the day has not remained unseconded.

The fruit of the lesson he set himself to preach shows itself in the ever increasing independence of the artist from Academic bonds; and, as always is the case, this wholesome neglect has induced a more amenable spirit in a once all-powerful autocracy.

In judging Haydon as a painter there is singularly little material for us to work on. The large canvases he refers to as being

his chief successes—*Solomon*, *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, *Lazarus* —were taken by his creditors in lieu of payment. The *Solomon* has disappeared; the *Entry into Jerusalem* finally went to America; the *Lazarus* was for some time at the Pantheon in Oxford Street, but is now in the Plymouth Art Gallery. There used to be a *Curtius* in the 'Shades' under Charing Cross Station, a poor work of his later period, when he was evidently working for a bare subsistence. To this period may also be attributed the Hogarthian *May Day* now in the Tate Gallery. But it is only fair to remember that Haydon detested such pot-boiling, and there are constant entries in his journal which show that he was only moved to enthusiasm by the stimulus of huge canvases and heroic subjects.

The *Solomon* and, later, the *Entry into Jerusalem*, created a great impression at the time. Fuseli, visiting Haydon's studio, was moved by the former work: 'By Gode, you will never paint finer things; it was in ye, I always said, and now, by Gode, it's out. You have a marrowy touch quite Venetian.'

Not only society, but 'John Bull,' flocked to the opening of the *Solomon*.

> Now crowded in people of every description; some knew my father; some had nursed me as a baby; servants came out of the city who had lived with my mother; fathers brought me their sons that I might look at their drawings; authors sent me their works. My sister came to town to share my fame, and I pressed her to my heart, overwhelmed by the dreadful burst of reputation after such long struggling obscurity.

With evident glee, too, the fact is recorded that even the Academicians dropped in to admire unwillingly.

> Callott assured me no people had a higher respect for my talents than the Academicians, and that I was quite mistaken if I imagined that they had not. Flaxman was there early on the private day; he was passing by sheer accident. Then came another—by accident of course. Smirke dropped in by the merest chance: and Turner casually passing, no doubt, just looked in, and so on. But Turner behaved well and did me justice.

Hazlitt, 'holding out his two cold fingers,' said, 'By God, sir, it is a victory.' Sir George Beaumont, who was deputed to buy it for the Institution, found it sold and went round the room saying, 'The Gallery meant to have bought.' Watts, who remembered the *Solomon*, always spoke of it as a fine composition, and when all due allowance is made for Haydon's tendency to exaggeration, it is hard not to believe from contemporary evidence that these early paintings had some very fine qualities. Probably an early affection of the eyes from which he suffered tended to distortions of vision, and we know from his own confession that he was too anxious to seize the expression of his heads before laying in the necessary groundwork. Nevertheless the disappearance of the works that made Haydon's reputation is a great loss to the

student of British art, though it may not yet be too late to rediscover some of them.

He was generous in communicating his knowledge to young men, often without remuneration. Bewick, the Landseers, Lance, Eastlake and others were his pupils, and he put them to copy the Elgin Marbles and the Raphael Cartoons to the scale of the originals. A set of the former, ordered by Goethe, were executed by Bewick and may still be in the house of the poet at Weimar.

Haydon's journal, which he kept all his working life and which ran to twenty-six volumes, was filled with sketches of the work he was then engaged on. It would be interesting to know where the manuscript was deposited after Tom Taylor compiled his life from it, for much might be learnt from these rapid jottings of the artist's power and imagination.

As a propagandist Haydon was pre-eminent. His first great claim to recognition is undoubtedly his defence of the Elgin Marbles, undertaken when he was still an unknown student. He pursued his aim undauntedly in the face of ridicule and indifference from the art critics and the public respectively, until the whole-hearted appreciation of Canova convinced the latter, always subservient to a great reputation.

> I was the first who took him [Fuseli] to see these divine works. Wilkie had taken me. Tired, I went to Fuseli, set him in a blaze, and he put on his coat directly. Thrown off his guard by their beauty, he strode about the collection in his fierce way, saying, 'The Greeks were gods—they were gods.' . . .
>
> A day or two afterwards, reflecting what he had said about the Apollo, etc., he tried to *unsay*, but it would not do. One side of the Ilissus was too short! I showed him a cast which was shorter. One arm of the Theseus was too thick! I proved it right by the different actions. His belly was too flat! I convinced him it was owing to the bowels falling in, while the bowels leaned out in the Ilissus, and then the belly protruded. He saw he was wrong and had passed his life on a wrong scent. A really great soul like Canova's would have acknowledged it. I fear Fuseli's self-love was too strong for this. He flew into a passion and we were never cordial again. I regretted it, as no man owed more to Fuseli than myself.

That the Marbles are now among the art treasures of the nation is certainly largely due to Haydon's passionate advocacy, as also to Lord Elgin's public spirit, for the latter could have sold the collection to Paris for twice the meagre sum allowed him by the British Government. A tablet commemorating these facts would not be amiss in the British Museum, which owes such wealth to their initiative.

For thirty-five years Haydon never ceased to din into the ears of each successive Prime Minister, by means of interviews, letters and petitions to Parliament, in and out of season, the necessity of grants to artists and their employment in the decoration of public

buildings. He cited what had been done by the great States of the past for the encouragement of art, but it was to deaf ears. He was rebuffed, though not quelled, by each Minister in turn; curtly by the Iron Duke; quizzically by Lord Melbourne; pompously by Sir Robert Peel. Ever undaunted, he returned to the attack, and before his death had the satisfaction of seeing a scheme on foot for the decoration of the House of Lords, though also the bitter experience of being an unsuccessful competitor. This was probably the culminating blow which led to his suicide.

That he was convinced of being the one artist equipped for the work does not vitiate the justness of his contention, nor can anyone deny that the very meagre results of his crusade merely prove a distressing obtuseness to beauty in our legislators, and an obsession for crude materialism in the nation.

It is indeed an unfortunate truth that our public schemes for mural decoration have to depend for their fulfilment on the chance generosity and taste of private donors or wealthy amateurs; and the fact is the more curious in that (as Haydon notes) vast sums of public money have been spent in the past on atrocities in sculpture. Perhaps the practical mind of the Briton, rejoicing in a sound commercial article, sees here, at least, a durable result for his money, while he estimates mural painting as he would a shoddy suiting. For his stock criticism of wall decoration is ever that it 'will not last.' Alas! some of our monuments, on the other hand, show every promise of enduring for ever!

In the later years of his life Haydon toured the country giving lectures on various aspects of art, and demonstrating his points in the anatomical ones with the naked male model, a bold step for those times if one measures them by the still prudish conception of the nude existing in some provincial cities nowadays. People who have heard him said he was an inspiring lecturer. He certainly ruled his audience with a mailed fist, calling them fools when they tittered at some unexpected movement of the model.

His work as a lecturer brought him in touch, especially in the north, with the industrial leaders, on whom his vitality and force of conviction impressed themselves. He showed them the need of local schools of design to foster the manufactures, and a movement was thus started which may fairly be said to have been a forerunner of the present science and art system throughout the country.

Haydon's share in obtaining from Lord Melbourne the first Commission of Inquiry (1836) into the Condition of Arts and Manufactures, which included a report on the influence and legal status of the Royal Academy, is better known through the fitful interest which the public has from time to time displayed in the status of that society. He was by this time its determined enemy, and the

pages of his journal dealing with the evidence are certainly not free from personal rancour. He describes the President, Sir Martin Shee, as attempting to shield himself behind royal privilege, but as being called to order rather severely by the chairman. The report, which clearly recognised the anomalous standing of the Academy, was subsequently lost by the hostile majority of a few in an empty House. But it has since borne its fruit in internal reforms of the former body, though its position, regarded nationally, still remains curiously indefinite.

Haydon seems to have found his chief solace in the company of literary men. Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, Keats and Charles Lamb were his intimate friends; and the sonnet he receives from the 'Old Lake Poet' fills him with enthusiasm. It is therefore not strange that he always viewed the Universities with the greatest veneration, symbolic as he took them to be of the intellectual life of the country. His contention was that art should form a part of the course of studies there. If, he said, our Ministers, as young men, had been directed towards an appreciation of beautiful things, more encouragement for contemporary workers in the arts would have resulted as the former came into power.

He believed intensely in the potentiality of modern artists for fine work, given proper aid and encouragement by the public, and he would have none of the fatuous doctrine of the class of art critic and collector—not to speak of the dealer—who live in, and by, an atmosphere of artificial veneration for the antique, and who hasten to bury the contemporary artist in a shroud of sackcloth and ashes prior to his resuscitation as a marketable quantity.

Haydon lived to see the establishment of a chair of art at King's College. Who can say that he had not also his spiritual part in the founding of the Slade Professorships at the Universities and in London?

It must be remembered that Ruskin had begun to write before Haydon's death, and it were strange if the one passionate advocate of beauty handed not on some sparks at least of his fire to the younger torch-bearer.

For he was, indeed, one of the 'passionate few'—the jealous guardians of a great tradition; ruthless in his denunciations of the shallow, the insincere and the incompetent; generous to a fault where his instinct saw a noble striving. And as such he merits a niche in the Temple of Remembrance, where, like one of his beloved Waterloo heroes, he may well figure as the ever watchful sentinel, on guard over the sleeping spirit of a sacred legacy.

F. W. SARGANT.

WILD LIFE BY SOUTHERN SEA-CLIFFS

THE ruddy cliffs of the south-west on a mild winter's day, the tail end of a southerly gale still visible in the big breakers that roll in upon the rocks. The wind to-day is light enough, and as regards temperature it might almost be April instead of January. Fleecy clouds, gently wafted overhead, and patches of blue sky give promise of a fair day to-morrow.

Coast erosion is going on year by year, and every winter sees the fall of a considerable portion of cliff in one part or another.

A rough attempt is made with iron posts and wire to keep cattle, also pedestrians, from venturing too near the crumbling edge, but in some places the posts themselves are dangling in space, supported only by the wire attached to others that are still standing. Here some 40 square yards of ground, partially covered with large blackthorn bushes, seem to have slipped bodily down and come to rest 100 feet below.

Curiously enough, the bushes are still standing upright, and flourishing, apparently none the worse. One is reminded of Gilbert White's account of a landslip that occurred near Selborne in 1774, when

> a gate, . . . after sinking with its posts for 30 or 40 feet, remained in so true and upright a position as to open and shut with great exactness, just as in its first situation. Several oaks also are still standing, and in a state of vegetation, after taking the same desperate leap.

Looking straight out to sea, one notices several fishing smacks are tossing some two miles from shore. On one side a long indented coast line bends round to a splendid headland that stands 300 feet above the waves. On the other in the middle distance rises a gorse-clad hill much haunted by stonechats and linnets.

Just below, the cliff is hollowed out, and the basin is filled with a tangle of blackthorn and willow covered later on with masses of wild clematis—a magnificent resting-place for weary migrants on reaching our shores and a good taking-off spot for those that are leaving us.

Between us and the gorse-clad hill is a sandy bay beloved of curlews and oyster-catchers. When the mud flats of the large

estuary a few miles away are covered by the flowing tide, these birds come to the bay to while away the time until the ebb.

There may be as many as 200 of them, or even more, in the bay, with perhaps a bar-tailed godwit or two, or a greenshank, among the crowd. There they love to doze away the interval, every bird with bill tucked away in its plumage and many standing on one leg. Now and then a sleepy curlew emits a faint whistle, or an oyster-catcher pipes in a dreamy way, but for the most part they make no sound. As soon as portions of the estuary mud are once more exposed a wireless message would seem to give them warning. At any rate, they instinctively know when to return to their feeding grounds, and rise all together with glad whistles and piping cries.

About half a mile off shore a large party of at least 100 common scoters are disporting themselves. They are not easy to distinguish, now almost dipping from sight in the trough of a wave, now diving in search of food. There do not appear to be any of the rarer velvet scoters among them, though one cannot be certain.

As is their habit, one or two frequently half rise from the water and vigorously flap their wings. In varying numbers and different stages of plumage common scoters are met with off this coast at almost all seasons, thus showing that some do not breed regularly.

In their neighbourhood, but holding somewhat aloof, three red-throated divers and one great crested grebe are busily feeding.

Their method of diving is in striking contrast with that of a cormorant about 50 yards away. They slide under water with hardly a ripple, while the cormorant half rises, and then plunges head first with a splash. Several more of these rather ungainly birds are drying themselves on a flat rock just below the cliff. They remind one of an heraldic emblem as they sit with wings half spread, or with one wing closed and the other opened wide to catch the rays of the sun.

This bit of coast is a favourite spot for many species of duck, though none but scoters are to be seen to-day. The tufted duck, wigeon, and red-breasted merganser at times make their appearance, and once a fine male eider strayed down channel and took up his abode here for at least three weeks. Such a sight may not occur again for a long while, and it was well worth a good walk to come down and watch him for an hour now and then, especially as he obligingly kept near in shore.

Jackdaws chatter about their old nesting holes towards the top of the cliff; a few rock pipits flit about on the grass above, and a raven calls 'honk' as he flies steadily by along the coast.

A black redstart suddenly bobs up from nowhere in particular, and perches on a convenient stone where he can be observed. He

is a regular winter visitor, much more regular indeed at this season than is the common redstart in spring.

A thin high-pitched whistle is heard at this moment, and looking over the cliff edge, we see two magnificent otters in the waves only 40 yards or so from the rocks. They are occupied in diving, but, though we watch them for some time, we cannot be certain that they bring up any fish. Now they sport with one another, playing 'catch as catch can' with the big waves breaking over their heads. At times one can see their whole form, even to the rudder-like tail, and it is evident that they are unusually large.

One would judge them to be a pair but that they look exactly the same size, and might both be dogs. We estimate their weight at a good 30 lbs., and their length as tending towards four feet.

We pass the same spot an hour later, but they are no longer there. Possibly they are lying up on a ledge of rock at the base of the cliff, or making their way towards the big estuary to seek a moorland stream. Otters are not infrequently seen off this sea-cliff, and are more partial to salt water than is sometimes supposed. When disturbed by hounds towards the mouth of an estuary they often escape out to sea rather than up stream.

There are few more fascinating animals than the otter, whether it is catching its prey or sporting with its young. Most fishermen know it well, and the flute-like whistle just heard brings back memories of many a happy hour spent by the river bank.

This cliff is a stronghold of the badger, and I well remember lying on the top one autumn day watching duck through binoculars. Suddenly, a short distance below, a badger dashed out of one hole and disappeared into another close by. The glimpse was hasty, but sufficient to enable me to recognise the well-known white-striped face. I wondered what occurred to disturb him so violently in the day-time.

By now the heraldic-looking cormorants have dried their wings and left the flat slab of rock, which is occupied by half a dozen great black-backed gulls. Their black and white plumage is neat, and on the wing they are magnificent—in powers of soaring they vie with any bird—but they are sinister in appearance even to one who may be ignorant of their habits. The beak is a cruel weapon indeed, and works fearful havoc among such birds as the puffin.

The deep pools about this and neighbouring great slabs of rock are famous spots for pollack, and huge prawns are often caught at the base of these cliffs. Rabbit burrows are numerous towards the top, where the slope is less precipitous, and one or two of them are tenanted annually by sheld-duck—the most striking of all our duck, certainly in size, and perhaps in plumage.

In common parlance it is called the burrow duck, and with good reason, for the nest is sometimes as much as four yards from the entrance.

Two large flocks of smaller birds are busy alternately feeding in and wheeling over a stubble field just behind the cliff. One flock seems to be composed entirely of skylarks; the other is a mixed company of chaffinches, greenfinches, linnets, and yellow-hammers. When we put the binoculars on to them we can distinguish a few cirl buntings—a common bird in these parts—and at least one snow bunting, a male in good plumage.

This particular field is always a likely spot for a snow bunting, and every winter at some time or another one or two may be found keeping company with the mixed flock of finches.

As we stand under the lee of a high hedge composed of that curious shrub called the 'Duke of Argyle's tea tree' (*Lycium barbarum*) there is a rush of wings from behind the hedge, and immediately over our heads dashes a fine tiercel peregrine straight at the congregated skylarks. A puff of feathers, and off he goes with a skylark in his talons, like a flash of blue-grey lightning.

His eyrie is but two miles away, and he and his mate are very familiar friends. Almost any day that one walks along these cliffs one may see these incomparable masters of flight wheeling overhead, their sickle-like wings cleaving the air in their own inimitable manner. There are, indeed, two pairs of peregrines along this particular stretch of coast, and, though they are sorely harried from time to time, the survivor invariably finds another mate, and both nesting spots continue to be tenanted. Long may it be so.

A bird of very different character is the common buzzard, also, in his own way, a master of the air. He, too, now and then pays these sea-cliffs a visit, though we do not see him to-day.

During the war, for at least two seasons, a pair of these birds built their nest in a wood a little way inland (once in a Scotch fir, and once in an old oak), and at that time both birds were not infrequently seen soaring in wide circles, as is their custom, and uttering their kitten-like mewing high in air above the fields bordering the cliffs. After the Armistice the keepers returned to their duties, and in the following spring no buzzard's nest was built in that or any neighbouring wood, nor have they appeared since except as casual visitors from haunts more remote from this coast. One is glad to think that buzzards are increasing in many parts of the country, notably in Wales and the Lake District; but they are far too often trapped or shot as vermin by keepers who should know better.

While we call a halt and eat our lunch with our backs against the red sandy cliff just below the top, a common gull—a familiar

winter visitor—chooses to pitch and settle comfortably down almost beside us. Whether he wants company, or whether he has an eye to the remains of lunch, one knows not, but apparently he goes to sleep, and even when we move away he only just uncloses an eye, and declines to stir; and there we leave him.

Even in winter there is plenty of colour around us. The ruddy earth of the fields backing the cliffs, the lighter red of the cliffs themselves, and the patches of blue sky above, make bright the winter's day. But in imagination we see it in the heat of summer, when masses of pink thrift, great clumps of yellow samphire, and patches of sea-lavender star the cliffs in all directions, while purple-red knapweed edges the fields all along the cliff top.

W. WALMESLEY WHITE.

FOREFATHERS OF THE RED INDIAN

THE average educated Briton does not realise that more than fifty peoples share Siberia with the Russ. He has merely a vague idea that some few tribes of nondescript natives called Tartars dwell, or used to dwell, in Northern Asia.

It is only recently, moreover, that the anthropologists have conceded that the American Indian originated in Eastern Siberia.

So numerous are these Siberian races that it takes me some little time, despite having lived among them, to recollect their names, let alone their characteristics—Soyots and Uriankhs, Darkhats and Soyones, Karagasses and Sagai Tartars, Potengosses and Katchine Tartars, Giliaks and Dolgans, Tchouvantzes and Yukaghirs, Kamasses and Kamasintzes, Mordves and Teptiares, Meshaires and Bashkirs, Lamuts and Aleuts, Kuriles and Itelmens, Kamschatdales and Koriaks, Onlikons and Namolls, Daurians and Mantzi, Gholds and Tozi, Manaygres and Olenyays, Orotches and Mangouns, Oroks and Oltchas, Nigidals and Orotchones, Ngatkuns and Samagirs, Hassaks and Yakuti, Samoyedes and Voguls, Tunguses, Buriats and the rest.

They come from Finn and Mongol and Turk stock, but most of them have intermarried with their neighbours to such an extent that it is well-nigh impossible to trace the predominant blood in most families. Nomadic folk for the most part, hunting and fishing and tending their flocks and herds, they worship manifestations of Nature as expounded by their *shaman*, or medicine man, and live the life of the more peaceable American Indian. War is unknown to them. Like the American Indian, many of their races are fast diminishing in numbers, however, killed off by the diseases introduced by the invading white man. Only three of the most populous races, the Yakuts, Buriats and Tunguses, are holding their own. The Yakuts, indeed, who live along the banks of the great river Lena, for a few hundred miles north and south of the Arctic Circle, are actually absorbing Russian colonists. Where a Russian marries a Yakut woman, the family tends to become Yakut in the second generation. The Yakuti, living up in the frozen wilderness of North-eastern Siberia and worshipping

the gods of forest and stream, talk a tongue with close resemblances—in the numerals, for instance—to that of the Turk in Constantinople, to whom, geographically and racially, they used to be related.

The faces of these Siberian natives show every possible blend of the Chinese, the Eskimo and the Red Indian. Some races look almost entirely Chinese or Eskimo or Indian.

Between Tchita, which has come into prominence as the seat of the Bolshevist 'Far Eastern Republic,' and Irkutsk in the north, and Kiakhta, lies the picturesque land of Trans-Baikalia, peopled by the Buriats, the most prosperous and energetic of all the Siberian races.

A strange little nation are these quarter of a million hybrid Mongols. Scores of centuries ago their parent stock sent across the Behring Strait the first few canoe loads of braves and squaws to people North America. It is more than possible that it was from Trans-Baikalia and Yakutsk that the Indians of South and Central America emanated, by way of the once-joined tips of North-east Siberia and Alaska. The mammoth, we know, took that road to America, and his bones have been found as far south as Mexico. Very likely the Aztec went with him. Seven hundred years ago, a mere yesterday in the stupendous march of time, flocking to the standard of Genghis Khan, the Trans-Baikalian Mongols followed the Golden Horde of Tartary across the Asiatic wilderness to subdue Muscovy with fire and sword. They swept Eastern Europe until their spent wave of invasion broke at last against the pikes and spears of Hungary. As recently as three centuries ago they made things very hot for the Cossack pioneers who pressed down from the north to loot their fertile land.

Russia is crude and naïve in many of her methods, but she has been really democratic and far-sighted in the treatment she has meted out to the natives of Siberia. Of course, there have been notorious scandals—the Kolymsk levy of *yasak* (tribute) on 'dead souls,' for example, which the Government agent Buturlin laid bare seventeen years ago. But they have been righted wherever they have come to light.

Russia has not persecuted the Moslems and stopped the activity of their missionaries. She has not told the Buriat or the Yakut or the Tungus that he is an inferior animal who must be shouldered aside into a State institution or 'special reservation' of land while the white man takes possession of his land. Mosque and Orthodox Russian church, Buddhist lamasery and pagan witch doctor, flourish on a level footing. Where there is a religious row it is a squabble between various sects of Christians. The Siberian colonist does not call his native neighbour a nigger or its

equivalent. He does not consider that he loses caste by fraternising with him. It is instructive to mingle with the people around the market booths and watch for the inevitable difficulties and misunderstandings due to a mutual ignorance of language. No, the Yakut, the Buriat and the Russ do not curse each other. They smile amiably, and somehow or other the difficulty gets straightened out. No distinction exists in the eye of the law between native and Russ. All pay similar taxes, and native villages are allowed to appoint their own officials and manage their local affairs after their own desires.

The Buriats are a strange race, with more Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes among them than most peoples. Shown over one of the higher schools or training colleges of Irkutsk or Tchita in the morning, you may pause to chat with some neatly uniformed student whom you interrupt in his reading of German philosophy or a biological analysis. Ere nightfall you may meet him a few leagues out in the hills, participating in a ceremonial sacrifice of horses or some wild orgie of chant and dance and votive offering, presided over by a wild-eyed, maniacal *shaman* (witch doctor). For though the Russian Orthodox Church in the north and Buddhist missionaries in the south have been gaining a number of adherents, the majority of the Buriats have remained in the faith of their fathers, the worship of the mysterious gods of the forest and lake and plain and the propitiation of evil spirits.

Within the last two hundred years the Buriats have largely altered their nomadic habits and settled down to a tranquil existence, tending their horses, cattle and sheep. The rich—and some are very rich, though they subsist on mutton and bread—own two houses: a Russian style winter-log cottage, a spacious bungalow with Western furniture; and a summer house, an eight-sided replica of their own felt *auls*, in which, in accordance with pagan ritual, the door always faces south. The 'rooms' of the interior of this wooden tent are shaped like the quarters of an orange and are separated merely by curtains. In the middle of the wooden floor, which is raised about 18 inches from the ground, is the big fireplace, the smoke passing out through a large hole directly overhead in the roof. Around the edge of this fire-well gathers the family, a very cosy literal observance of the ritual of the domestic hearth. The poorer and nomadic Buriats still live in light felt-covered wickerwork *auls*, shaped like an inverted pudding-basin, which are easily movable as the herds wander on to a richer grazing ground.

As might be expected in a nation living almost exclusively by raising cattle and horses, stock was cheap until the mass requisitioning for the war and the subsequent dearth. When the world war began a horse cost only 4*l*. or 5*l*., a cow 3*l*., a sheep 10*s*., a

goat 6*s*., a pig 28*s*. A strong camel, able to carry a half-ton load, only ran into 10*l*.

You have to step warily in accepting a Buriat's hospitality, for his *menu* is not always of the daintiest or most innocuous. There is what I used to call 'horse-tail tea,' for instance. A Buriat woman sets an iron kettle over the fire, fills it with water, adds a pinch or two of crumbled tea brick (made of tea dust glued together with bullock's blood) and a little salt, and stirs it vigorously with a horse's tail. When it boils she pours it into another vessel, again stirring with the horse's tail, which is used, by the way, as a general duster and scrubbing-brush for use in the *aul*. A paste of meal and butter, from an adjacent goat-skin, is added, with thick cream. After having been boiled for ten minutes the mess is set aside to cool and finally served in wooden cups. Even the well-to-do, moreover, do not entertain the least objection to a savoury dish of meat on account of the beast of which it is composed having died a natural death.

The Buriat and his *tarasun* are comparable to the Scot and his whisky. It is a revelation to you to see what can be done with ordinary milk, for *tarasun*, the highly alcoholic, colourless liquid that keeps the Buriat in good spirits in more senses than one, is just a distillation of milk, made in primitive household stills. When a wedding or a party is in the offing the family redistils two or three times the three or four barrels it always has at hand. But for all that the Buriat takes his liquor like a gentleman. He will tackle enough *tarasun* to prostrate three hardened Scots and then pick up his bow and a sheaf of arrows, vault on to his shaggy little horse's back, and shoot at—and hit—hares from the saddle as he passes them at a gallop.

Religious observance is more closely interwoven with the life of the Buriat than with that of most races. His gods, or *burkans*, and the invisible world of ancestral shades are nearer and more real to him than the God of the white man. Mysterious links with the unseen, called *ongons*, enter intimately into his domestic ritual. A typical *ongon* consists of a small box with a sliding lid containing a narrow strip or two of silk to which are sewn several crude little metal images—tiny metal men and women in outline—and three or four dried and wizened skins of small animals. House *ongons* are hung high up in the corner of a cottage. Property *ongons* are affixed to a post of the sheds in the stockaded yard. And, most curious of all, on wide wind-swept tracts of steppe, far from any habitation, one encounters clusters of tall posts, across the top of each, projecting over the east side like half a roof, a small board. Under this roof is a slot in the post, protected by a sliding cover. Inside the slot is the field *ongon*, a similar

collection of charms to those in and around the home. When a Buriat marries and establishes a home of his own he has to set up, out in the wilderness in one of these lonely clusters of pagan shrines, a post of his own. At this ceremony and the simultaneous placing in the post of a set of charms a *shaman* (witch doctor) officiates. At the death of a Buriat the little box containing his *ongons* is taken from the pillar away into a forest glade, there to be hung high on a tree until, with the passing of years, it falls to pieces.

Strange and eerie it was to encounter one of these forest *ongons*. My horse was stumbling among the tangled creepers and mossy limbs and trunks of fallen trees that lay hidden by the grass and low undergrowth when suddenly I caught sight of what, had it been in England, one would have said was a nesting box, put up by a lover of birds. A beam of sunshine, slanting down through a gap in the dense foliage, struck the side of the fir trunk with the intensity of a searchlight. I slackened rein and let the horse graze. And as I stared up at this exiled box of the household charms of a nameless man who had been, and now was not, a yellow butterfly came flickering down the sunbeam and perched on the box. Once or twice it opened and shut its wings. Then it rose, and a moment later the mysterious gloom of the forest had swallowed it up.

Ill-luck and even disaster are believed to attend the dead man's family if the man carrying this *ongon* from the cluster of posts to the last resting-place in the forest once looks back.

Sacred trees and groves are a prominent feature of the Buriat country. Practically every isolated and prominent tree in a bare expanse of steppe is held to be the home of a lesser *burkan*. Soon after a *shaman* dies one of his friends falls in a trance—struck by an invisible thunderbolt launched by the gods—and when he recovers he announces that the dead priest's spirit has confided to him the spot in which it wishes to rest. The body is burned and the ashes placed in a hole cut in one of the largest trees in the appointed part of the forest. Then the spot is holy.

These sacred groves are held in the greatest reverence. No tree there may be cut down. Even the grass carpeting the ground, rich and tempting crop though it be, may not be mown. All sorts of misfortunes, not the least of which might be a knife in your back one dark evening, would befall you if you as much as plucked a twig there with which to touch up your lagging horse. Whenever a Buriat passes by he dismounts and sprinkles on the ground near by a few drops of *tarasun* or a few shreds of tobacco, standing treat in case the gods or the spirits of the witch doctors may care to drink or smoke.

Shamanism, most likely the very earliest religion in the world, is, with slight variation of ritual, the universal religion of the pagan races of Siberia. It flourishes all the way from the Russian slope of the Urals to the very gates of China, on the Pacific seaboard. The universe to the Siberian 'Indian' consists of a number of layers or strata separated by intermediate slices of space or matter. The seven upper layers constitute the kingdom of light, and the seven lower layers the kingdom of darkness. The surface of the earth—flat, of course—lies between the two groups. The good spirits dwell above, the evil below. In the very highest layer, the Seventh Heaven, reigns the great Delquen Sagan, *alias* Esege Malan, Tangara or Ai-Toion. He is perfect morally, and meddles very little in the base affairs of earth. Down in the nethermost pit lives Erlik Khan, the Black One.

Humanity, according to Shamanism, constitutes the plaything of the spirits of dead men. The priest, witch doctor or *shaman*, being gifted with second sight, is aware of what is going on in the invisible world and can nearly always avert or alleviate catastrophe by appeasing the evil spirits and appealing, in extreme cases, to a benevolent *burkan*, for there is a whole hierarchy of lesser gods. Esege Malan is so holy that no pictures or images are ever made of him.

BASSETT DIGBY.

WHY NOT PROFIT-SHARING IN AGRICULTURE?

THE chief difficulty in profit-sharing in agriculture seems to be that there are so often years when there is no profit to distribute. The position of a farm labourer who is disappointed of his dividend at the end of the year is far more unenviable than that of an ordinary shareholder in a similar position ; for the shareholder merely suffers financial loss, whereas the farm labourer has given his extra toil and care for nothing. When it is remembered that this extra toil is a day-to-day—almost an hour-to-hour—affair, an annual summary of small efforts, each of which has cost him something in work and determination which he need not have given had he not expected to reap some material benefit, it will be realised that an unfortunate succession of bad years coming at the beginning of a profit-sharing scheme will handicap it so severely that total failure seems inevitable.

The history of agricultural profit-sharing schemes is not encouraging. The large majority have failed. But the fact that any have survived shows that the problem is not insoluble, and failure is not evidence of unattainable success. The idea of profit-sharing in agriculture is surely not so idealistic and out of reach as to be beyond the wit of man to realise. But, before going any further, it would perhaps be well to consider the advantages that profit-sharing can offer to employer and employed.

Briefly, it provides the men with an incentive and the farmer with more painstaking and interested labour.

At the present stage of human evolution few people are prepared to give something for nothing. There is the story of a factory owner who stated that if his workmen liked they could save him 10,000*l*. a year by less waste and better work. He was asked, somewhat pertinently, why he did not offer them 5000*l*. a year to do it.

There are so many ways in which farming cost could be lessened by greater interest and more expeditious work on the part of the employees. Hay and harvest times are when the greatest saving could be made. If the men knew that direct financial benefit would accrue to them in some proportion to their

own efforts, many a rick would be finished and many a last acre of field cut at the end of a day, whereas both are now left till the following morning. When the morning comes, too often the dew has been too heavy to start work at once, and consequently hours are spent in enforced idleness that might have been well employed in shifting the tackle to a fresh field had the work been finished the night before. Since hay-making and harvesting are usually a race against the weather in this country, all farmers will realise what this small extra effort may mean, quite apart from the actual money paid for the men's time.

Where farm implements are used that are adjustable there is a very natural tendency on the part of the men to set them in the position where they work the most easily rather than where they give the best results. This again is due to the lack of a better incentive than fear of 'getting the sack.'

Profit-sharing should bring about more work per hour, more intelligent interest in the farm, greater care of machinery and implements, and a closer bond between employer and employee.

The farmer benefits, and so do the men. For not only does it give them an interest that makes their labour less mechanical, but also, in a fairly successful year, it should yield them a sum additional to their ordinary wage of from 5*l.* to 15*l.*, or an extra 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week.

It is the uncertainty of agriculture as an industry that makes the introduction of a successful profit-sharing scheme difficult. Apart from this, agriculture offers exceptional opportunities. In no other industry is the bond between master and man more personal, and few workmen are more interested in their work than the farm labourer. One of his favourite Sunday occupations is to walk round neighbouring farms and compare them with the one where he works himself. He remembers the details of every crop in every field for years back, and can bring a shrewd first-hand criticism to bear that is the outcome of generations of experience and contact with the land. Many a farmer has learnt to trust that experience and fall back on the advice of his employees, an act which, *ipso facto*, takes the farm hand into a measure of co-partnership with the farmer. That the men value this appeal for their advice and are keen to have a voice in the management of the farm is shown by a letter from Lord Robert Cecil in *The Times* in February 1919, quoted by Sir Henry Rew in his article 'The Workers' Share in Agriculture,' published in the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture*, September 1919. Lord Robert wrote :

At the last election in one of the villages in my constituency there was apparent a strong anti-employer feeling, and I was told that it was due to the fact that the local farmer—an incompetent man—declined to listen

to the advice of the men employed by him, who had far greater experience in agriculture than he had. They argued that he was not only ruining himself, which was his affair, but in so doing he was ruining, or likely to ruin, them also, and that it was intolerable that they should not be consulted before such follies were perpetrated.

Granted that there may be another side, that a progressive farmer is up against a stronger conservative instinct than in any other class of the community, that a farm can only be run by one man and not by a committee, yet this farmer must have shown a degree of tactlessness and overbearance to his men, who, generally speaking, are patient and loyal, that one can only hope is extremely rare.

Profit-sharing is one of the strongest correctives to any form of subversive propaganda. It should go some way towards satisfying the growing desire of the farm worker to possess land himself, and, by realising on a capitalistic basis certain claims made with some justice by the more moderate Socialists, should prove an effective bulwark against the more revolutionary doctrines which in some districts have threatened to sweep labour off its feet, weakened, as it has been, by high prices, discontent, and ignorance.

By becoming a partner in the business, and having the accounts, officially audited, put before him every year, the confidence of the farm labourer would be increased. He would realise that farming is a highly speculative business, offering greater chances of loss and smaller chances of making a fortune than any other industry requiring proportionate capital, and he would be more likely to believe that the farmer was not piling up huge profits at his expense, and that his own interests and the farmer's were identical.

So much for profit-sharing in the abstract. It remains to put forward some concrete scheme for its application. The following scheme is roughly on the lines of one thought out and put into operation by Mr. E. T. Le Lacheur at Pitt Farm, near Winchester. It resembles closely a scheme put forward, a few months after Mr. Le Lacheur started, by Mr. James Wyllie, B.Sc., and made public in the *North British Agriculturist* in September 1919. Mr. Wyllie's scheme won two prizes of 100*l.* and 10*l.* offered by Mr. James Ismay for the best scheme for introducing 'Profit and Loss Sharing on the Farm.' As the basic facts of both Mr. Wyllie's and Mr. Le Lacheur's scheme are practically identical, I will describe the latter as I have a closer personal knowledge of it and have seen it in operation.

The scheme was started with three main objects:

(1) To increase the productivity of the farm, and thereby the earnings of both employer and employed.

(2) To give the men a greater interest and incentive to work than the mere threat of dismissal.

(3) To bring about closer relationship between employer and employed, whereby both parties may realise that their interests are coincident.

Any scheme of profit-sharing, to be successful, must contain the three following essentials:

(1) The auditing of the farm accounts by an auditor approved by both parties.

(2) A genuine desire of both parties to make the scheme a success.

(3) A true co-operative spirit that sets greater store by the spirit of the agreement than the letter. Any attempt to snatch technical advantages is fatal.

The financial agreement made by Mr. Le Lacheur was that he charged the farm with 6 per cent. interest on the capital he had invested in it, and then, when this and all other expenses had been deducted from the total receipts for the year, he took half the remaining profit and divided the other half amongst the regular employees. But before this division of profit a small percentage (about 10 per cent.) was set aside as a reserve fund against a bad year. This building up of a reserve is most important, for the employees cannot share in the *losses* of the farm, except that in a year of loss they have given their extra toil and care for nothing, and it would be unfair to expect the owner to pay on the losses and divide on the profits. It is while this reserve is in the process of reaching a sum large enough to meet unfavourable contingencies that a profit-sharing scheme goes through its most critical time. It resolves itself into a matter of luck as to whether the first few years after the scheme has been started are good or bad for farming.

Given normal conditions and a little good fortune, a reserve fund should be accumulated that should soon enable *some* distribution to be made every year, even if it were only 2*l*. per head.

It must be remembered that if the scheme is effective, not only are the profits greater in good years, but the losses are less in bad ones.

But it must be clearly understood that the scheme is not philanthropic, but a commercial proposition, and therefore the investment of capital must be given an adequate return. The prevailing rate of interest paid by stocks in which the farmer's money would be invested were he not a farmer can be taken as a general guide, and, when the speculative nature of farming is considered, 6 per cent. seems a moderate rate to expect.

Keeping the accounts presents the chief difficulty, but in recent years a far greater number of farmers have begun keeping accounts than formerly. Farm accounts are usually so involved that it would probably turn out best in the long run to employ the services of an accountant every quarter. Farm stock should be valued neither too high nor too low, and no more cash should be kept in hand than is essential for running the business. Account must be kept and the farm credited with the rent of the farmer's house and the produce of the farm consumed by him and his family, and in the same way employees' perquisites must be considered.

Valuation of stock should be made either according to fixed values, or on the basis of estimated cost of production or market value, whichever is the lower. Special occasions will arise when the value of farm stock and produce will suddenly and highly appreciate, showing a very large profit on the year's trading. The war provided an excellent instance of this. Agricultural prices rose to undreamed-of heights. Agriculture seemed at last to have come into its own, and farmers found themselves comparatively rich men Throughout the history of agriculture farmers have been notorious for living right up to their incomes, and on this occasion they increased their scale of living on every side, while many invested their surplus money in speculations that soon suffered inevitable reaction. In the meantime, although the value of stock and produce had risen, the cost of replacing them as they were sold had risen too, while the labour bill was exceedingly heavy. When the slump came in agricultural prices farmers found themselves with crops that had cost them far more to produce than they could ever hope to get back, however favourable the season, and with flocks and herds whose value had depreciated so much since they were bought that heavy inroads on capital had to be made. Many had spent their war profit in living on the increased scale, others in bad speculations. Investments had to be sold out at heavy losses. The result can be seen in the gloom under which the agricultural community is at present labouring. The lesson that arises from this is that seemingly big profits in agriculture are often fictitious, and must be considered in relation to the cost of replacing the produce that has yielded such encouraging financial results. In such an instance the farmer who is running a profit-sharing scheme would be perfectly justified in putting a large percentage of this sudden profit to a special reserve account against the day when the fall in prices comes and the crop that has cost him so much to raise will involve him in a heavy loss.

Considering the value of a crop in relation to its replacement, there is much to be said for making the profit distribution some-

where about Christmas time instead of Michaelmas, the end of the agricultural year, as then the farmer will be better able to judge what the coming year's harvest will cost him to prepare ; but this is a matter that can be left to the decision of the employer, the employees, and the auditor.

In Mr. Wyllie's scheme the employer credited himself with an employer's wage, *i.e.*, money at the usual rates for hired labour for work he did on the farm with his own hands, plus a salary as farm manager based on the usual rates paid to managers in the district. But in effect this works out at much the same as taking half the profits after the payment of 6 per cent. on invested capital, and Mr. Le Lacheur's method saves a great deal of small entries and book-keeping.

In considering the results of experiments in agricultural profit-sharing it is unfortunate that the last six years have been so abnormal: first the high prices of the war, then the slump with cost of production still inflated, till the present time, when the industry seems at its nadir. Had agricultural profit-sharing been an old-established custom, the reserves might have been great enough to meet the present crisis. But for most of the schemes in operation the present depression came at the most inauspicious time. In Mr. Le Lacheur's case he left his farm at Pitt two years ago, and on going to a new one where fresh men were employed he did not consider the agricultural situation propitious enough for restarting a fresh scheme ; while Mr. Wyllie suggests marking time till things become more settled. But both Mr. Wyllie and Mr. Le Lacheur, who have given the scheme practical trial, are as confident in its soundness as ever they were. Every innovation in the chequered career of British agriculture has taken years to mature, and progress is so slow that it can only be perceived by looking back over a long period of years. The agricultural mind does not grasp new things readily, and at first the men generally showed a dispostion to regard the profits distribution as a tip, only distantly related to their personal efforts. They have been like ship's stewards, attentive only when the ship is nearing port, or, in their case, when the end of the financial year was at hand. But there was certainly some increase in the interest and quality of their work, and each year up to 1920 it was possible to make a distribution to them. From facts that have been tried there is every reason to believe that after a profit-sharing scheme has been running for some years and the men have become accustomed to the idea they will realise that the annual distribution is not the largesse of a bountiful employer, but a wage that they have earned by their own effort. On looking back on the fluctuating profits of previous years there will be an incitement to them to make the present a successful one, and the public opinion of his

fellows will be brought to bear on the slack and inefficient worker, who for his sins of omission will have become a direct tax on their labour.

Agriculture to-day seems to be at the cross-roads. Large numbers of the farming community cannot live on their losses very much longer, and unless the industry is steered into smoother seas it is threatened with early shipwreck. Such a disaster to an industry so vital to the country is unthinkable. There remains the possibility of the old agricultural order disappearing and a new race of farmers arising who are more alert, more up-to-date, and better business men.

But whether the old order is maintained or the new succeeds, agriculture must soon emerge from its present cloud, and therefore it is not out of place to begin considering now any schemes for its advancement when the glass becomes set fair for better conditions on the land.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

THE OLD DIPLOMACY—II

Methods and Manners

THOUGH the aristocratic habit of the 'grand tour' belongs to a later period, a large number of the gilded youth of the Elizabethan age went abroad to perfect themselves in the languages and literature of Europe. Some, no doubt, profited as little as Cecil's eldest son, but others brought back varied and useful knowledge, and gave to the Court that peculiar polish and refinement which was not the least of its charms.

The country became rich in men competent to undertake foreign missions, and to supply not only resident ambassadors at foreign Courts, but also those special missions which were so frequently despatched, whether for reasons of Court etiquette or of State. The ambassadors of England to France and Scotland, and in a lesser degree to Spain and the Emperor, were the main agents of information to Cecil and Walsingham in their dealings with foreign affairs. Men like Throgmorton in Paris and Randolph in Edinburgh were extremely well posted, and their despatches and letters from the capitals and Courts to which they were accredited were very valuable to Cecil. They did not stand alone, for Fénélon and Castelnau for France, and the various Spanish ambassadors, wrote lucid and entertaining reports home to their Governments, while Du Croc's reports from Scotland display accurate knowledge of events. The visits to England of Scottish Protestants like Murray, Morton, and Maitland, and of Melville and other emissaries of Mary Stuart, illuminated the darkness of the North.

There was no Press in those days and books were severely censored, though occasionally some diatribe or scurrilous publication obtained a wide circulation notwithstanding. Therefore these despatches and the reports of travellers were the main sources of information, and they were often rendered more valuable by the bribery that was so generally used in order to secure important news. It is probable that Rome, Paris, and Madrid were better informed by corrupt means than London. Many times we read of boasts by ambassadors to England that nothing

escaped them whether in the Court or Council, and they were often so well informed that we can almost credit the rumours that they had spies in Court and Council. The faithful servants of Mary Stuart, after her flight to England, also carried news, projects, and intrigues far and wide, until it became evident at last that something had to be done to stop a practice which involved danger to the State, the Council, and the Queen.

Cecil was a man who kept his own counsel. His disposition was conciliatory and he was modest and retiring. He never attempted, nor thought of attempting, to exalt himself. There was no need in his days to curry favour with the mob. The support of the Crown sufficed. But he was the embodiment of knowledge and vigilance, and when the underhand methods of England's enemies were laid bare he set Walsingham to work to counteract them. Walsingham must be regarded as the father of English secret service. Before long he had covered Europe with his agents, and it was thanks to his efficient system that the most serious plots against the Queen were unravelled, the plotters seized and executed, and Mary Stuart finally condemned to death. The usual method was to insert an agent into circles whence danger was apprehended, to discover what was in the wind, to seize, steal, or buy the letters passing, to open them, copy them, and decipher them, and then to close them up so that no sign of tampering could be seen. There were experts in all these branches, and no cipher was safe. When all was in readiness, the blow fell and all the plotters were arrested. The culprit—and occasionally an ambassador—was dumbfounded by being confronted with his own letters and translations of his ciphers, and for minor culprits the rack or promises of rewards filled up the gaps of evidence in the case. The occasion on which a Spanish ambassador was shown up, commanded to attend the Council, and solemnly dismissed must have caused a great sensation at the time. But there were occasions—and Mary Stuart's case is the most glaring—in which the procedure was wholly indefensible, and it is probable that a modern Court of Justice would not have condemned her. That she plotted against England with any and every foreign and domestic enemy of Elizabeth; that it was a question of her life or Elizabeth's; and that Elizabeth stood at last alone among her subjects unwilling to condemn, does not alter the fact that the case for the prosecution, and the methods employed, fill us with disgust, as does the rank injustice of the trial at Fotheringay itself. In keeping with the times these practices may have been, but they were a blemish upon the reign, and Elizabeth knew it.

But, if we place secret service aside, the foreign policy of the day was meritorious, and the manner in which Cecil prepared his cases and presented them to the Queen or the Council was a

model of judicious procedure. To explain and to trace his methods it is best to take two concrete cases, one of internal and the other of external policy, and we may select the cases of the marriage of Mary Stuart as our first model and that of the projected alliance with France in 1581 as the second.

Elizabeth and Scotland

Throughout Elizabeth's reign Scotland was a source of danger. Unable to resist unaided the might of England, despite the glorious valour of her fierce and hardy mountaineers, Scotland looked abroad for succour, and had not far to look. France, with her customary political acumen, knew that a strong Scotland would prevent England from deploying her whole might against France, and therefore posed as Scotland's friend, assisted her with money and men, and left no stone unturned to injure England through her northern neighbour. It was for this reason that Mary Stuart was transferred to France, confirmed in the Roman Catholic faith by her astute uncle, married to the Dauphin while he was still almost a schoolboy, and made to claim the title of Queen of England and Ireland and to use the English Royal Arms. It was a foolish, empty, and highly dangerous piece of bravado. The injury touched Elizabeth in her most sensitive spot, that is to say, in her royal dignity and her contested legitimacy. The insult she never forgave. It poisoned the relations of the sister Queens when Mary, after the untimely death of her boy husband, returned to Scotland, and the long-drawn-out contest began, only to be terminated tragically at Fotheringay in 1587.

The Reformation had struck its roots deeply into Scotland, and the Protestants looked to Elizabeth for support. This she gave both in money and advice. Neither from a Scottish nor an English point of view can the proceedings of Elizabeth's Council on the one hand, or those of Murray, Morton, and their Protestant friends on the other, be defended, but from that of political expediency they can be grudgingly justified. They were in the manner of the times. The practice of statesmen to accept foreign bribes was one of the most detestable customs of the period. But it is clear that Elizabeth's Council could not afford to see a Catholic Scotland under French patronage, and that the Scottish Protestants could not be sure of their possessions, or even of their lives, if the old faith were restored in the North. It was a struggle for life, and the instinct of self-preservation drew all Protestants together.

When the question of a second marriage for the widowed young Queen of Scots was raised, and foreign suitors entered the matri-

monial lists, Elizabeth and her Council were greatly concerned. They could not tamely permit the union of Scotland with France, Spain, or Austria through a marriage. They detested the idea of the union of Mary with any Catholic, whether foreigner, Scot, or Englishman, knowing the strong hold which the old faith still possessed over a majority of Elizabeth's subjects, particularly in the North of England, where a junction of English and Scottish Catholic adherents could be most readily effected.

The question why the 'long lad' Darnley was permitted, in these circumstances, to go to Scotland with his father, the Earl of Lennox, when Elizabeth, according to Melville, had some suspicion that he might prove a fortunate wooer, is not easily answered. Possibly Darnley appeared so much less dangerous than a foreign prince that his appearance at Holyrood was rather a relief than otherwise, and Elizabeth may have believed in the assurance of the Lennoxes that they only wished to go north to look after their estates. Mary Stuart and Darnley had not then met. A marriage was only a vague possibility. It was not until the engagement was announced that its full import dawned upon the Council, and, had not the lovers hastened their marriage, steps would certainly have been taken to prevent it. Superior to Mary in experience and statecraft, Elizabeth was inferior in rapidity of decision. Cecil's natural timidity, Walsingham's prudence, and Elizabeth's love of long balancing of advantages, always militated against rapid action, and Mary Stuart was a woman who acted, sometimes unwisely, but with the rapidity of thought.

Why should Elizabeth have put forward her own favourite, Leicester, as a candidate for Mary's hand ? The action was probably initiated by Cecil, who was hostile to Leicester's desire to wed Elizabeth, and may have thought that the Scottish marriage was an excellent scheme for killing two birds with one stone. But who shall venture to fathom the secret of Queen Elizabeth's impenetrable heart ? She may have desired to see Leicester's son by Mary heir to the English throne. She may have shared, without acknowledgment, Cecil's point of view. Leicester's acceptance by Mary would have closed the book of Mary's suitors, to the very great relief of both Elizabeth and Cecil, and the Queen knew that Leicester would still remain subservient to her and never risk the confiscation of his great possessions. The only thing certain is that Leicester obeyed the Queen's orders with the utmost reluctance, and never pressed his suit. He was certainly wise. Among the Scottish nobles he would not have lasted long. All the Scottish leaders of those days died violent deaths.

Mary Stuart was never likely to have accepted Leicester. He

was not of her faith. His attachment to Elizabeth was a matter of public notoriety, and there was much excuse for Mary's jibe that before Elizabeth offered her favourite she should marry him herself. Mary was already deep in her plans to combine the Catholic Powers in her favour, and the supple Rizzio had already become a useful instrument for the advancement of plans which Leicester would never have favoured. Without laying too much stress on Leicester's religious opinions, we must allow that he stood in the Protestant camp.

The Council met to examine the Scottish Queen's marriage plans on June 4, 1565, influenced, no doubt, by Randolph's reports of April and May from Edinburgh, wherein that competent ambassador kept Cecil fully informed of the first flirtations of Mary and Darnley. At this Council there were present the Lord Keeper, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Admiral, the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain, three Earls, and three minor members, besides the Secretary, making thirteen persons in all, the normal Cabinet of Elizabeth. Foreign policy was not a hole-and-corner business in those days. Each problem was well thought out by the Council as a whole. The two questions put to them were, first, what perils might ensue to the Queen's Majesty, or the Realm, from a marriage between the Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley, and, secondly, what were meet to be done to avoid or remedy the same.

The Council advised that by such marriage a great number of persons in England might be alienated in their minds from their natural duties, and brought to believe that the succession of both Crowns would be established in the Scottish marriage, so that they might favour all devices and practices tending to the advancement of the Queen of Scots. The Council held that, as the marriage was founded on trust in such as were Papists, it was also plain to be seen that these would favour the marriage and would use all means and practices to disturb the estate of the Queen's Majesty and the peace of the Realm, even by force, thus furthering the pretended title of the Queen of Scots not only to succeed the Queen's Majesty, but to supplant her. The Council said that intention and will are most manifest when power is greatest, and the contrary when power is less. So, they urged, when the Queen of Scots was Queen of France everything was done to impeach and dispossess the Queen's Majesty by writing and publishing that the Queen of Scots was Queen of England, by granting Charters and Patents, and by bearing the arms of England. Darnley's party in England, continued the Council, was also expected to diminish the power of the Realm, which action the Council feared, because, they said, foreign princes had never prevailed in this Realm but with the help of some at home, a senti-

ment suggesting a deathless couplet of Shakespeare. The faction that favours the Scottish title, said the Council, is grown stout and bold, and might grow so great and dangerous that redress might become almost desperate. And to this purpose it must be remembered, they added, 'how of late in perusing of the substances of the justices of the peace in all the counties of the Realm, scantly a third was found fully assured to be trusted in the matter of religion, upon which only string the Queen of Scots' title do hang.' So the Council concluded that the perils were plain, and made so apparent by many sure arguments that no one in the Council could deny them to be many and dangerous.

So much being decided, the Council turned to what was to be done. They thought, in the first place, that Queen Elizabeth should marry and make therein no long delay; that the reformed religion should be advanced, established, and fortified, both in Scotland and England, and the contrary faith diminished, weakened, and enfeebled; and that sundry things should be done to disappoint and break the intended marriage, or at least to make it less hurtful. The Council gave many particulars of the action to be taken in religious matters, and concluded by giving twenty suggestions for steps to break or to avoid the marriage. These were mainly of a military character, but also included the imprisonment of Lady Lennox, who was in England, the recall of her husband from Scotland, the seizure of his lands if he disobeyed, the strengthening of the links with the Scottish Protestants, and so forth. Finally, the Council said that, these advices being considered by Her Majesty, it may please her to choose which of them she liketh, to put them into execution by deeds, and 'not to pass them over by consultations and speeches.' No time, they urged, can so well serve as now, before the Queen of Scots' purposes are fully settled.

Elizabeth began to act upon this advice and sent Lady Lennox to the Tower, but before much more could be done Randolph reported in July that the marriage had already taken place, and that the happiness of the Queen of Scots with her husband was ideally perfect. So Elizabeth decided to make the best of things, relations temporarily improved, and eventually she became godmother or 'gossip' to Mary's son, the future James I. of England. However, the incident discloses the manner and methods of the Council's work, and the very thorough manner in which State affairs were not only discussed but promoted by immediate executive action. The gentle hint conveyed to the Queen that she could not afford to procrastinate showed that the Council knew her besetting sin in State affairs, of which they had had much evidence before, and were destined to have much more later.

An Anglo-French Treaty

If we turn to foreign affairs we can take as a typical example of Elizabethan practice the attempt made in the year 1581 to negotiate an Anglo-French Treaty, and to combine it with the marriage of Elizabeth to François, Duc d'Alençon, who became Duc d'Anjou when Henri, Duc d'Anjou, succeeded his brother Charles IX. as King of France. There is no doubt that a treaty with France was earnestly desired by the Queen and her Council at this period. The dangers from Rome and Spain were patent, and nothing but a French marriage and a French treaty promising mutual support appeared likely to Elizabeth's councillors to enable them to meet with confidence the dangers ahead.

A marriage with Henri, Duc d'Anjou, had been discussed since 1570, but when this prince proved recalcitrant his mother, Catherine de' Medici, substituted his brother François as a suitor. Elizabeth was then getting on in years. D'Alençon was nineteen years her junior. He was short, yellow, deeply marked by the small-pox, and as different as could be from Seymour, Courtney, Pickering, Leicester, Hatton, and other favourites who had basked in the sun of the Queen's favour, and were all tall, elegant, and handsome men. D'Alençon has been ridiculed by most British historians of this reign, most unfairly, for he behaved admirably throughout, was a most persistent suitor, and the Queen, carried off her feet, it would seem, by his gallantry, or by that of his agent, Simier, who opened the attack, fell in love with him for a time, or appeared by her conduct and her extraordinary letters to have done so. But in the end she tired of him, declared that she would not marry him to be Empress of the World, and threw on Cecil the ungrateful task of getting the prince out of her realm at any cost. The Queen's English favourites had been in a terrible turmoil, but never really had cause for serious anxiety. A French marriage was bound to meet with insuperable religious objections. Leicester probably knew it, and Elizabeth must have known it too. If she carried it on so long we can only suppose that it was on account of the mischievous joy she took in love-making as an encounter of wits, and it may be that Anjou, and certainly Simier, behaved with more fervour than her calculating English favourites. No more gigantic royal comedy was surely ever played than during these years 1570-1581, when the wisest heads on both sides of the Channel were striving without cessation to bring about a marriage which, by the nature of things, could not take place.

But the treaty was the thing. Elizabeth was not deflected, even by the horrible massacre of the Protestants in France in 1572, from continuing to entertain a very real friendship for France.

The associations of her mother with France may have had some influence upon her, and reasons of State perhaps more, but her real inclinations undoubtedly gave preference to a French rather than a Spanish or any other alliance. It was her considered view that 'whensoever the last day of the Kingdom of France cometh it will undoubtedly be the eve of the destruction of England.' She would never share the unfriendly feelings towards France which prevailed among her subjects, nor believe with them that France could never abstain from wars for three years together. She was incensed with the saying of Charles of Burgundy that 'the neighbouring nations would be in a happy case when France should be subject, not to one sceptre, but to twenty petty kings'; and when bad councillors advised her to seize Normandy and Picardy while Spain and the Leaguers were ravaging France she rejected the advice with indignation. 'Forsake not an old friend,' she once wrote to Henri IV., 'for a new one will not be like him. A bundle of rods bound together is not easily broken. There is no easier way to overthrow us both than by parting and disjoining us one from another.'

So when the Instructions to the English Commissions were drawn up on July 22, 1581, we see the pro-French sentiment of the Queen very plainly in the preamble:

> You shall move an assent that from henceforth we and the King [of France] shall, during our lives, be united in heart and minde, for confirmation of our honors, persons, states, dignities, kingdoms and dominions to either of us belonging; so that from henceforth we and the King shall be against all persons friends to friends, and enemies to enemies, notwithstanding any former Leagues or Confederations with any other, or notwithstanding any counsel, persuasions, or motions to be made to either of us by any potentate or person, spiritual or temporal, to the contrary of the tenour of this League.

There were five articles in the English draft treaty. By the first, the contracting Powers agreed to support one another if attacked and to make the cause of the Ally their own. By the second, no traitors or rebels of either country were to be harboured in the territory of the other. The third article stipulated that no separate peace should be made with an enemy. The fourth laid down that if a larger force than 2000 lances and 6000 footmen should be required by either side, the party not attacked should yield all succour possible, but 'at the reasonable charges of the party invaded that shall so require a further aid.' Lastly, the fifth article declared that neither party should give aid to the enemy of any other prince with whom they were now at peace.

After a month of discussion, the negotiators began to discriminate between 'a treaty defensive' and 'a treaty defensive and offensive.' In a treaty defensive, mutual defence was

arranged at the expense of the party requiring aid, in what manner, and in what time. So many soldiers, so many ships, victualled for so long. The aid provided was to be kept up so long as the party requiring it stood in need of it and paid for it. Powder and shot were allowed to be purchased in the allied country.

The offensive and defensive treaty laid down that upon invasion made by any third prince the confederates were mutually to proclaim him an enemy, and were then to invade his territory in such and such places, with such and such numbers, and at the expense of both parties, neither making peace except with the consent of the other. Free passage by the confederates through each other's territories was to be guaranteed.

Questions then arose whether definite numbers should be stated in the treaty, and how much should be paid by the party requiring them. The Queen was against the mention of any numbers as she did not wish to be bound by such an engagement, while Walsingham was for stating the numbers, because 'there hath risen always great controversies about these circumstances' in the past. There were various revisions in the drafting, and then the Queen proposed a new article:

> Item, to covenant with the French King, that he shall not give open aid to any enemy of the King of Spain, thereby to provoke him to make war upon the said French King, but that he shall first advertise her Majesty thereof, and have her allowance, otherwise her Majestie shall not be bound to aid the French King, or to make war upon the King of Spain. In like manner the Queen of England shall not, etc. *Ut supra, mutatis mutandis.*

This was practically Article 5 redrafted and made quite clear.

The treaty fell through, for reasons not worth discussing here, but the ideas at the back of the plan come out very clearly. It was to be for the lives of the two contracting monarchs and for mutual defence. The prince requiring aid was to pay for it, unless the enemy was invaded, when the cost was borne by the two confederate princes. The Queen would not have the number of the contingent fixed, and she took care that the French King should not drag her into war surreptitiously against Spain. Had this treaty been signed, and effectively carried out by both parties, England would not have confronted Spain alone as she did in the Armada year, while France would have been spared part of the fearful losses entailed by Spain and the Leaguers. In the thirty years of religious wars and invasions which ended with the Treaty of Vervins the population of France was reduced from some sixteen million to twelve million souls. The failure to complete the treaty of 1581 must be ascribed solely to the French King, whose most inadequate reasons for refusing to sign will be found by the curious in the letter addressed to Cecil by Walsingham,

Cobham, and Sommers, and sent from Paris on August 27, 1581.

COMMENTS

What can we carry forward from these Elizabethan practices? First, that complete education and ripe experience are necessary for the conduct of international relations. We can say that in these respects Elizabeth and Burghley were completely equipped and were superior to either France or Spain in the directing minds of those times, while we have only to read the English books and correspondence of the sixteenth century to be aware that the Queen and her Lord Treasurer did not stand alone in their comprehension of the arts of government. Under democratic systems such training and experience may be difficult to obtain, but at the same time no substitute can be found for them.

The Council in Elizabeth's day was practically in permanent session. The aid of Parliament was not invited nor desired in great affairs of State. The Council, and particularly the Secretary, were well informed by carefully chosen ambassadors whose couriers covered distances with great speed, while secret service was extensively used, and the reports of travellers supplemented official despatches. Special missions abroad were confided to great nobles and others who could speak the language of the country to which they were sent, and were schooled by travel in the manners and customs of foreign Powers. The records of all transactions were carefully kept. Cecil's method of laying before the Council a *questionnaire* (as we should call it now), and of inviting replies to each point, produced decisions as far as the Council was concerned, and it then remained for the Queen, if she had been absent from the Council, as she often was, to notify her assent or dissent.

Those who have leisure to examine a series of reports of these Councils will not all share the disapproval of the Queen's indecision and procrastination of which we find so many examples in contemporary letters. Elizabeth was very far-seeing. She had many advisers outside the Council, notably in the Church dignitaries, whilst the gossip of the world, carried by her ladies-in-waiting, penetrated to her Court. She had a large correspondence, and her penetration into the meaning of things was profound. Many cases submitted to her for urgent decision settled themselves by mere lapse of time, while as for her long dallying with foreign suitors, she seems to have understood better than her advisers that if matrimonial arrangements remained in the stage of negotiations the country of the prince making his suit was inhibited from doing England harm. Would anyone now, looking back, wish the Queen to have married a foreign prince? It is

hard to believe it. A successor had come with the birth of the son of the Queen of Scots, and the best successor of all, since he was heir to the two Crowns, and effected that union for which the wisest heads in both countries had long sighed. Elizabeth had very good reasons for not actually appointing her successor, and facts in the end proved that she had been right in refusing, and that her Council and Estates had been wrong in so constantly urging her to marry or name her heir.

In matters of general doctrine the Queen and her Council pursued the system of balance between France and Spain that had been established by Henry VIII. and Wolsey, and had long served, in another sphere, to preserve the security of Italy by holding the scales between Naples, Florence, and Milan. It was a delicate business for Elizabeth, because in those days England was numerically weak compared with the other two great Western Powers. But England's insularity, the renown of her old wars in France, and the military forces which the Queen could rapidly levy on land and sea gave her a privileged position. The danger of a Catholic Confederation was avoided, partly by the desire of France and Spain to keep each other weak, and partly by the balancing ingenuity of English statesmanship and the unofficial war it waged in favour of the Protestant subjects of her two rivals.

It is one of Elizabeth's claims to honour that she kept the peace. It was not an easy thing to do in the sixteenth century. It was done because Elizabeth hated war, found the prosperity of England sufficient for her glory, and never hankered for annexations abroad. Cecil was pre-eminently a man of peace, and so was Walsingham. Most of the Council were of the same mind unless it was a question of supporting Protestantism, when they were all prepared to take considerable risks. There was no militarism in England in the Queen's long reign. There were many good leaders like Sussex, Hunsdon, and Mountjoy, and many fine seamen who made history, but no one presumed to interfere with the Council nor to deflect or influence the decision of the Queen in questions of war and peace. The people were ready enough for a fight if one was offered, and flew to arms as the Armada came up the Channel, but otherwise remained content with their new prosperity. It was England's sober statesmanship that enables us to look back with pride to the great Elizabethan period.

C. À COURT REPINGTON.

OUR MISDIRECTED SCHOOLS

QUITE apart from the interest on enormous sums of money bequeathed to particular institutions by pious benefactors, we are spending at the present time out of rates and taxes alone over a hundred millions a year on education. Any attempt to reduce materially this expenditure would probably be frustrated by opposition general, vigorous and sincere. It might, therefore, be imagined that the House of Commons, fairly representative of the people as it is, would exhibit real interest in the subject, and clearly indicate what it expects in return for an outlay so generous. As far as the last House was concerned, however, there was not even a considerable section, articulate at any rate, really interested. Revolutionary changes, many of them probably wise, some of them possibly unwise, were effected, but the House refused even to discuss them. In spite of energetic protests from one or two isolated individuals, two hours only were devoted to the subject during the first two years, and the whole of that time was occupied by detail comparatively unimportant. It would be idle of course to blame Mr. Fisher, the late Minister, for this scanty allotment. Busily occupied in effecting administrative changes in which he believed, he had everything to lose and nothing to gain from discussion. He knew that, at the best, he would but get a formal approval of that which, without discussion, he was entitled to take for granted. At the worst he would receive clear instructions which might run counter to his own ideas.

The writer upon one occasion had a rather amusing personal experience which is worth recording. Early in 1919 his attention was called to the fact that the Ministry of Education, by means of circulars, was busily effecting sweeping changes, which, whether they were right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient, represented a reversal of policy clearly enunciated by previous Parliaments and in their operation adversely affected a large number of institutions, notably some of the ancient grammar schools whose valuable work in the past could not be disputed.

The actual points at issue do not much matter. It might, however, be said in passing that the principles involved were,

firstly, the public control of public money, and, secondly, the differentiation in favour of certain institutions as opposed to others. It is not argued that the enactments were necessarily wrong. There was certainly much that could be said in their favour. It can, upon the other hand, be confidently affirmed that they represented a reversal of policy so far-reaching in its consequences that had there been half a dozen members of the House really interested in the subject, they would not have been allowed to pass without anything in the nature either of explanation or discussion. In the event of any supported demand, the Government would have allotted the necessary time. The official Opposition, however, remained silent, and the Labour Party, acting not maliciously but, as is more than usual, ignorantly and stupidly blocked the motion of a private member which would have raised the issue. Confronted by the normal evasive replies to questions and a polite but firm refusal to give time for discussion, the writer decided to raise the matter on the eleven o'clock adjournment—the resort of the destitute. Notice was duly given, and although it was realised that nothing serious in the way of opposition could be effected, it was hoped that sufficient interest would be excited to ensure something in the nature of an official explanation.

Any such hope was doomed to disappointment.

At a quarter past eleven the corridors of the House were strangely empty, and the cause soon became obvious in the person of an old member, a personal friend of the mover, who stopped him. Beads of perspiration, generated by the energy with which he had performed his self-appointed task, were freely dotted over his bald head, and he spoke quickly and earnestly.

> I am emptying the House as fast as I can [he said] ; whatever you do, get away before eleven. Some damned fool is going to try to talk about education. Who, in the name of goodness, wants to talk about education ?

He was right. At eleven o'clock there were nine or ten members present in the debating chamber. They waited patiently to hear what the matter was that was keeping them from their beds. The last syllable of the word "education," however, had not been completed before a member had risen hurriedly to his feet to call the attention of the Speaker to the fact that there were not forty members present. Had the subject been one of many which had been discussed *ad nauseam*, in regard to which not a shadow of doubt existed as to the feeling of the House, there would have been no difficulty in securing the necessary quorum.

This indisputable apathy cannot be accounted for by the fact that the average member is satisfied that the business

of education is being satisfactorily conducted. It is more probably an indication of lack of confidence in his own capacity of grappling with a problem which he believes experts are mishandling, but which nevertheless he considers to be essentially one for them rather than himself. He agrees with Mr. Chesterton that although 'everybody in England is educated nowadays, most people are educated wrong.' It is of course an amazing confession of futility, because, after all, a little plain straightforward thinking, of which he is quite capable, would soon make him realise that the so-called experts were falling short because the State, their master, whilst doling out huge sums of money, was failing to indicate what was expected of them.

The average member would, if interrogated, give a satisfactory definition of education. He would answer immediately, 'The training of the mind, the body and the spirit.' That being so, surely he is neglecting his duty shamelessly if he fails to intervene if and when it becomes clear to him that, whatever else he may be getting in return for his lavish expenditure, he is not getting what he is paying for. A cursory examination of the national institutions for which he is responsible, which it is his duty to control, would reveal his own condemnation. It would show him that the fundamental defects which he feebly deplores, but does nothing to remove, are, partially at any rate, remediable.

The bulk of the children in the country are educated in the national primary schools, a smaller proportion in the high schools and grammar schools, a smaller proportion still in the great public schools. Take the first and last of these and examine them in the light of this definition, with which I suppose few will be disposed to quarrel. In order to bring the defects into clearer relief, let us agree where the training does not reach higher than 20 per cent. of the reasonably possible to describe it as *nil.* Would not an honest and fearless critic tabulate the result of his inspection as follows ?

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

Spirit / *Esprit* / *Morale*	*Nil.*
Body	*Nil.*
Mind	Fair to good.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Spirit / *Esprit* / *Morale*	Good.
Body	Excellent.
Mind	*Nil.*

I have deliberately omitted the high schools and grammar schools because they are not necessary for my argument.

The point I want to make is this: If my diagnosis is not hopelessly at fault, the failure of the one institution is the success of the other. In either case the failure is most complete in that department where success is most needed. Success is attained where partial failure would not be tragic in its consequences. Each type of institution confesses defeat in a vitally important department; each, upon the other hand, gives a practical demonstration that, with altered methods, the failure of the other could be almost brilliantly redeemed. There is no reason under heaven, barring of course our national inertia, why methods which have proved effective in public schools should not be successfully applied to primary schools, and *vice versâ*.

Take first of all the national primary schools, where I repeat the vast bulk of the children of the country receive their so-called education. What do we want, and what do we get? In considering what we want we shall bear two facts in mind: firstly, that the majority of the children who pass through these institutions do not have the advantage of a helping environment in their home life; and secondly, that their intensive education ends at fourteen years of age. We want then to know that every effort is made to supply what the home life probably does not supply, to build up the body, develop the character, inspire the spirit, to encourage the desire for self-development and indicate the goal rather than attempt to attain it. We want to know that our schoolmasters are rightly informed as to the ultimate object of their endeavours and do not misunderstand what is expected of them.

Have, in fact, 10 per cent. of those to whom the youth of the country are entrusted a right, a clear, conception of the thing they are trying to create? If not, is it surprising that they do not build aright? We could excuse failure if we were satisfied that the endeavour had been both vigorous and rightly directed. If those responsible, at the end of the training period, could lay their hands on their hearts and say: 'For eight full years we have realised our responsibility to this boy. We have done our utmost to build up his body and inspire his spirit. Not a day has passed but we have worked to this end. We have been constant, too, in our endeavour to help him to recognise the desirable, to love the beautiful and hate the hideous. We may not have been completely successful, but we can honestly say that in our anxiety to instruct his mind we have neglected neither his body nor his spirit'—if the majority of primary schoolmasters could but say this (and they cannot), we might well be happy in our minds, because we should know of a certainty that such constancy in well-directed endeavour would bear fruit of priceless value for

the benefit of the individual and the State. If they can say nothing of the kind, let us blame not them, but ourselves. We have never told them clearly and precisely what we require of them. They think that we want something quite different—that, indeed, which they are actually producing, a well-drilled, well-stuffed automaton. They are encouraged in this belief.

My submission (if I may be allowed to repeat myself) is that our primary school system is a failure, tragic alike in its consequences for the individual and the State, because it confuses systematic instruction with education, and, on account of the confusion, neglects its most vital duties of building up the body, developing character, inspiring the spirit. The completeness of the failure can be confidently ascribed to the absence of clear thinking, with the consequent failure of direction from the top. A Mussolini as Minister of Education—if he agreed with my definition—would have every primary schoolmaster in the country aiming at the right goal within six months. Unless and until we get a Mussolini, we shall persist in throwing our money down the drain.

Just as the failure of the primary schools in two of their most important functions is as complete as it is unnecessary, so that of the great public schools in the matter of systematic elementary mental instruction would be inexplicable in any country but our own. Here, of course, it can be explained by what we call our splendid conservatism, our enemies our national self-satisfaction. 'Has not the system proved itself?' we thunder. 'Has it not produced men great in character and achievement in every branch of life, every sphere of activity? Is not that the supreme test? In the face of indisputable facts, none but the most presumptuous would venture to criticise.' An inconsequent nobody, however, with fitting timidity, might ask with force if it were not possible that the system had proved a general success in spite of, and not on account of, certain notorious defects. He might inquire further if it were not possible to combine sound systematic instruction with present methods in certain respects admittedly good, and if of necessity the one militated against the other. He might well and sincerely applaud heroes the products of these institutions, and at the same time wonder at the lack of efficiency in methods of instruction which had left them unable to write or spell or produce an elementary composition in their own mother-tongue.

I shall, of course, be met by the contention that my original diagnosis is not correct, and that I am advocating a particularly dangerous operation on a healthy body, that it is a libel upon our primary schools to suggest that they do not foster *esprit de corps* and all desirable qualities of the mind. It will further be claimed that the instructional methods of public schools are

everything that could be desired. To such a contention it is only possible to say that the facts are notorious. If any attempt is made to inspire the spirit and build up the body of the vast proportion of children in primary schools or instruct the mind, working on proved methods, of the ordinary dull boy (representing the majority) in the public schools, the effort is not concentrated, and the result so infinitesimally small as to be negligible. Unless and until it is generally recognised how unsatisfactory the position is, nothing will be done to put right what is very wrong.

If it were felt that our continued existence depended on the efficiency or otherwise of our national nurseries, I have no doubt that they would be scrutinised with satisfactory anxiety, and that no effort would be spared to discover and remove fundamental defects. During the period of the war, indeed, a very similar problem was tackled with the most brilliantly successful results. Methods were adopted which I have no doubt would, if imitated, have the happiest results. In those days, however, there was an ever present stimulus. If vital problems were not solved expeditiously and on right lines, death, defeat and disaster represented the punishment threatened.

In the later days of 1916 it was realised that the same thing was happening in the Army as is happening in primary schools to-day. It was discovered that essential features in the training of men were being omitted; soldiers were being crammed with instruction rather than educated. (Cromwell, by the bye, discovered the same thing at an earlier date.) The prompt action then taken, in the opinion of the writer, did much to ensure our final success. Within a very short period of time instructions were posted to every officer commanding a battalion in France to prepare a list of potential commanding officers under his command. Meanwhile a school with an admirable staff of officers, themselves picked and experienced battalion commanders, was set up at Aldershot. Within six months over a thousand actual or potential commanding officers had passed through this school. Before a year had elapsed 80 per cent. of the officers commanding infantry battalions in France had received this special training, and comparative efficiency ruled in the place of inefficiency. The risk taken was obvious, but who can doubt the wisdom of the policy?

It is quite true that the methods adopted now seem obvious. They were not, however, more obvious than those which might be, and are not, adopted in regard to the almost precisely similar problem which it is the object of this article to discuss. Care was first taken to ensure that the officer in command of the school, and secondly the staff under him, understood precisely what was expected of them. They, in their turn, then devoted three months

of concentrated effort to the task of impressing upon the minds of those under them the exact nature of their goal. Precise methods, it is true, were indicated. The ultimate end in view, however, was always remembered. This was the lesson day in and day out. The moral is so obvious that it need not again be laboured: 'Remember always the end you are trying to attain—to be an efficient leader of a physically fit, well-spirited, well-disciplined body of men. Above all, you want *morale—morale—morale*. Experience has taught that this tends to good discipline, that to increase *morale*. Study then these things, but remember always that they are but a means towards an end.' What was the final result of this effort? The same in every case. Not an officer left this school still failing to realise the nature of his ultimate goal, and without some guidance as to the best means of achieving it. He knew what was expected of him and the standards by which he would be adjudged either a success or a failure Within a comparatively short period of time the effect of this clear instruction, followed by concentrated and well-directed effort, was felt in almost every platoon in France.

It must, of course, be acknowledged that it is easier to effect great and far-reaching reforms in times of war than in peace, and that if it were really intended to change direction, as it were, in our educational scheme, a great effort would be necessary. Folly has been tolerated so long that it is deep-rooted. It would be necessary, in the first instance, to find a Minister of Education who really knew the meaning of education, and was prepared to make a great effort to get it. That, of course, is a real difficulty. If such a man could be found, however, and he was fortified by the knowledge that public opinion was behind him, he would not fail. It would not take him five years to effect a transformation.

It is not a difficult matter to indicate the lines on which he would work.

He would have to ensure at the outset that vigorous steps were taken to procure the best material available for his inspecting staff, and that this staff was completely informed as to his policy. This is a vital point. It would be the duty of these inspectors to bring home to headmasters the altered standards by which they would be judged and the fact that their future would depend upon their success or failure in producing potential men and women as much as upon their capacity to ensure that proper routine instruction was given. It is not unfair to say that the inspecting staff have had no small share in the present unfortunate condition of things, although they are entitled to plead that they have but carried out the policy dictated to them. Whatever excuse they may have, they have assisted in the erection of false standards. They have smiled at and ensured the success of the

dull and uninspiring; never have they taken the lead in discovering and encouraging the real leaders of men upon the teaching staffs. Inspectors too, in a word, would be made to understand the meaning of education—the training of the mind, the body and the spirit. They would be instructed to render all reports upon individuals with that definition clearly before their minds, and to keep informed every master, and particularly every headmaster, within their jurisdiction of their instructions.

It would be quite possible so to arrange things that every headmaster in the country within a limited period of time passed through a school founded upon the same policy as the Senior Officers' School at Aldershot, which I have described. It would be certainly practicable to insist that every assistant master who aspired to be a headmaster should pass through such a school. A wise Minister would economise in any direction to ensure that such a school should be staffed by the brightest, liveliest and most inspiring spirits available. A wise Parliament would grant the necessary funds. A wise young man, offered the chance of attending, would seize his opportunity with both his hands.

Quite apart, however, from schools for headmasters, the whole problem of training teachers—who hold of course the master-key—would be tackled with vigour. It would be necessary to offer prizes sufficiently substantial to attract the best of the manhood of the nation to the task of training the trainers. Effort would be concentrated, in a word, upon the task of inspiring those whose life task subsequently it would be to inspire. Anything less inspiring than the present institutions—unless it be to become an active disciple of Monsieur Lenin—can hardly be imagined. Quite apart from the fact that the real ideal of the teacher is not at the moment impressed upon the minds of the would-be learners, there appears to be no recognition of the fact that the main function of these places is to inspire. Ugly and gloomy, controlled too often by the dull and unimaginative, they depress rather than elevate, and make no real contribution to the task of rearing a live, happy and vigorous manhood.

Much could be done if the controlling Minister realised the possibilities of his office and was sufficiently vigorous and capable to give effect to a rightly conceived ideal. This presupposes a House of Commons alive to its duties and responsibilities. It is obvious that no one man dare attempt reforms so drastic as those entailed without even an indication from Parliament, although it may be confidently asserted that they do not necessarily entail an increased education vote. It would entail a largely increased expenditure on the early training of teachers. There is, however, abundance of room for economy in other directions. Nor would the attempt be crowned with complete success unless

the general public co-operated in what must be a national effort.

The problem is, of course, twofold: firstly, to attract the best type of man to the teaching profession; and secondly, to ensure that the teacher, inspired and educated, concentrates his efforts upon the right direction. The public must take a hand, because unless and until there is an alteration in the general attitude towards teachers it will not be possible to attract to the profession a reasonably good pick of the manhood of the nation. Without that no effort can succeed to the full. It is not a case of money. The teacher is as well paid on the whole as the officer in the Army or Navy. The one, however, is treated, such is our amazing folly, as a kind of social outcast, the other as a member of the Service and a socially desirable person. Let me give an illustration. A young man from Oxford or Cambridge, a good all-round athlete and possibly a second-class Honours man, is attracted to the teaching profession mainly by the fact that no capital is required—there is no premium to pay. With the assistance of agents, he secures a post in a grammar school and finds himself in a small country town. He soon discovers that he ranks lower in the social scale than the local attorney; indeed, the latter will consider that he is giving him a 'leg-up' if he invites him to supper on Sunday evening once a month. When he has been in residence a year or so the village Squire, whose taste in literature possibly inclines to Victoria Cross or Ethel Dell, may conceivably invite him to lunch. He would, however, consider it something approaching social sacrilege to ask him to dinner. The vicar may press him to teach in his Sunday-school. He will not, however, exhibit the same anxiety to take him to the bosom of his family. Is it too much to hope that if a real effort were made to attract the best of our young manhood to the profession the task of improving its social status—even in the country—would not prove insuperable? This particular difficulty is, of course, one of the main obstacles at the present time.

It will be interesting to observe the new Minister. If he were bold enough to make an attempt on the lines I have indicated, he would more than possibly meet with a surprising response from the country. He has a model ready at hand. Strong, intelligent, modest and spiritual in the best sense of the word, he is himself a living embodiment of what education, training and environment can produce. Will he make an attempt to ensure that even our poorest children upon a smaller scale have some of those opportunities the advantage of which he is a standing illustration?

C. E. Loseby

HOUSEKEEPING AND UNEMPLOYMENT

For fine, confused economic thinking it must be difficult to beat a General Election. Arguments—good, bad, and indifferent—hurtle through the air, and are cast upon the slightly deafened ears of the electors. At the end of it all, after we have read the papers and heard all the speeches and listened to all the canvassers—who, poor things, like the well-known organist, 'do their best,' though, unlike him, they are not afraid of being shot if they annoy—we are probably much where we were before we began. We have mostly complained of the Government for what it either did or did not do, and we shall no doubt continue so to complain—of the new Government and of any and all Governments. It is one of the reasons why we have Governments. But many of us are not content with this form of activity. We are conscious of our economic troubles, anxious to think out their real causes, anxious to know if our own daily spendings or savings, our own habits of life, matter except to ourselves, whether what we and our friends are accustomed to do or to leave undone has any bearing upon the whole, and, if so, what? Are there any public rights and wrongs about our use of our incomes?—if, indeed, in these hard times we are fortunate enough to possess incomes at all. We have as a rule a fairly clear general idea that it is wrong to be extravagant, and undesirable to be miserly. But what is extravagance, and where does prudence end and 'meanness'—word beloved in some circles—begin? It is all puzzling, but we have a feeling that there are answers, if we could but find them.

During the war years we went to war-savings meetings and heard explanations which seemed to throw light upon our difficulties. We realised that if we spent we could not save, which was an old and familiar truth, but we learnt also to translate it into the facts of life as they concerned us then. We understood that we must keep ourselves and our families fit and well, because if we were ill we used the time and energies of hard-pressed doctors, and even if we were not ill, but only ailing or below par, we could not get through the work of which there was so much to do. So that the first call upon our incomes was to keep ourselves, and those dependent upon us, as efficient as it was possible to be.

Nor was that an easy task for the worried housekeeper in those days of grinding anxiety, strain, and 'substitutes.' But we learnt more than that. We learnt to plan and to contrive, and to think and to arrange, so that we could not only keep ourselves and our belongings up to the mark, but save too, because we realised that the saving, which had not always been, to say the least of it, the most fashionable of virtues among a good many of us, really meant something. It meant that the spending power we refrained from using could be lent to the Government and could be turned into equipment and munitions. Munitions meant—and how easily we understood it—the chance of saving lives. Equipment and comforts meant lives too. We gladly gave up buying things and services which we had been accustomed to take for granted in order that the labour that would have been employed upon them might be released for munitions and other war services. The old, and it is to be feared usually unpopular, lessons of the economists, that there is a difference between 'unproductive' and 'productive' expenditure, that there is such a thing as economic waste, that spending does not create a demand for work, but does determine what sort of work shall be done—all these ideas gradually, and perhaps often rather incompletely, got into the minds of the ordinary woman, whose business it is to do the family spending. Are they still in her mind, or has she forgotten them, and does she once more believe that 'luxury is good for trade'? The efforts of Sir Eric Geddes and the economy Press have probably made her think that Government expenditure is a dangerous and undesirable thing. Can she get beyond this and realise the difference, not only in the expenditure of the Government, or the local education authority, or the borough council, but also in her own expenditure, between what is productive and what is from the economic point of view waste?

No one can honestly suppose that this is easy; but is it possible? Can we say to ordinary women, not only the few who are well off, but the many who live comfortably according to their standards, whether in a cottage, a villa, or a mansion, that there is a line to be drawn between spending which helps solution of our appalling problem of unemployment and spending which, in the long run, hinders that solution? Ought we, perhaps, to say to them something like this?

What the mass of people wish to buy determines what is to be made. Each little buying may make hardly any difference by itself, but all the mass of buyings makes all the difference. If we spend upon things, or upon services, which we do not really need, that is upon things or services without which we should be just as well and just as efficient, then capital and work go into the business of providing whatever those unnecessaries are and

are not available in other ways. This means that capital and work have been used in a manner that does not increase the sum total of efficiency, and that if they had not been so used they might have been available for the creation of fresh forms of wealth, or for the making of something of which there is not yet enough. We have to distinguish between the long run and the short run, between the things seen, which are so obvious, and the things unseen, which are often so much more important.

It is apparent that whatever we spend must, in the first instance, employ labour; the difficulty is to think what happens after that. Wealth used economically should mean a continued employment of labour, a continuous growth of wealth. Wealth used uneconomically comes to an end after it is once spent. It uses, employs, one lot of labour, but no more. Luxury, in other words—if we define luxury as something, anything, which does not make us any more useful or healthy, or, in one word, efficient—means economic waste. It means the use of spending power in a way that, after one use, destroys that spending power.

But what is luxury? Here we are bound to get into difficulties, if only for the excellent reason that it is almost impossible to decide, hard even to understand, what another person needs. To the man who is out all day a quiet sitting-room, away from the noises of the street or the kitchen or the children, may well be luxury. To the man, or for the matter of that to the woman, who does brain work at home it is an absolute necessity, and not only the room, but all that it means in the way of extra lighting and heating and cleaning. However, if we determine to brace ourselves to honesty, most of us know pretty well what is essential to us and what is not. For some it may be chocolate, for others tobacco or alcohol, or clothes, or theatres or concerts, or motoring—all, no doubt, useful and desirable, but all, so frail are we, likely to be used in excess of what our natures and avocations demand for maximum efficiency. We can all judge for ourselves, though it is much more amusing, and involves much less moral and mental effort, to judge for other people. Other people are, however, very unlikely to approve our judgment or to act upon it, whereas if we devote the necessary and perhaps exhausting effort to ourselves there may be some result.

If, then, we can decide that spending upon things or services which are not essential to our efficiency, that is to our making the best use of ourselves according to our abilities and avocations and our walk in life, means economic waste, we have arrived at something. We have realised that every time we buy anything we are helping to guide capital and labour into certain channels. If those channels lead directly or indirectly to the creation of fresh wealth, the result is economic progress. If, on the other

hand, our demands have directed production in such a way that no fresh wealth is created, the result is waste. We ourselves may have had satisfaction from our spending, but no one will again benefit by the wealth we have consumed. It has been destroyed, as all wealth must be destroyed, that is used, sooner or later; but the way in which it has been used is final—no more wealth has resulted from the use. This is all very well, but it is rather a negative result. We may have persuaded our everyday average sensible spender that luxury, that is using what we do not really need, means economic waste, means the diminution of the possible volume of employment, but what she wants to know is how employment can be increased. We must go one step further: we must explain what happens when she saves; it is an easier stage of the argument. She probably knows that if she lends her possible spending power to business enterprises or to the city council or the Government, that is invests it, she is enabling the business enterprise or the public body to give employment. What she does not always know is that if she leaves her savings with her banker or in the Post Office it is also usefully employed and is not lying idle. She who saves through the medium of a co-operative society has probably realised this fairly obvious truth.

Another important economic fact is worth making clear, and that is the immense need of saving, if a country is to have the steady and abundant flow of loanable capital which is a first essential of prosperity. Every lecturer or text-book on economics explains how even in times of peace all capital is rapidly being used and must be replaced, how great are the quantities of capital needed for this replacement, and how still more is needed for progress, for fresh enterprise, for inventions and improvements. Saving, that is using less than the whole of one's spending power, is the essential of existence. This is usually a new idea to the ordinary listener, who has not received the attentions of economic teachers or writers, but it is an important idea, and one which is readily appreciated. It makes her understand why saving is not only a private but a public virtue, and why a general habit of saving helps to make a prosperous community. It is fairly easy to realise the relation between abundant supplies of capital and prices. If capital is scarce, other things being equal, it will be dear, and if it is dear the expense of producing goods and services is likely to be increased. Moreover, if all this is important in peace-time it is a million times more important after a great war. We understand how during the war years all the forces of civilisation which should have been devoted to producing were concentrated upon destroying, and how the whole world is impoverished because of all that

has been destroyed, because of all that might have been produced and was not produced, because of all that has to be made good. Consequently efforts and wealth which might have created fresh wealth must be devoted to replacement. The first and the greatest need is for saving, that is for the use as capital of all consuming power over and above what is needed for the maintenance of efficiency. In the short run employment is given whether we spend more than we need spend or whether we save. But in the long run—and not so very long a run either—it is saving which makes for a larger volume of employment.

This, again, is all very well and all very true, but our inquiring average woman may not yet be satisfied. She understands the need for saving, for abundant supplies of capital at a low rate of interest; but she sees also that the bank rate is extremely low, and that if she happens to have money on deposit she gets almost nothing for it. What is she to conclude from this? The answer is of course that, although the bank rate is low, there is still a large unsatisfied demand for industrial capital, and it is unsatisfied partly because investors are shy, because they will not lend at a sufficiently low rate for employment in industrial undertakings. They are afraid of industrial trouble, they know that the condition of the exchanges makes what was once an ordinary business risk a wild speculation, and the result of it is that enterprises which could and would use more capital and provide more employment are unable to obtain enough at a rate which they can afford to pay. Meanwhile our everyday person is discouraged from saving, partly because of the wild talk which flies round in an election, and which makes her fear lest her Savings Certificates and War Loan may be confiscated, partly because she is advised against industrials and gets a negligible rate of interest if she leaves her money with her bank in hope of easier days.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? What is there that the average, ordinary woman can do to help? Can she indeed do anything at all? For only too many of us the answer is given by the hard facts of life. We can scarcely manage to get along; we have already had to sacrifice all but essentials; far too many of us have had to sacrifice what ought to be essentials. But there are some who have a margin, others who might have a margin. No one, observing the world in which we live, can doubt that, despite our poverty, despite the lessons we learnt in the war, there is still a very great deal of wholly unnecessary spending, of spending upon goods and services which not only do not make for efficiency, but help to diminish or even to destroy it. We still consume too much alcohol; expend too much upon tobacco; eat too much food, or the wrong kinds of food; use artificial light at one end of the day instead of sunlight at the

other; do or leave undone a thousand things which, if we were wiser or better guided or more given to clear thinking, less ruled by habit, convention or whim, might mean a real improvement in our national position—a real increase of wealth, a real diminution in the volume of unemployment. In the short run we can only divert employment from one channel into another channel; in the long run we can widen the channels and increase the volume which they absorb. This is a truth which is worth understanding and is perhaps not universally understood.

Suppose we can find a margin, suppose we have something over when we have supplied our real needs, ought we to save it all? Is the greatest need still for saving? Only the experts can answer this question. There must be a tremendous need for saving, for an excess of production over consumption, but perhaps it is possible that part of what we might devote to saving may be well used in other ways. Most of us know someone, or some organisation, less efficient than might be because of the hard times in which we live. It may be a family which sorely needs a holiday, or a child whose education is cut short and his or her potential value to the State diminished, or, again, a village which is desperately short of housing accommodation or of space for allotments. There may be no means, or insufficient means, of affording wholesome and essential recreation for young people. There is hardly a voluntary organisation which is not starved for funds, the usefulness of which is not diminished because its workers have to live from hand to mouth and are obliged to devote their energies to trying to survive instead of doing the work for which they are supposed to exist. There are the women's colleges, starved too; there are the new universities, each with its appeal fund. All these are capable of spending money in ways which not only give immediate employment, but also add, indirectly or directly and perhaps enormously, to the wealth of the country.

The facts, then, seem something like this. There is still, despite our poverty, despite the many and real sacrifices which have been made and are being made, a very great deal of spending which leads to economic waste. Much of this spending is due to ignorance, to the idea that as long as one spends one gives employment (which is true as far as it goes), and to a want of understanding of the more important truth that uneconomic, that is unnecessary, spending gives employment in the short run, but tends to diminish the possibilities of further employment in the long run. If this uneconomic, wasteful spending could be diverted into either saving or into economic spending, that is spending upon starved institutions capable of doing admirable work, or upon people who are rendered inefficient by inadequate means, and who would be made far more useful to the community

by some increase in their spending power, we might see a real improvement in our economic position. It is obvious that many of our troubles are due to causes over which the ordinary citizen has no control—to our lost markets, to the waste of war, to the chaos of Central Europe. But it is surely true that readjustment of the spending that goes on every day would help. Each individual must decide for himself or herself how much his or her spending is capable of readjustment, and, in so far as it is, whether the result should be increased saving or a diversion of spending power to some other person or body or persons. Probably much, perhaps most, of this readjustment must be done by man. But can the ordinary, average woman help even a little ? Surely she can. And if she understands why and how, surely she will.

LETTICE FISHER.

CANADA AND EMPIRE: DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS

I.

PARTY politics, with their come and go of Ministers, when the rank of Secretary of State is a mere political ambition which needs must carry with it the executive of some great department of State, do not tend to any continuity of policy. The Secretaryship of State for War, with its vital executive dealing with men and their value to the State, is a mere stepping-stone to one of the other State departments. A successful Secretary of State for War can expect to go to the Admiralty or even the Foreign Office. If he likes an easy life he may aspire to the Colonial Office or some department still less in the limelight. It is true that these departments aim at obtaining a continuity of policy by their permanent staff. But after all, the permanent staff have their ambitions too, and departmental promotion depends on the transient politician who is the ' great noise ' of the department. The permanent official may know the best policy, but if it does not suit the political head is the official to risk his comfortable home at Worcester Park by forcing his point? It is hardly fair to expect it, and we have every reason to be proud of our departmental officials in that they trim their sails as little as they do. Luckily, in most cases the politician is only too pleased to let the permanent staff do their work efficiently, as it is to his credit more than theirs. At least he gets more credit out of it than they do, and it leaves him more time to go on with the purely political advertisement that is generally his primary reason for being in the arena at all. We have a splendid Constitution, and if its executive is faulty it may detract from its efficiency without striking at the basic principles of that Constitution. But—and this is a big but—it does enormously handicap us in understanding all the wheels within wheels of any policy applied outside England.

In all the great offices of State the Colonial Office stands out as a case in point. It remains a mystery—though doubtless there is a political explanation—why the Colonial Office, that holds the

reins of the Imperial coach, is regarded almost as one of minor importance, and why the most brilliant leaders are seldom content with the Colonial Office. Ours is an Empire composed of colonial groups that are almost empires in themselves. Yet England, the centre of that great mass, is seemingly much more concerned with vacillating Continental allies than in binding to us, by sympathy and understanding, those Dominions without which England would be a tiny spot on the map of the world. If we remain the great Empire we are, will it be by France's co-operation or by that of Canada, Australia, Africa, and all our greater and lesser Dominions? France is our good Ally, and will be as long as our interests in Europe are mutual; but a short journey back into history shows a very different picture—in fact we need scarcely look farther than Chanak or Genoa to see that France's interests are not our interests. But the history of the Empire shows page after page of loyalty within the Empire, from the time the French Canadians saved Canada to us in the American War of Independence down to that great epic of Imperialism the war of 1914-18.

And yet how many politicians know the Empire at all? Some know Canada, some know Africa, some know Australia; but has there ever been a Secretary for the Colonies who has known all the Colonies enough to understand the internal conditions that make them give the answers they sometimes do to Imperial requests? A life's study, doubtless; but is not our Empire worth a life's study? Would it be an Arcadian situation for a politician to stay at the Colonial Office through a change of Government because he was a splendid man for the job? And yet why does it seem so absurd, except that the political head of the moment knows no more about the Empire than anyone else? He can be replaced easily, and so out he goes.

Canada, to the thinking Englishman, is one of the finest countries in the world. Its great rolling spaces of land, rivers, and lakes breed a people who cannot help assimilating in their characters some of the greatness of their surroundings. The city-bred man is much the same all the world over, but not so those who fight Nature in the big spaces. And Canada has spaces enough and a climate rigorous enough to breed giants—if they were encouraged to grow such. But politics and self-interests fill their newspapers with a class of literature that does not lead to growth of the right sort. The Canadian born and bred in the outlands is an acquisition to any Empire, and he is an Imperialist as big as his country. But can one blame him if he gets his ideas tangled by politics as presented to him by probably the one paper he ever sees? Can he ever see the other side of a question if it is never put to him? Can he help picking up some of those weird ideas which come from the great country alongside him, and

are wrongly described to him as Republican independence? Can you blame the Canadian who is influenced by the fairy tales he hears from the last invader from the States? Can you blame the Ontario farmer if he thinks the French Canadian farmer of Quebec is a mad Romanist trying to convert his children and undercut his prices for farm produce? The Ontario farmer will never know the other side of the question as he never sees a Lower Quebec paper, and if he did he would be no wiser, because he cannot read French.

For a decade the newspapers of Canada preached that all wars were quite avoidable and were merely the intrigues of some unscrupulous statesman. Politicians of all denominations found it an easy topic to talk on, and the rustic had it thoroughly rubbed into him till it became one of the tenets of his faith that wars were unnecessary, bloody and cruel, and he should have nothing to do with them. Then suddenly the tocsin rang out and Canada came forward to do her share. Slowly the news filtered down to the outlying settlements of Gaspé, of Baie Chaleur, and of Canadian Labrador. Imagine the mental unpreparedness of the isolated French Canadian farmer who for a decade had been taught by Canadian politics that he should not fight! No, he said; he had been taught that wars were bad things, and he would have nothing to do with them. When eventually the French stalwarts began to enlist they were mostly just drafted into Canadian regiments, and the word still went round that the French Canadians were not enlisting. And who, out of his own platoon, knew that the Smith who died so magnificently at Ypres or Passchendaele was a French Canadian who could scarcely speak enough English to carry on? It was a hopeless sort of situation, and was a dreadful lesson of the evils of too voluble politicians and the Frankenstein's monster they raised and then struggled to manage for the first three years of the war. The anti-conscription riots in Quebec left a bad taste in everyone's mouth, but it was only the outcome of a faulty policy, and politics were far more to blame than the people.

The analysis of the enlistments for the Great War are mostly guess-work; for who knows whether Private Platt or Platte was English or French Canadian? The name is equally common to either—just as Brown, Nelson, Wilson, Fraser, Campbell, and a hundred other surnames are equally borne by French and English Canadians. Only one fact comes clear out of the analysis, and that is that six British-born Canadians came back to fight as compared with each one Canadian-born Canadian who had had years of newspaper education against wars.

As Englishmen we are apt to partisan the English-speaking Canadian. But ought we not to know both sides of a case, and to take the majority decision that reaches us with a grain of

sympathetic salt for minorities that we must know exist? Still more so if we think in decades, for then we shall not sympathise entirely with any one sect, but think of all the children of the Empire, even if the children fight amongst themselves. The anti-conscription riots in Quebec, by their recentness, should not obscure our vision of what French Canadians did in the past for our Empire. Do not let us too readily forget that when, as a result of foolish English politicians, the British in America threw off their allegiance to the British king in the seventeen seventies, the French Canadians stood staunch to England. No stone was left unturned to influence them to revolt at a time when there were scarcely 1000 British regulars in Canada and not a single armed vessel. The French Canadians who rallied to the British standard knew no English, were not allowed to choose their own officers, and were not wholly convinced of the genuineness of British guarantees, yet they rallied in sufficient numbers to beat back the invaders and preserve the Colony to Britain. Great were the efforts made by the American Commissioners—Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carrol—to win over French Canadians by fair promises. And, similarly, Vergennes, the clever exponent of French foreign policy at that time, failed. All efforts failed through the stubborn loyalty of the French Canadians to Britain.

In the present decade, when history repeated itself and the United States tried hard to win over Canada to themselves under the guise of Reciprocity and Confederation, it was the French Canadians who were most solid against it. All Canadians who can see further than their noses are against Confederation with the United States, but the party who supported the idea in Canada are all English Canadians.

The history of Canada is all French Canadian history, and the Canada of to-day was reclaimed and fought for by the early *coureurs-des-bois*, the missionaries like Brébœuf or Lalement, and explorers like Pierre Gaultier de la Vérendrye. They made and mapped the early Canada steadily on from the days in 1615 when Lecaroy first visited the Georgian Bay. Then the honesty of our early British representatives and commanders gained the friendship of the Iroquois, and Canada was practically given us by the Indians, who preferred our rule to that of the French. And so in 1759 a supine French court and a Wolfe gave us Canada with its 60,000 French inhabitants. Those 60,000 Frenchmen have grown to be the 3,000,000 French Canadians who are as stubbornly loyal to-day to Britain as they always have been since their conquest.

During the last decade a situation has grown up that is the outcome of national characteristics worked up by newspapers for

their own ends. Here in England we think of Canada as a vast granary of wheat. Modern machinery and modern appliances make it possible to handle enormous quantities of grain and produce, and this is fortunate. Were it merely a matter of man power to cope with the great areas handled the output would fall far below the present figures, for the English Canadians who are content to remain on the land to work it are as one to the ten who prefer to live in cities. It is a characteristic of the English race that they prefer to live in cities, and this characteristic is especially noticeable in Canada. The analysis of the 1910 census shows that in Ontario alone the rural population decreased by 52,000, while the urban population increased by 400,000 during the same period, and the 1921 census shows the movement is going on in a still more intense form. The English emigrants who go out to Canada go there because they are dissatisfied with the chances of making a good livelihood in this country; and that same enterprising spirit makes them look round for the quickest way to make money when they arrive in Canada. The answer is that there are more dollars to be earned in the city than on the land; and the resident Canadian has doubtless picked up some of the get-rich-quick ideas from his neighbours in the United States. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the bulk of the English Canadians flock into the cities. This exodus has gone on till farms can be bought near Ottawa and Toronto at prices that cannot cover more than the cost of the original clearing. Farms within easy reach of townships and with good markets at their doors go for a portion of their value, because, come what may, the farmer sees money is made more easily and more plentifully in the cities. It is a national characteristic, and no one can blame the farmer who wants to better himself. It is beyond dispute that the English farmer in Ontario earns little more than a farm labourer's wages while carrying all the risk of a bad season and consequent loss. He buys in one of the dearest retail markets of the world and sells at figures that generally are below the world's wholesale prices. Farming in Canada is no child's play, and an ambitious man will not face it long if he has energy and ideas of his own which he thinks he can turn to money in the cities. At the worst he will get a good labourer's wage in the city, and will live in comparative comfort in the winter instead of facing the cold and isolation of his homestead. In the summer, if he feels like it, he can readily get a well-paid job on a farm during the busy harvesting months. No, it is not difficult to understand why English Canadians prefer the cities.

Luckily for the Empire and its granaries, there are other nationals whose characteristics are different from those of the English Canadian and who replace him to some extent on the

farm lands. First we have the American farmer who comes trekking north from Montana, the Dakotas, and the northern plains of the United States. The unknown has always an attraction, and it would be difficult to have a harder time than he has grown up to. He leaves his prairie farm and treks north to the rich lands of Alberta, and farm life there satisfies him so well that he writes to his late neighbours in the States, and next season they come north too. And so the American invasion goes on, but with one very noticeable point, which is that the American farmer is used to treeless plains, and will only settle where there is no clearing to be done. It is seldom an American farmer is found as far east as Ontario. He is not used to woods and forests, and has no use for them. And so the best land in Alberta is good enough for him.

In Ontario the situation can be saved at a moment's notice by encouraging the French Canadians to take up the farms the English Canadians do not want. It sounds simple, but for years a bitter and unnecessary tirade has been engineered by the English Canadian newspapers against such a thing happening. Great journalists have not thought it below them to lead a bitter crusade against the French Canadian farmers, who are willing not only to take up the farms falling in in Ontario and the Middle West provinces, but to populate and cultivate the waste lands lying to the north and east of Ontario and generally called New Ontario. This vast area, forming a hinterland of forest to Ontario, has been allowed to remain a wilderness. The English Canadians do not want it, but they will not let the French Canadians have it, and so this great clay belt of sixteen million acres lies waiting the moment when sectional strife dies down and the plough adds it to the granaries of the world.

The objections to the French Canadians settling it are, however, not all newspaper fiction. The stubbornness of the Quebec Frenchmen makes their management extremely difficult, and their religion is another bar to an easy settlement. The stubborn, somewhat unprogressive French Canadian peasants are a class apart. Splendid and economical farmers, and equally fine woodsmen and axemen, no one in North America can compare with them as settlers. Physically they represent the survival of a babyhood and youth spent under the most terrific conditions. They are intelligent and hard working, without verve and initiative enough to benefit to any great extent by those qualities. The market-garden farms round Montreal are a revelation of economy and efficiency, and a trip through the Matapædia Valley leaves one astonished at the perseverance that is represented by their little farms hewn out of the heart of primæval forests. There the farmers live and die, fighting an endless fight against

the encroaching woods, a rigorous climate, and an isolation that would be unbearable to some temperaments.

It certainly is an obstacle to their settling happily all through the Ontario and Western grain lands that one of their forms of stubbornness is a refusal to learn or speak English. And the Roman Catholic faith has never been notable for its tolerance of other creeds, nor has it been successful in maintaining a religion quite free from the taint of temporal ambitions. The French Canadian settler and farmer is essentially priest-ridden, and this has to be taken into account in reckoning how far it will militate against the successful mingling of French and English Canadian farmers. This may mean that the trade from new French settlements will drift down the old natural channel of French commerce in Canada, namely, *via* Montreal and Quebec. And it is not unnatural that the Ontario tradesman should object to portions of what have become his areas being colonised by a French-speaking people who will send their trade to their French cities and not to the more local cities such as Toronto and Ottawa. The law as it now stands in Ontario is that French Canadians can take up land in Ontario or elsewhere, but their children must learn English in their schools. It is not an unfair proposition, and it must be possible to arrive at some *via media* that will help Canada to her own development and betterment.

It is a matter for statesmanship and patience, and to exploit an already difficult position for political reasons is inexcusable. Such articles as were published in Toronto in 1916 about the so-called 'clerical plot' were dangerous political propaganda. Referring to the French priests, they said: 'The dream of reconquest and of ascendancy they have never abandoned. They make race serve religion and religion serve race. . . . They are directing migration into Ontario and the Western Provinces.' Well, what of it? There was nothing new in their methods; and at any rate they were colonising an empty waste at Ontario's door. It was necessary for Ontario to see its trade was not hurt, but to stop the colonisation was surely the policy of the dog in the manger. Ontario's laws run in Ontario, and moderate laws about language would possibly have bridged the gulf. What was most valuable was that the French Canadians are out-dwellers, not city dwellers. The question of the separate schools of the French settlements was a matter for delicate discussion and handling, not the rough onslaught the Toronto papers launched. At any rate, the French settlements *had* schools, whereas, according to the *Toronto News* itself, in an earlier series of articles, the English Canadian frontiersmen were destitute of church and school, and by the violation of eugenic laws had sunk into mental and physical degeneracy. The beam seemed to be in Ontario's

eye! But local fears, fanned by a narrow and provincial Press, have up to the present lost to cultivation sixteen million acres of first-class land. What that represents in bushels of wheat and income to Canada must be colossal. And yet can it not be arranged that statesmanship will overcome these difficulties? Then these two provinces of Canada will work in unison, to their mutual benefit and to that of the Dominion of Canada. And the aggrandisement of Canada will swell the greatness of the Empire of which it is part.

Let us study internal situations and try and give helpful advice if it is wanted. Canada's Premier has to rule his eight millions, and he has troubles enough with newspapers preaching their own pet crusades, with Indian and Japanese questions in Vancouver, and hundreds of inter-State complications. We are further away from his troubles, and distance may give us a better perspective.

All this may seem a digression from the question of how politics in England can best carry out the Imperial idea. But it is an example of the many difficulties with which each of the Dominions is faced. The onlooker sees most of the game, and if one-tenth of the interest was aroused, or one-tenth of the diplomacy exerted in our Colonial affairs that is spent on European combinations, would the Empire not become so self-contained and self-sufficient that it would be independent of Continental alliances? Once independent of alliances, how we would be sought after by our Continental neighbours!

Australia up to the time of the Great War was far more American than British in its ideas, but with its magnificent response to the Mother's call came a revulsion of feeling, and now Australia's star shines out and could teach other Dominions what patriotism really stands for. And yet Australia's internal troubles are manifold and urgent. If some of the English brains that are worrying about Russia and its incorporation in European politics would devote their time to thinking out problems *within* the Empire, how much greater benefits might result to the English race in all its branches!

The days of autocracy are dead—dead as the dodo. Every trouble within the Empire for the last two decades has been because as a parent we resented the children growing up. But they have grown up, and the wise parent is the one who keeps young enough to mingle with the children on a basis of companionship and mutual interests. Then the children come for advice, not to a parent, but to one who is older and has had more experience. But the faintest suspicion that we are directing, and not just giving unprejudiced advice, will send the youngest of the children up in arms.

Look at the oldest child, Newfoundland, an island approximately the size of Great Britain, but with only a quarter of a million people spread round its rocky indented shores! It has a responsible Government and takes its politics very seriously. If some of its ideas are droll to older Parliaments, what does that matter? Did not some of the finest of its sons die fighting for the Empire in Gallipoli, at Beaumont Hamel, and all along the line in France? And did not Haig himself say the Newfoundland Regiment was 'Better than the Best'? Let us remember that, and then what matters the drolleries of politicians?

A Preferential Tariff within the Empire has its advocates, but the difficulties of getting countries to buy where they ought, and not in the cheapest market, would involve an almost Utopian state of Reciprocity. Still, some scheme might be worked out, and if only partially feasible it would do more good to England and the Empire than ten successful conferences at Genoa, let alone one unsuccessful one.

Never has the Empire been so closely knit as now. Let us keep it so. And never let English politicians delude themselves into thinking they are shaping the Empire, for the Dominions *are* the Empire. All we want now is co-operation and concord amongst us.

H. KNOX-NIVEN

CANADA AND EMPIRE: DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS

II

THE 'New School of Constitutionalists' (myself a scholar), whose advent Sir John Willison deplores,[1] is new only in the sense that the older boys are dead and that the living are attacking from the vantage ground gained by their fathers. For the great object of both pasts and presents is the same—self-government for their country—and the fight, now as then, is against those who prefer subordination to freedom. Fortunately, the 'Old School of Die-hards' (Sir John will not object to the word) is rapidly disappearing. Of them, too, the older ones are passing, while even the leaders of the Conservatives—the ultra-loyal party—Sir Robert Borden and Mr. Meighen, are developing dislike of orthodox imperialistic principles.

> No one doubts [Sir John says] the devotion of Sir Robert Borden or Mr. Meighen to the Imperial connection, but one is not certain that they fully realise the implications of the conception of empire which they now proclaim. Substantially they have become the allies of Mr. John S. Ewart, K.C.,

of Sir Clifford Sifton, of Mr. John W. Dafoe (*Manitoba Free Press*, Winnipeg), and of Professor Oscar D. Skelton. The Liberal Party has also one lone incorruptible:

> Among the leaders of the Liberal Party only Mr. Fielding, never a professional Imperialist, rejects the new teaching, opposes separate representation of the Dominions in the League of Nations, and denies the necessity for any fundamental changes in the relation of Canada to the Mother Country. A strange result that we have a nation of British Imperialists under autonomist leadership, and a singularly voluble misinterpretation of the deeper faiths and loyalties of the Canadian people.

The Creed.—If this be all quite accurate, even if a little qualification of it be necessary, there must surely be something reasonable and commendable in the creed of the New School. Sir John thinks not, and presents it (not quite accurately) for condemnation as follows:

> They would exact from the Imperial Parliament a definite statutory admission of the equality of Canada with Great Britain in the Common-

[1] *The Nineteenth Century and After*, July, 1922.

wealth; they would have Canada appoint ambassadors to foreign capitals co-equal in authority with those of the Mother Country; they would have the Dominion conduct her own negotiations and make her own political and commercial treaties with foreign nations; they would not enter into any agreements for common defence, nor accept any joint responsibility for Imperial interests in Europe or Asia, nor even send representatives to Imperial Conferences except as the independent and instructed delegates of a sovereign nation.

In other words, they desire self-government for their country, even though, as Sir John quite correctly says, it may be subversive of Imperial unity. Why? Because to the New School subordination is an abomination. For very many years men of the highest attainments and widest political experience have been endeavouring, by suggestions of 'Imperial Federation,' 'Imperial Council,' 'Imperial Cabinet,' etc., etc., to prove to us that subordination is not subordination, or, in the alternative, that it is good for us. They have failed, and more than failed. For every such effort, by awakening interest and thought, has produced more or less repulsion. Mr. Lionel Curtis's excellent work *The Problem of the Commonwealth*, for example, by making clear that the future of Canada was either Imperial federation or independence, drove many of his readers into the New School. Many more will assuredly follow when they learn that all Sir John Willison can propose is that—

If we go warily and wisely we shall find the machinery necessary to give equal citizenship to all the King's subjects, and ample autonomy to all portions of the Commonwealth.

In the indefinite meanwhile Canada must humbly content herself with inequality—with inferiority in citizenship for her people and with subordination in sovereignty for her Parliament. Against that the New School protests.

Danger of British Connection.—Sir John Willison stands high among Canadian journalists, but it is curious to note that the discussions which have worked alteration in Canadian opinion have left him repeating what he evidently regards as crushing questions rather than moved him to make such reply as he can to the oft-repeated answers. For example:

What would be the cost of providing such defence of Canadian interests as the British Navy now affords? Have we greater reason to trust the United States than we have to trust Great Britain? Do we mean deliberately to declare that we regard our connection with Great Britain as a danger on this continent, and that we shall feel more secure when we have established at Ottawa a complete sovereignty over all our relations with the Republic?

The answers, of course, are that it would cost Canada nothing for 'such defence as the British Navy now affords,' and that

we certainly do 'regard our connection with Great Britain as a danger,' and not as a protection.

Comparison of the history of Canada with that of the smaller States in North and South America supplies the reasons for our convictions. Not one of these States has ever had protection from the British Navy. Not one of them, since their independence days, has been attacked from overseas, except Argentina, by the British Navy. Not one of them would assume the risk of British connection or of a war alliance with the United Kingdom. Look at that lovely banana country, Costa Rica, with its frontages on both the Atlantic and the Pacific! She has no navy. and on land has little more than police. She has had no protection from the British Navy, and has never wanted it. Ask her if in exchange for 'such defence as the British Navy now affords' to Canada, plus such consultation as to British foreign policy as Canada now 'enjoys,' she would put her shoulders under a 'joint responsibility' (Mr. Lloyd George's phrase) for the products of British diplomacy all over the world.

British Fleet and Canada.—Upon the only two occasions on which the British fleet has gone into action in connection with our (I include Newfoundland) quarrels it has taken sides against us, although the British Government was well convinced that our opponents were in the wrong. One of these occasions was when, in 1890, the British commander landed men on the Newfoundland coast and destroyed the lobster factories of the Newfoundlanders. The French had pretended that our people had no right to erect these factories; but the pretension was absurd, and was rightly repudiated by the British Government. The owner of one of the factories sued the British commander for what he had done, and succeeded in recovering damages. Under advice he took the case to the Privy Council in London, but was beaten upon the ground that he had no right to interfere. The factory owner received payment for his loss, and the British Government paid the costs of the suit.

The other occasion was when the British fleet co-operated with the American fleet in driving our sealing vessels off the open ocean. That was in 1891. There was not the slightest doubt as to our right to take the seals, but during three seasons the British Navy bobbed at anchor in a British Columbia harbour, while the United States cruisers 'ruled the waves' in the North Pacific. In 1886, three vessels were seized and one turned out of Behring Sea. In 1887, six were seized and one not permitted to enter the sea. In 1888, no seizures, only threats. In 1889, five were seized and two turned out of the sea. In all, fourteen vessels seized and four stopped. Fines and imprisonment, moreover, of some of the officers, and transportation of the crews

to United States ports, the Union Jacks carried away with the crews. During all this period only one serious protest was made, by Lord Salisbury, and that was not delivered until June 14, 1890, nearly four years after the first of the seizures. In 1887 (August 6) the *Victoria Daily Colonist* reflected the general feeling when it said of the shipowners :

They are beginning to wonder if, indeed, England is mistress of the seas, when such high-handed piratical acts as those perpetrated last year, and again repeated this, are allowed to occur without some protection being given to British subjects or redress secured for damage done to property and interests at the hands of Americans.

Among the many public demonstrations was the indignation meeting in Victoria on September 1, 1889, at which it was :

RESOLVED, That as loyal British subjects, we resent the insult to our flag, and respectfully claim for our vessels and citizens on the high seas that protection of the British Government which for centuries has been the right and pride of even the meanest subject of the Empire, but which now seems to be denied us, causing great loss to the commerce of our city, and financial ruin to our fellow-citizens engaged in the sealing industry.

To protests of this sort Lord Salisbury replied (September 2, 1889)

that Her Majesty's Government are in communication with that of the United States with the object of procuring instructions which will prevent any further seizures. I am, at the same time, to request that you point out to Secretary Lord Knutsford that as yet no authentic and detailed information has reached this department as to the circumstances attending the seizure and searching of these or other British vessels by the United States authorities during the present fishing season.

That was mere evasion. Lord Salisbury had the Canadian Order in Council of August 2 stating that the *Black Diamond* had been seized ' seventy miles from land,' and that the *Triumph* had been searched ' in the same locality.' What more did he want? Moreover, he had all the details of the seizures of the previous years, and had done nothing with them. The claims for compensation had never left his pigeon-holes. Indeed, upon one occasion (April 19, 1888) the United States Secretary said that ' he had been led to believe that these claims would be held over.' They were. To Lord Salisbury the seizures were, as he described them in his despatch to the British Ambassador at Washington (September 10, 1887), ' regrettable incidents,' and his way of treating them, after three years of seizures, was to instruct the Ambassador (September 11, 1889) to

write privately to Mr. Blaine saying that Her Majesty's Government were earnestly expecting an answer to their request that the United States Government would send to Alaska such instructions as would put a stop to the seizures of British vessels.

That to Washington, and the following to Ottawa (August 17, 1889):

> . . . It being very unusual to press for diplomatic redress for a private wrong, so long as there is a reasonable chance of obtaining it from the tribunals of the country under whose jurisdiction the wrong complained of has occurred, Her Majesty's Government consider that they would be in a stronger position for dealing diplomatically with the Behring's Sea cases if appeals on the cases of seizure which took place in 1886 were pushed on.

What could be more exasperatingly evasive? The wrong complained of occurred on the open ocean. Canada, nevertheless, did as she was told, with the easily predicted result.[2] The second part of the story—how Lord Salisbury lent willing ear to a proposal for the imposition on Canada of a close season satisfactory to the United States; how he agreed to temporary cessation of Canadian sealing, the Leader in the House of Commons saying (June 1, 1891):

> I do not urge the House to accept the Bill on the ground of absolute right or justice, but on the ground that it is a friendly act towards a friendly Power (*Hansard*, p. 1402):

how Lord Salisbury ordered the British fleet to assist the United States cruisers; how he agreed that arbitration should declare what limitations should be placed upon Canadian methods, periods and places (fancy French limitations on the Scotch herring fishery!); and how, at last, Canadian sealing ceased—is too long a story for relation. One little fact must, nevertheless, be placed to Lord Salisbury's credit. While his negotiations were dragging, and the sealing season was approaching in 1890, he after the years of seizing had ceased, and the United States had proposed during negotiations merely to endeavour to deter the Canadians by warnings, made bold appearance of handing to the United States a note, the important clause of which was as follows:

> The undersigned is in consequence instructed formally to protest against such interference, and to declare that Her Majesty's Government must hold the Government of the United States responsible for the consequences which may ensue from acts which are contrary to the principles of international law.

To a preliminary notification in the same sense the American Secretary of State replied (May 29) as follows:

> Your note of the 23rd instant, already acknowledged, informs this Government that you have been instructed by the Marquis of Salisbury to state that Her Majesty's Government would forward, without delay, a

[2] The action was dismissed 'upon the well-settled principle that an application to a court to review the action of the political department of the Government upon a question pending between it and a foreign Power, and to determine whether the Government was right or wrong, while diplomatic negotiations were still going on, should be denied (*Re Cooper*, 143 U. S. 472).

protest against the course which this Government has found it necessary under the laws of Congress to pursue in the waters of the Behring's Sea.

In turn I am instructed by the President to protest against the course of the British Government in authorising, encouraging, and protecting vessels which are not only interfering with American rights in the Behring's Sea, but which are doing violence as well to the rights of the civilised world.

The cruisers went out and followed their instructions, and the British Navy continued to bob in Esquimalt harbour.

The Trent *and the Dogger Bank Affairs.*—Compare all this—cases of foreign interference with Canadian indisputable rights—with much less aggravated cases in which the British people felt that they themselves had been aggrieved. In 1861, during the American Civil War, two United States citizens—emissaries of the rebel States—were taken by an American sloop of war from the deck of the *Trent*, a British mail steamer. No harm was done to ship, crew, freight, or passengers.

When the news reached England it caused tremendous excitement. The flag had been insulted; instant reparation must be demanded. Russell drafted a vigorous despatch to the Federal Government, at the same time directing Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Washington, to require the release of the Confederate envoys, and to come away if his request were not followed in seven days. Simultaneously 8,000 troops were embarked to be ready for emergency on the Canadian frontier, and preparation was made for immediate hostilities. In all probability the country was only saved from a fratricidal war by the prudent counsel of the Prince Consort.[3]

In its passage through the North Sea in 1904, on its way to the Pacific, the Russian fleet, mistaking British fishing vessels for Japanese torpedo boats, fired upon them with some fatal results. Great excitement again in England, and with difficulty the Government evaded the clamorous demand for war. That is all very natural—no interest in Canadian affairs, extreme sensitiveness in regard to home affairs—so natural that it breeds no complaint from the New School, whose only comment is a request that Imperialists will cease talking about the 'defence of Canadian interests' which 'the British Navy affords.'

British Diplomacy.—If the power of the British Navy, either potential or in action, had ever been of value to Canada, it would have manifested itself in connection with the various questions which have arisen between her and the United States. Upon the history of those questions there are no two opinions in Canada. Even Sir John Willison agrees with the New School, and says:

We in Canada have felt sometimes that the British Press and British statesmen have cultivated American friendship too assiduously and that British diplomatists have displayed excessive subserviency at Washington.

Upon that subject the late Sir Charles Tupper (a strong but sane

[3] Maxwell, *A Century of Empire*, vol. ii., pp. 307, 308.

Imperialist), out of his long political experience, and particularly his close relations with the Colonial Office during the years of his High Commissionership, declared in the House of Commons (February 22, 1899) as follows:

> I now come to a very important question, and that is the reluctance on the part of Her Majesty's Government to do that with the United States that they would do with any other country in the world. I speak from intimate knowledge, and from my personal acquaintance and official association with both the great governing parties in England—because there were many changes of government while I held the position of High Commissioner, and I was necessarily thrown in relation to these matters into intimate association with both—when I say that from 1868, when I had occasion to deal with an important question relating to Canadian interests with Her Majesty's Government, down to the present hour, I have been struck very forcibly with the unwillingness on the part of Her Majesty's Government to allow any circumstances whatever even to threaten a collision with the United States.

But the language is not strong enough. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain did better when he said that preservation of cordial relations with the United States had been 'something more than a desire: it is almost a religion'[4]—a religion which, like others, is less categorically imperative during periods of complacent reliance upon an infrequently recurrent sense of self-security—the courage displayed, for example, in the *Trent* affair, when the United States was heavily engaged in civil war.

Advice and Responsibility.—Men of the New School agree with Sir John that 'where we assume to give advice we must be ready to give support.' Acting upon that view, Sir Wilfrid Laurier refrained from offering advice. Sir Robert Borden apparently showed less reserve, but the explanation was that, as Canada had sent some hundreds of thousands of men to the war, her Government was entitled to share in the oversight of the operations. Mr. Meighen has thrown reserve to the winds. At the last Conference (1921), in time of peace, he went into consultation with regard to British foreign policy all over the world. The New School advocates repudiation of that action. It had no parliamentary sanction.[5]

[4] Jebb, *The Imperial Conference*, p. 316.

[5] In his speech in Parliament just prior to leaving to attend the Conference, Mr. Meighen said: 'I can give the assurance, with all the emphasis that I can command, that no step whatever will be taken binding that country—indeed, no step can be taken, whatever might be the will of the representative of Canada, which would have force or effect before ratification by the Parliament of the Dominion.' In the later elections Mr. Meighen sustained overwhelming defeat. His successor said in the House of Commons on May 16 last: 'I think it is only right and proper at the present time that Parliament should understand that we recognise no obligation in virtue of any action taken by our predecessors without having consulted Parliament or without having for it the approval of Parliament.' But that is not sufficient. Mr. Meighen claims that he acted within his mandate, and the matter is clearly one for parliamentary decision.

Rhetoric.—I cordially agree with Sir John that the (I insert *supposed*)

mystery of the British Empire has been 'greatly enhanced' by 'the maze of rhetoric' which, ever since the war, British statesmen, alike in the Dominions and in Great Britain, have revelled in.

But Sir John himself is one of the contributors. For example, he speaks of Mr. Wilson having been at last

persuaded that the Empire was a single, organised, cohesive, and co-operative Commonwealth.

That is either rhetoric or rhodomontade. For (1) an 'Empire' cannot be a 'Commonwealth'; (2) while the word *Empire* has legal justification, there is none whatever for the word *Commonwealth*; (3) a 'single' State cannot be 'co-operative' with itself; (4) while in pure law the Empire is 'single,' it is, indisputably, multiple, not only in all that relates to peace activities, but also with reference to participation in war; (5) so far from being 'organised,' Sir Robert Borden has truly said, 'the British Empire, in some respects, is a mere disorganisation'[6]; (6) there is in the Empire more disruption than cohesion; and (7) sometimes there is co-operation, and sometimes there is none.

If not for rhetorical effect, why do Sir John and other Imperialists speak of *the British Commonwealth of Nations*? The thinking members of that class found that for propaganda the word *Empire* was harmful, Lord Milner saying:

'For the relations existing between the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies, it is a misnomer, and with the idea of ascendancy, of domination, inevitably associated with it, a very unfortunate misnomer.'[7]

Something else of a mouth-filling, soul-stirring, ear-tickling sort had to be thought of, and so came the new phrase. It is useless to tell people who employ it that, apart from a federation of States the central legislature of which is of commonwealth character, there is no political system which can properly be styled a 'commonwealth of nations.' Sir John may, if he wishes, apply the phrase, not altogether inaccurately, to the United States, but most of us will think that it would be a poor substitute for the usual words, 'a federation of States.' If it be said that we must have some word or phrase wherewith to speak inclusively of the United Kingdom and the Dominions, I beg to remind the Imperialists that the common term *the King's Dominions* is sufficient for the purpose.

The late War.—The most important of present differences between Sir John and the New School is as to Canada's attitude

[6] *Hansard*, 1910, p. 1747.
[7] *Standard of Empire*, May 23, 1908.

toward future wars. Referring to the outbreak of the recent war, Sir John says:

> In the action of Canada there was nothing of calculation or of coercion. Nor is it true that the Dominion at the outset was inspired by concern for her own security or for the integrity of free institutions in Europe. There was no other thought among the Canadian people than that Great Britain was at war, that the Empire was in danger, and that all the country had of men and resources must be mobilised for resistance and defence.

That is not quite accurate. When, on August 1, we expressed by cable the desire to render 'every possible aid' by 'the most effective means,' Great Britain was not at war; we did not know whether or not war would break out; we did not know whether or not the United Kingdom would be engaged in it; if it should be, we did not know what reason would be given for participation; and we had no reason for thinking that 'the Empire was in danger.' [8] That Great Britain, for some reason, would probably be at war, was all we knew, and Sir John adds:

> As it was in 1914, so one believes it would be in 1924, or 1934, or 1954, and through the long future of an indissoluble British Commonwealth.

If so, I envy the people of Senegal, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, Tonquin, Annam, and the other places from which France draws her coloured troops. For their abdication of the right to say whether their men shall die in the wars of a Government over which they have no control, and for reasons of which they know nothing, they can offer two excuses: lack of development in the art of self-government and conscription by a nation stronger than their own. Save that very many Canadians have been born into subjection and have failed to emerge from the thraldom of their prejudices, Canada can offer no apology of any kind for her renunciation of the principal item in self-government—control over war relations. Men of the New School are doing what they can to raise Canada out of the degrading slough of humiliating colonialism. Some of them (myself among the number) may not live to see the full realisation of their ambitions, but success is certain. The torch of political freedom, now in full flame, is passing to robuster and more capable hands. If eight millions of Canadians are not ashamed of their political subordination, ten, twelve, or fifteen will most certainly refuse to continue it.

JOHN S. EWART.

[8] Sir Edward Grey himself had no idea of danger to the Empire. In his speech of August 3, 1914, he said: 'For us, with a powerful fleet which we believe able to protect our commerce, to protect our shores, and to protect our interests, if we are engaged in war, we shall suffer but little more than if we stand aside.' He thought, and both British and French military experts thought, that, with a British army of 160,000 to protect the left flank of the French Army, France was safe. It was for that reason that the British Government at first declined assistance from Canada.

KAVANAGH'S CONQUEST

ONCE upon a time, early in the nineteenth century, a baby boy was born whose mother was a lady of high degree, the wife of an Irish gentleman, the lineal descendant of the Kings of Leinster.

It is an old experience in the age-long story of the human race—the extraordinary and inexhaustible devotion of a mother to the weakest and most delicate of her offspring. So it was with Lady Harriette Kavanagh, wife of Mr. Thomas Kavanagh, of Borris, county Carlow, and daughter of the Earl of Clancarty, when she knew this baby boy had been born with such physical disabilities that he had limbs which could never be used as those of other men—for the arms reached only to the elbows, the legs to the knees.

The story I have to tell of this child Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh is of one of the completest conquests of mind over matter that the world has ever seen. Men of the English-speaking race who have suffered grievous pain and loss in the Great War, in life and limb, in body and spirit, know well what the deprivation of physical activities means to those who have faced the future without arms and legs or eyes and ears. Listen, then, and I will tell you what marvels of determination, what power of will, what patience, what hope, what a spiritual energy enabled this child when grown to manhood to accomplish. He faced a life which seemed from his earliest youth to threaten naught but physical disability and inefficiency, offering, apparently, no avenue to fame, no possibility for the activities of life and their rewards. He met and conquered all difficulties. From earliest boyhood he had the determination to do as others did and to conquer all physical defects. Finally, in spite of infirmities, he lived without murmuring, in most relations of social intercourse, a noble, useful, family life. In public he was a distinguished man of affairs and attracted troops of friends. He travelled near and far, partook of sport in many almost incredible phases, sailed his own yacht, wrote a book about the pastime, hunted with hounds, shot every variety of beast and bird from the tiger to the snipe, was a very successful fisherman, and one of the first amateur photographers. For a short time he earned his own living in the Survey Office in India, then on the death of his two elder brothers he unexpectedly

inherited and administered large estates in Carlow, Kilkenny and Wexford, and before he died served his country as member for his native county.

All this was known to one who had been stricken with blindness during the war, Sir Arthur Pearson; and he made no secret of the fact that it was the example of how Arthur Kavanagh conquered the difficulties of his physical deficiencies that gave him courage to rise above his own terrible calamity and to give his services to the encouragement of others in the same plight.

The Kavanagh family has played a very large part in Irish history, with a lineage which goes back to the dim twilight of ancient Irish pedigree. When the sons of Milesius left Northern Spain and became the Celtic conquerors of the Isle of Destiny the MacMurroughs settled in Leinster, and grew to be a powerful people, their chiefs ruling in that province till the sixteenth century. One branch became known as the Kavanaghs, the greatest of whom was Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster in 1167. An ancient writer described him as 'a man of tall stature and large frame, warlike and daring among his nation, and of hoarse voice by reason of his frequent and continuous shouting in battle.' After quarrelling with his own clan and the King of Connaught he invited the English into Ireland, and subsequently married Eva, daughter of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, from whom descend the present family.

Later, the clan Kavanagh settled at Polmonty, on the borders of Carlow and Wexford, then at St. Mullins, on the River Barrow, and eventually at Borris, still the residence of the family.

Remarkable men have often had remarkable mothers whose traditions and early training have influenced them powerfully all their lives. Kavanagh's mother was one of these. She was indeed a personality—a woman of great culture, a good linguist, an artist, fond of her sketch-book in all her travels. Her example of energy, initiative, and courage impressed him from his earliest childhood, and drew out similar qualities in his life struggles against the shadow of physical abnormality. He was taught to believe that he could do most things that other children did—that difficulties were only obstacles to be overcome, and that it was his duty and advantage to make the effort. And it was the maternal influence and never-ceasing insistence which encouraged an apparently self-helpless crippled boy to become a self-helpful man in after life.

During her widowhood all Lady Harriette's care and loving attention were centred in her son Arthur, whose high ideals and tenacity of purpose came from her early teaching and close companionship, and this last continued till her death. Above all

he followed her Christian teaching and example throughout his eventful career.

Happily for the boy he was brought up in his earliest years among a circle of near relations, bright, normal children to whom his affectionate and sociable nature and eager, adventurous spirit were a perpetual joy. Indeed, he was their leader, showing an inventiveness in games and harmless mischief which sometimes brought them into scrapes. With him, truly, the boy was always the father of the man in energy and initiative.

Shut out from the discipline of a public school and the benefits of a university career, he received the best possible substitute in private tutors at home and in France, where he spent two years with his mother, and early displayed a love of languages and an immense delight in foreign travel. With such an upbringing it is not surprising he became thoroughly well educated early in life and subsequently an accomplished man of the world.

Lady Harriette Kavanagh, from her Biblical studies and knowledge, had long desired to make a pilgrimage to the East, taking Egypt on her way, and following the footsteps of the children of Israel along the route they took in their wanderings towards the Holy Land. In 1846, accordingly, she left Ireland with the fixed purpose of carrying out her idea in every detail. Arthur Kavanagh, then only sixteen, accompanied his mother, and with them also went her eldest son Thomas, her daughter Harriette, and their tutor, the Rev. David Wood.

About the middle of October a start was made from Marseilles. At Cairo they hired two boats and began the ascent of the Nile to the Third Cataract. The days that followed were spent partly in tutorial work, partly in sport upon the river banks and in expeditions to places of interest. The boys took part in everything, and Arthur was allowed a freedom hard to credit for anyone else so circumstanced. Whether it was a jackal hunt or a shot at an ibis (for he had now a gun suited to him), an ascent of the Pyramids, or a visit to Thebes, he was keen for new enterprise, and was only sorry when the party returned to Cairo.

Lady Harriette now began to organise her long-cherished pilgrimage to the Holy Land. It would have been by no means safe for such a party in the Arabian peninsula to undertake such a journey without some extra companionship. They accordingly joined forces with three other caravans, making in all sixty camels. They had three tents—one large one for the ladies, a smaller one for the boys and their tutor, and the third for the dragoman, cook, helper, and luggage.

It is clear from their letters that the boys thoroughly enjoyed the adventures. No incident or experience was lost upon Arthur,

and, though the youngest of the party, he was the aptest to pick up Arabic, and even, when necessary, acted as interpreter. At home in the saddle, whether on horse, camel or mule, he rode drinking in the fascination of the desert, and to the end of his life never lost the vivid and solemn impression of Mount Sinai and Mount Horeb. At Horeb he bought a horse from the Governor and rode it all the way to Beyrout. Thence the party went to Jerusalem, where they were most hospitably entertained by several English folk—indeed, ' they all treat us,' he wrote, ' more as if we were their near relations than travellers.'

By no means contented with this journey, Lady Harriette faced north with her cavalcade, and marched as far as the Lebanon, Palmyra, Damascus, even to Baalbec. Turning back to Beyrout, they bought horses for the return journey by the short desert route to Cairo, where they arrived safely, and returned to Ireland early in 1848, the year of revolutions.

Kavanagh's Near East experiences, however, were shortly eclipsed by a still greater effort in travel which altogether changed his future fate. Even in these days, with all the facilities of modern transport, most people would hesitate to journey by way of Norway, Sweden and Finland, through Russia down the Volga, and over the Caspian to Northern Persia, Kurdistan, Mesopotamia, by the valley of the Tigris and the Persian Gulf, to the provinces of Bombay and Berar in India. This was nevertheless accomplished by Kavanagh accompanied only by his servant, his elder brother, just of age, and the Rev. David Wood, formerly the family tutor. It was not a success save as a travelling feat, for only one of the trio returned home alive, and that was Kavanagh himself after some years' absence.

A journal kept by Kavanagh of this exceedingly long and fatiguing journey, during which he had a bad illness of months, shows that, on the whole, he enjoyed his experiences as much as anything in his life, strange and dangerous and painful as some of them were. The party started in June 1849, took a year to get to Teheran, the Persian capital, and the final entries in the diary are dated June 1851—just two years after the start.

Some of the adventures of the travellers are worth telling to illustrate what travellers in the Far East had to undergo seventy years ago. There was no striking incident until St. Petersburg and Moscow were passed. Reaching Nijni Novgorod at the time of the annual fair, they laid in stores for the voyage by steamer down the Volga to Astrakhan, on the Caspian Sea. This took three weeks, after frequent delays from grounding on sandbanks. The next stage was a voyage on the Caspian in a Russian Government steamer bound for Baku, where the Governor treated them hospitably in his own house. A visit was made to

see the 'Fire Worshippers' fifteen miles away, the road lying through fields totally uncultivated. 'That fire consisted of naphtha gas issuing from the earth,' Kavanagh wrote in his diary. 'Their court or mosque, strongly walled round, had four fires inside and about forty outside.' He must have been amongst the first Western travellers to see in embryo those portents of future wealth.

The winter journeying through Persia was fraught with hardship and difficulty, not to say peril. The weather was very cold, with snow and hard frost; horses, mules, and reliable guides were hard to get, and there was trouble in finding decent accommodation. Part of their journey lay up a steep ascent on a causeway of solid rock barely wide enough for a laden mule, with a perpendicular wall on one side, the same sheer down below, and no parapet to save the traveller from a terrible abyss. Luckily for himself, Kavanagh had heard before of these conditions, and, determining to manage his own horse, detached its head from the baggage mule to which it had been tied. This mule was laden with two deal boxes. Going round a projecting angle of the hill the animal stumbled and struck the corner of a box against the rock; the shock staggered it, and it fell over the brink with a cry of agony, the echo of the crash being the last ever heard of mule or load.

A longing to see India had always possessed Kavanagh, and on arrival there he lost no time getting an outfit for a sporting expedition to Nuggur and the Caves of Ajunta and Ellora. Mounted on elephants, they hunted tigers at Auringabad. Kavanagh's rifle brought down more than one, and he also got a bear and a cheetah and some pigs. The party spent the summer and autumn of 1851 in shooting and sight-seeing, but in autumn all their plans were changed. Kavanagh's brother Thomas grew suddenly very ill, and was advised to go for a voyage to Australia as the best chance of recovery. He started, accordingly, with Mr. Wood, but he got worse on board ship, and died at Batavia in January 1852. Mr. Wood continued his journey to Australia, where, following an accident, he died shortly afterwards.

The sudden and tragic end of this long journeying left Kavanagh alone in India with the handicap of all his physical imperfections, with hardly any money and only his native courage and strength of will on which to depend. Some, however, of his new acquaintances came to his assistance and helped him to get what he desired most, which was employment until he heard from home. This he gained first as a despatch carrier on horseback and later in the Survey Department of the East India Company. There he remained for about a year, giving such satisfaction to his employers that they offered to keep the post

open for him if ever he wished for it again. In 1853 he returned to Ireland to take up the duties of sub-agent in the family estate office in Borris.

Thus after four years' absence he came home at the age of twenty-two sole survivor of the party of three which in 1849 started with so much hope and expectation. In a short time, through the death of his remaining brother Charles, he became owner of the estate which he had begun to administer for another, and suddenly found himself transferred to a new phase of life with a fresh future and heavy responsibilities.

The diary which he kept on his long journeys in the East is a curiosity. It is written in ink in a small octavo locked volume. The pages are eight inches by five; each page contains some sixty lines, and each line an average of twelve words, making 720 words per page—an amazing performance.

Most people would most probably put Kavanagh's handwriting as his most wonderful achievement: it was certainly marvellous. With an ordinary pen held between those armtips he wrote rapidly, clearly, and most distinctly. It was writing which anyone could read at a glance, and exceedingly minute when he wished it to be so. A journalist said once that Kavanagh could put more on a sheet of paper than any man he knew.

After his return home in the early 'sixties Kavanagh took up photography, at a time when it was very little practised by amateurs: he was certainly one of the first to make the attempt. The camera was rude and awkward, there were no dry plates, negatives had to be developed at home, and the time of exposure was lengthy. But in this, as in all else, Kavanagh was undefeated when he put his mind and will to it. Even in those early days of photographic effort some of his work, as shown in his book *The Cruise of the 'Eva,'* is excellent.

Like most Irishmen, Kavanagh from his boyhood had a keen love of sport. He kept a pack of harriers of his own at Borris, while for years he hunted with the Kilkenny and Carlow foxhounds. The saddle he used was in the form of a three-sided box fixed on an ordinary saddle, with a crupper and breastplate to keep it more firmly in its place. In that he sat with a single broad strap buckled across in front of him to prevent his falling out in case of a jolt or stumble. The rein was a single short one, which he retained with either one or both arms, according to the necessities of pace. All horses went well with him. They seemed to know by instinct something special was expected of them, and they responded gladly. His riding across country was marvellous: he went as straight as a die. One of the cross-country men of his day related that at a more than usually stiff fence in the midst of a run the whole field actually pulled

up in horror at seeing Kavanagh put his horse at it, and only breathed again when they saw him galloping away on the other side. As time went on, and business and other cares grew upon him, hunting was given up, and in 1863 he sold off his hunters and his harriers, not without deep regret. Fishing was another of his pastimes, not only on the Barrow, where the salmon are proverbially phlegmatic, but also on distant excursions to Scandinavia. He was fond of Lough Arrow, in Sligo, and of the Westmeath lakes, especially at the rising of the mayfly.

All domesticated animals loved him, and he them—indeed, he had a strange influence over them, especially dogs and horses, as though they understood and sympathised with his difference to the ordinary perambulating human being, and served him the more affectionately and obediently. He in turn spoke to them in tones of endearment, the animals listening as if they understood his wishes, and were forced by his influence to give up their wills to him. Many a time I have sat beside him as he drove a pair of horses and noted his wonderful sureness of management by rein and voice, a voice always resonant and strong and cheerful.

In Egypt in 1848 on leaving for home he sold his favourite horse.

> Poor beast [he wrote home]: I cried the day I left him, he knew me so well. He used to lick my face when I came in out of the tent in the morning to see him, and at the luncheon time in the heat of the day when I used to sit under him for shade, he would put his head between his legs to take a bit of bread without moving for fear of hurting me.

His extraordinary courage on horseback now and then brought him into dangerous positions. He was of course strapped in the saddle wearing a short riding-habit, which made any accident a serious business, especially as he loved to ride alone. Once in the old deer park at Borris his horse bolted with him, tearing round the park three times. He was just able to guide it, when his strength began to fail. Hoping to stop it by facing an impossible fence, he turned the animal's head to the demesne gate. At that moment the girths gave way, the saddle he was strapped to turned, and he was swung round. He remembered nothing more, and was found insensible beside the horse.

When on a shooting expedition in Albania he was quite dependent on the miserable beasts of the country as no English horse could with safety have got over the steep and often slippery hill tracks. At Avalona only one mount could be procured for him, and that a mere bag of bones. The party had not gone very far up a very steep mountain path before the horse every now and then, ever responsive to his call, had to spring up rocky steps fit only for goats. He reached a spot with a precipice at one side many hundred feet down to the sea. The animal

attempted one of these jumps, failed, and rocked over the brink. A small cactus bush about ten feet below checked their further fall. Kavanagh quite calmly called to the sailors to unstrap him from the saddle. This they did, climbing down where others could not venture, and hoisted him up to the path, while the poor horse rolled down and was instantaneously killed.

Almost incredible as it may seem, one of Kavanagh's chief recreations was felling trees, both for the exercise it gave and for the satisfaction he felt in doing a difficult job well. He used an ordinary axe with a shortened handle, the end of which was turned into a half loop connected with the handle by a strap of leather so as to form a complete circle. Into that loop he placed his right arm, and with his left he directed the rise and fall of the axe, or *vice versâ*, according to whether he was cutting on his right or left side, being equally good with either arm. Seated on the ground at the butt of the tree, he was, of course, more on a level with his work than a man who is standing. The result was that his 'plate,' as the lower cut is called, was almost as level as a billiard table, this smoothness being one of the chief criteria of a good woodman. Indeed, those who have seen the work, if professional woodmen, say that Kavanagh had few superiors in the art.

Of Kavanagh's outdoor pleasures, it was, however, the life afloat that outlasted all the rest. From 1859 he always kept a yacht, and in 1860 he built one himself—a schooner of 130 tons, which he christened the *Eva* after his eldest daughter, who bore that name, so historic in his family. A favourite resort was the Ionian Isles, where he spent a considerable time with his family on two occasions in the 'sixties. As usual, Kavanagh kept a diary of his doings at sea, and some of his descriptions show a rapid, picturesque style which would delight the heart of a Clarke Russell or a Conrad.

On one occasion he took the *Eva* to Scandinavia, beating upward along the Norwegian fiords, where he showed his command of seamanship in a manner worthy of an expert. Indeed, he had mastered the mysteries of navigating a vessel under every vicissitude of sea and sky, and revelled in every change and danger. He had the soul of a true seafaring man, loving what he himself called 'the daily work and progress of seafaring life,' taking watches (four hours by night and four hours by day) equally with his crew, showing himself thoroughly at home in his responsibility as owner and commander.

As a fisherman Kavanagh took great pleasure in these expeditions to the North Sea and Arctic Circle, round the North Cape and so to Lapland. For two or three years he rented a three

miles fishing of the Pasvig River (longitude 30) with Sir Robert Gore Booth, of Lissadell, county Sligo, a well-known Irish yachtsman and sportsman. It was a very good river. In one year Kavanagh killed eight salmon, weighing 166 lbs., to his own rod. Next year in ten days he killed thirty-nine salmon averaging in weight 20¾ lbs.—total weight, 812 lbs. A further note in his diary, dated July 17, 1864, says:

> Our salmon bag for three rods is now made up, showing 123 salmon weighing 2693 lbs., average 21 lbs., which is not bad for unsophisticated people who are used to Irish rivers.

One day an editorial remark in the *Field* in 1863 regretting that none of the yachtsmen who visited foreign countries ever gave that experience to the public caught Kavanagh's eye. The result was that he published in 1864 *The Cruise of the 'Eva,'* in which he gave a description of a shooting cruise about the Albanian shores.

When, at the age of twenty-three, fate threw upon him greater duties and responsibilities than had hitherto befallen him, he entered into his heritage determined to do what his father and forefathers did before him. The Kavanaghs had always been resident landlords, living amongst their tenants, entering into the life and local government of the county, and recognising the claims upon them to justify their existence. He found himself a member of the grand juries of three counties—Carlow, Kilkenny, and Wexford—and this involved much time and travelling. He took an interest in poor law affairs, and soon became chairman of the New Ross Board of Guardians. All these obligations he fulfilled with extraordinary application and interest. He fully recognised Drummond's aphorism, 'Property has its duties as well as its rights.'

In a wonderfully short time he became a man of mark and weight in the country. Ireland had, indeed, always needed more of such men than she produced; for it must be confessed that in too many cases land agents performed most of the work while their principals devoted themselves mainly to sport. Kavanagh became his own agent, and gave much time to the personal administration of his own property.

A few years passed, and a higher claim was made upon his talents, crippled as he was in body. In 1866 a parliamentary vacancy occurred in South Wexford, where he had property, and he was persuaded to contest the seat. His candidature was a brilliant success; he beat his opponent, Sir John Pope Hennessy, by the comfortable majority of 700 votes.

It is easy to imagine what an ordeal it was to Kavanagh's acute sensibility to go through the trying ceremony of taking his

seat in Parliament for the first time. His fame and feats had become somewhat well known during his election contest, and the curious gaze of England's great assembly was no doubt concentrated on the member for South Wexford as his chair was wheeled up the floor of the House to the table where he had to sign his name and receive the Speaker's greetings. Cheers of encouragement and welcome came from all parts of the House, and were a tribute of sympathy and help to the man whose victory of will had conquered personal disinclination and bodily disability.

Kavanagh did not address the House for the first few years, and when he did, devoted himself mainly to Irish subjects, such as poor law, the land question, railways, university education, and agriculture. He spoke always from the Conservative side of the House, from a seat immediately under the gallery: His voice was clear, robust and resonant, every word well pronounced with deliberation, and his speeches were always delivered with the emphasis of conviction. At the General Election of 1868 he was returned unopposed with Mr. Bruen, of Oak Park, as member for county Carlow, and sat for that constituency for twelve years. Then came, in 1880, the Land League movement, when Mr. Parnell's party swept the political board on the land question. There was a keen contest in Carlow, the sitting members being opposed by Mr. E. D. Gray, owner of the *Freeman's Journal*, and Mr. McFarlane, a Nationalist unknown to fame. The result was a decisive victory for the Parnellites, who polled 2000 votes each, as against 700 for Kavanagh and Bruen.

After the first sting of defeat, always painful, it is doubtful if Kavanagh regretted his severance from political life. He was a free man again, with leisure to go back to his congenial country life and to his old love the sea. Some honours came to him too. He was made a Privy Councillor for Ireland, was appointed Her Majesty's Lieutenant for county Carlow, and was made a member of the Bessborough Commission to inquire into the working of the Land Act, 1870. To this Kavanagh contributed a minority report which expressed the views of the Southern landlords on the subject. Always Conservative in politics, he was a broad and liberal-minded man, with a great love for his native land and a deep and lasting desire to do all he could to benefit her. He wrote in 1885 a remarkable forecast of political events which was headed 'A Few Suggestions for a Future Policy for the Government of Ireland.' In that he strongly advocated Local Government, which was passed into law in 1898. He also advocated Land Purchase, which was brought into full operation by the Act of 1903, through which three-fourths of the land of Ireland has been transferred from the owner to the occupier. Neither of these

measures was at the time the policy of the Conservative Party; but he saw further than his contemporaries in these things, and, though separated from active life in Parliament, he never lost touch with politics.

On the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church in 1869 Kavanagh had thrown himself into the work of reconstruction with all his ability and energy. He was one of the men who, fifty-three years ago, helped to build strength out of weakness, order out of confusion, and made the Irish Protestant Church the solid body which it is to-day. In the old Cathedral of St. Canice, Kilkenny, a memorial tablet in the chancel wall by his friends in the united diocese of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin testifies to the work he did both for the diocese and the Church at large.

In 1886 Kavanagh's health showed signs of decline. Outdoor exercise, so essential to his health, became less frequent. Instead of his daily ride and other fresh air occupations he turned more and more to work at his desk at home. His visits to Dublin for meetings connected with the Church, the land question, etc., were his only relaxation, but he had none of the daily movement which for other men in itself constitutes a certain amount of exercise. For the last few years of his life the only change he had from sedentary life was an occasional trip in his yacht to the coast of Holland, where he got some duck-shooting in a punt with a long swivel gun at the bow. On one such visit he fell seriously ill and returned immediately to London. He lived for a few months, getting gradually worse, and so passed to his long rest. He was buried in the graveyard at Borris in a far-off corner of the demesne in sight of the purple mountains he loved so well. He leaves behind to all who knew and loved him a wonderful record and example of a great moral conquest over life's difficulties and troubles and sorrows.

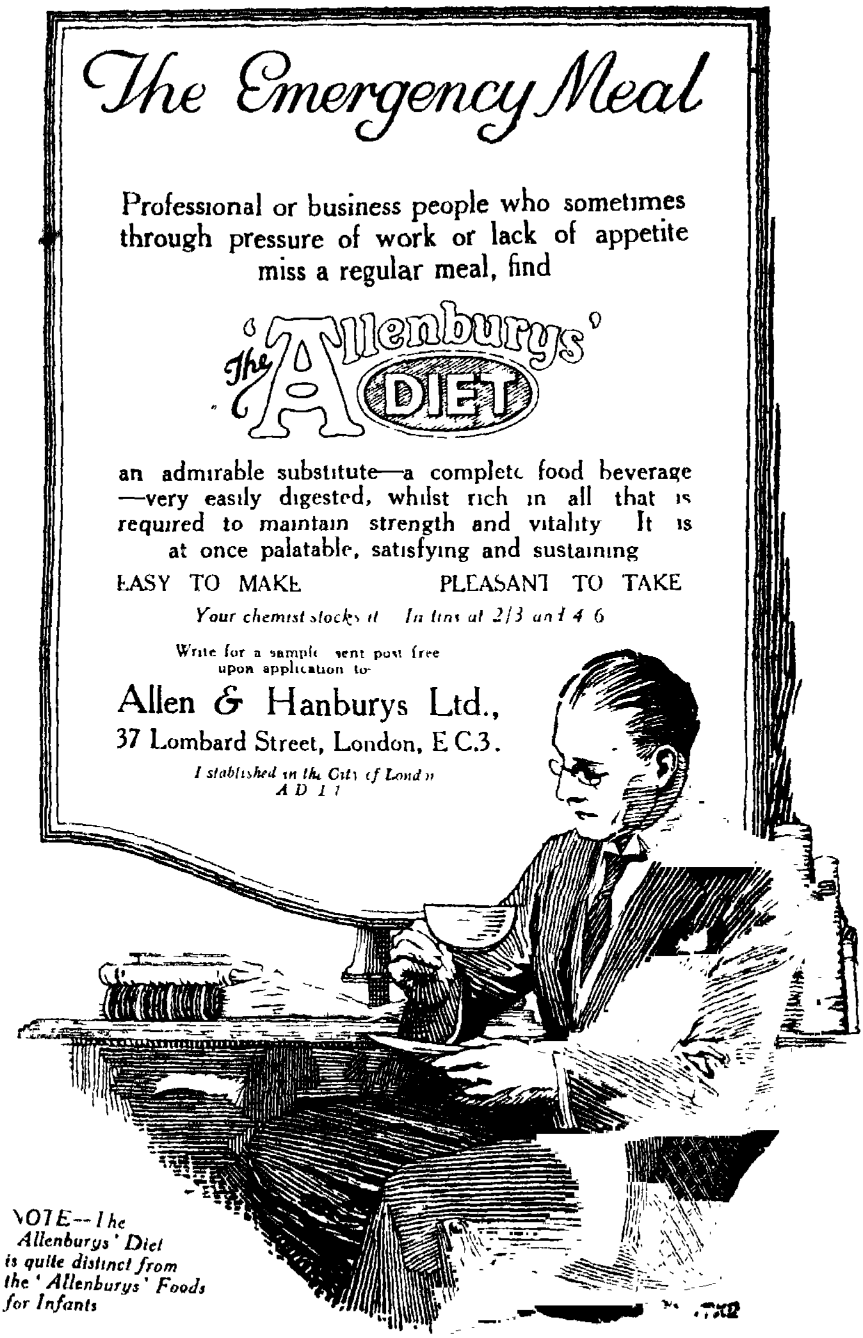
We live in an age of psychology. The world of science has exhausted itself in its labours to decipher the soul and mind of the human race from childhood to old age. It is a difficult task in the case of Kavanagh, for he was born not as other men are. His life of endurance and courage is the best key to it. He learned that life in its last analysis is spiritual; that mind and spirit can overcome all material evils. He must have felt that both are above the accidents to the body, or he would have died of *ennui*, if not of despair. With him it was *nil desperandum.* Above all, he had a great sense of the comedy of life with all its humour. But what mental struggles, what emotions, what temptations he must have endured on the road to manhood! Men with the powers of active and immediate locomotion fully developed must have been food for eternal envy. He was more

or less chained to earth as far as his own physical efforts were concerned, though, of course, small wonder that when bored sometimes with earth and men his cry was 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'—for he loved the animal for its ready willingness, its swiftness and ease of action and progress. He felt its sympathy with his own love of action. In the same way he loved his yacht; and he would have gloried in the aeroplane!

Such was Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh's fairy story. This slight sketch of a career pursued with the highest courage and stoic fortitude, with a tenacity of purpose and an undeviating sense of duty, may perhaps bring hope and encouragement to others in like circumstances. That, indeed, is the best justification for any account published of his wonderful conquest of life.

PHILIP H. BAGENAL.





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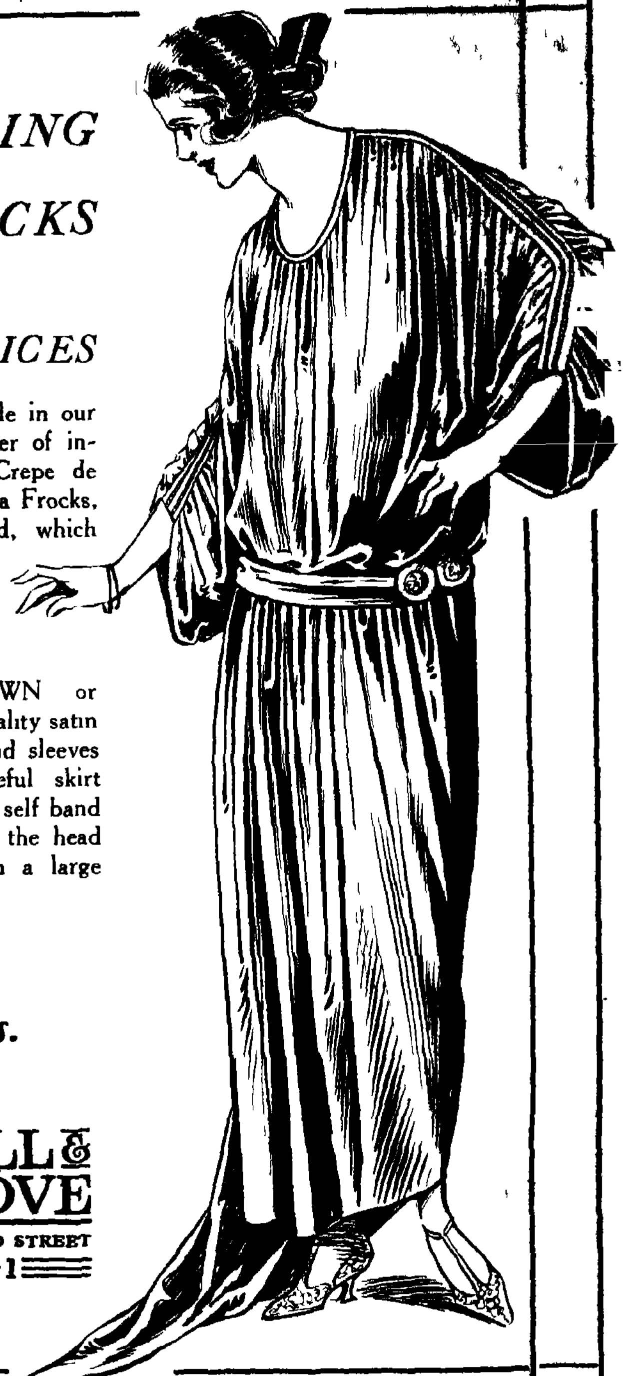
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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XX

XIX

No. DLIII—March 1923

LAUSANNE AND ITS LESSONS

Such a mass of information concerning the doings of the Lausanne Conference has been poured upon the public, and the real problem of arriving at a peace settlement between the Entente Powers and Turkey has been so smothered under a multitude of details examined by the Sub-Commissions, that even the negotiators themselves ended by scarcely seeing the forest for the trees.

The man in the street has probably forgotten, if he ever knew and understood, the sequence of events that led up to the Conference and worked upon the delegates; wherefore, although all the facts have from time to time been published, as brief a recapitulation as possible may be useful to make clearer the situation when the Conference opened.

The fundamental principles of the Armistice signed in October 1918 were the freedom of the Straits and respect for the theory of territorial rights of nationalities, which was to obtain only in non-Turkish provinces in Anatolia and in Thrace, unless (Article 7) Allied interests were menaced in Europe or disorders broke out in the former Armenian vilayets. At this date the Turks were

so thoroughly beaten, weak, and discouraged that it would have been easy to win almost any terms from them, but the covetousness of the Powers in Paris prevented the framing of any such Treaty.

Instead of observing the terms of the Armistice, the Allies proceeded forthwith to occupy Constantinople and various districts in Anatolia and Thrace quite outside prescribed limits, although none of the pretexts set out in Article 7 had been afforded them.

The surprise revolution in Russia caused the war-pact whereby Russia was to have Constantinople and a slice of Eastern Anatolia to become void, and the Convention of St. Maurienne of April 1917, in virtue of which Italy was to be given Smyrna and the district of Adalia, also went by the board, leaving the fate of Constantinople and the Straits zone in the melting-pot. The general idea at this period was that it would be undesirable to assign the Ottoman capital to any European Power, and though Mr. Lloyd George went to the length of advocating the leaving of Constantinople and their homelands in Asia Minor to the Turks, England and France were already rejoicing in being freed from war agreements, and Turkey was being considered as a cake to be cut up for mutual European benefit.

Towards the close of the war a new element was introduced by the acceptance of Greece as a possibly useful nondescript neutral, and she was allowed to parade her army in Macedonia, where it proved, perhaps, of some trifling value at little cost to itself. This was, however, sufficient for M. Venizelos to lay before the Supreme Council the most preposterous demands, claiming for Greece nothing less than Constantinople, the whole of Thrace, Southern Albania, the Dodecanese, and the great port of Smyrna with a piece of Anatolian hinterland. He really hoped only for Smyrna and Thrace, but practised the usual Oriental trick of '*demander un bœuf pour avoir un œuf.*' England and France were rather pleased at the chance of substituting Greece for Italy in Asia Minor, but Italy disagreed, and every civil and military authority employed in Turkey, both British and foreign, declared against ceding any part of Asia to Greece on account of the dangerous spirit it would awaken, not only throughout the Ottoman dominions, but in all Moslem peoples. The opposition of Italy was stout enough to shelve Greek demands in Paris, but only for a while, and in 1919 the representatives of the other Powers, in defiance, as usual, of the opinion of their own experts on the spot, decided on handing over Smyrna to Greece, and in May Greek forces, under the guns of the British fleet, the French abstaining, occupied Smyrna and soon began spreading inland.

The deposit of this Grecian cuckoo's egg in the Turkish nest

was the direct cause of the atrocious massacres, enormous indiscriminate destruction of property, and, fraught with more pregnant issues still, of the birth of a new nationalist spirit in Turkey. The responsibility for the mad decision to implant Greeks in Asia Minor must be shared by Messrs. Wilson and Lloyd George, who also had the cold approval of M. Clemenceau.

The Turks might conceivably have ended by submitting to the rule of a Great Power like America, or even, though this is doubtful, of Italy, but it proved complete ignorance and contempt of Turkish sentiment to imagine that the Turks would ever tolerate misrule and oppression by those who had for centuries been their subjects. The behaviour of the Greeks after being put into Smyrna is now fairly well known, although the Powers have been at pains to suppress the Report of the Inter-Allied Commission. A publication of this Report would show the good causes the Turks had for their desperate and finally successful resistance to the political outrage of Smyrna. Nothing else could have so effectively inspired them with courage and with resentment against Europe, but, though they considered the occupation of Constantinople and Thrace as a breach of the Armistice, their whole fury was concentrated upon the Greeks.

With this driving hatred behind it the Nationalist Party rallied round Moustafa Kemal and passed a resolution pledging itself to attain to complete independence or perish in the attempt. It is now evident that the Coalition Government, which aimed at the extinction of Turkey, sowed the seed at Smyrna for her resurrection and were the architects of their own sepulchre. At this period, nevertheless, they failed entirely to perceive what was coming, and the Entente Powers continued blindly to treat the Turks as a negligible quantity, and in April 1920 the Supreme Council drafted articles for a Treaty, afterwards known as the Treaty of Sèvres, whereby the Turks were asked to surrender Smyrna and Aivali to Greece and agree to other dismemberments. Again British and French military advisers protested against such dangerous proposals, and again Mr. Lloyd George disregarded all warnings in pursuance of his fatuous policy of attempting to delete Turkey from the map and to govern the Turks by such impossible rulers as their old bondsmen the Greeks, who have never been able properly to govern themselves.

The Bolshevik factor seems to have been overlooked, yet it was scarcely to be expected that the Soviets would let slip such an opportunity of putting a spoke in England's wheel. They seized the psychological moment, and the Turks in their direst need were approached with lavish promises of every kind of assistance. Although Bolshevism is essentially antagonistic to all the tenets of Islam, and though Russia has always been the

hereditary and most dreaded foe of Turkey, Moustafa Kemal could not afford to refuse the Soviet offer, and he accepted help in war material, but declined to admit any Russian troops or to allow any Bolshevik propaganda. The unholy alliance, forced on the Turks by Allied action, was signed in Moscow in March 1921, and, though fraught with so many perils for the British Empire, we have done nothing since to undermine or to break it. We have failed altogether to recognise that the Turkish revival is racial, and not pan-Islamic, consequently that, in itself, it contains no danger for us, but, on the contrary, that the Turks are more likely to come into final conflict with Russia than with any of the Entente Powers if the latter would hold out even the tip of an olive branch.

The effect of the Bolshevik entry upon the scene was seen in 1921 by a more or less wholesale revolt of Islam against the various Christian Powers. This revolt was undoubtedly the work of the Bolsheviks, and probably of the Germans, but not of the Turks who had enough to do in watching the Greek advance.

Though the Allies, on finding that things were not going as smoothly as they wished in Asia, had declared neutrality in the Turco-Greek war, the French, who were experiencing great difficulties in Cilicia, made a separate convention with Turkey through M. Franklin Bouillon, but this did not alter the situation very much beyond releasing a considerable Turkish force for use in the north. And in 1922 the pro-Greek leaning of England, apparently unchanged notwithstanding the declaration of neutrality, encouraged the Greeks to their own undoing. The Greeks themselves had by this time discovered the hopelessness of their task, and in February the ill-fated M. Gounaris wrote despairingly to London that, unless very substantial assistance were immediately forthcoming, the Greek army would have to evacuate. The Greek Minister clearly looked upon England as responsible, and still as an Ally. His letter, however, produced so little impression on the Cabinet that Mr. Lloyd George and others did not remember having read it.

Realising at length that they could expect little from England, the Greeks, probably in the hope of forcing the Allied hands, embarked on a line of bluff and provocation, proclaiming an autonomous Greek State of Ionia in Asia Minor, in disregard of all Treaties, and finally declaring the intention of marching upon Constantinople. This was forbidden, and the total rout of the Greek forces and the advance of the Turkish Army to the gates of Constantinople were followed by the Chanak incident, and by the Mudania agreement preliminary to the Lausanne Conference. These later developments are still fresh in the public mind and call for no recapitulation.

The Conference assembled under somewhat peculiar conditions. Though Turkey had shared the final defeat of the Central Powers, the Nationalists had never ceased fighting, and though beaten in the Great War by the Allies, had in turn inflicted a severe defeat upon the mandatory Ally of the Entente. In peace conferences there should be a victor and a vanquished, but at Lausanne the vanquished had become victorious, and the partner of the former victors had been woefully defeated. The Turks certainly did not come to Lausanne in the mood of thoroughly beaten men ready to accept the best terms that might be dictated to them by their conquerors. And the Powers had so far recognised the change in the situation since the failure of the Treaty of Sèvres as to have arranged the Conference with Mustafa Kemal as intermediaries between belligerents, and not on their own behalf as victors. Notwithstanding this the Turks were continually mortified at Lausanne by being treated with sarcastic or indulgent patronage, as prodigal sons who needed to show repentance in sackcloth and ashes to recover any part of their inheritance. The platform of the Turks was the execution of their National Pact, aiming at complete sovereignty within their own borders together with freedom of the Straits and the necessary safeguards for foreign interests. The programme of the Powers was to secure these safeguards and, though this was not averred, to limit Turkish sovereignty as far as possible, both territorially and politically. In this they had to reckon with the material forces of the Nationalists, backed to an unknown extent by Bolshevik Russia, and by the probable moral support of Germany, which was certainly believed to be at work at Lausanne. As exponents of civilised international law and moral principles such as rights of minorities and self-determination the Powers were bound to admit many of the rights claimed by Turkey as victorious over Greece and in virtue of racial numerical preponderance. Their programme was only a general one, agreed upon, with mental reservations, by England, France, and Italy, each of whom looked at different points with divergent views. As for the minor Powers concerned, whose interests were far more vitally affected than those of the Great Powers, they had little to say, being obliged to leave their big brothers to fight their battles. Greece was in the most unfortunate position of being a country only saved from annihilation by foreign intervention, and represented in an anomalous fashion by M. Venizelos, who declared himself not to be the representative of the *de facto* revolutionary Government in Greece, but of the Greek nation. What was the exact nature and value of his credentials and whence they were procured was not clear, and whether the Athens Government or the Greek Army would have ratified his signature seems likewise doubtful. Furthermore,

during the Conference several ex-Greek Ministers were executed for carrying out the conquest policy of M. Venizelos himself and of the Powers, an embarrassing and paradoxical incident both for the 'great Cretan' and for the British who shared his responsibility. The Balkan States were far from satisfied and only able to raise a timid voice occasionally. Neither Bulgaria, Greece, nor the rest were pleased at the forced restitution of Thrace to Turkey, though probably all of them preferred this to seeing parts of it given to any but themselves.[1]

Lastly, the Russians were supposed only to have a voice in the Straits question, in which they claimed for Turkey more than the Turks and were regarded with the greatest suspicion as 'wreckers.'

The principal points of international importance were the freedom of the Straits, the protection of foreigners and their personal, financial and economic interests, and guarantees for the lives and rights of minorities. As for the freedom of the Straits, there was no insuperable difficulty in arranging for a continuance in time of peace of the freedom which had always existed. The question of demilitarisation of certain zones and minor details had to be squabbled over, but the Turks at least recognised that, whatever terms might be come to regarding peace time, as soon as war broke out, which was all that really mattered, any Power who wished, and was able to do so, would immediately close the Straits, as England closed the Channel when the Great War was declared. Being herself at Constantinople, Turkey would also be able to render the passage impossible very quickly, and all the fuss made over this matter before and during the Conference was little more than *camouflage*. Over foreign rights and interests a hard fight was put up on both sides, and it was over this that the final rupture occurred. Any solid safeguards must in some degree infringe sovereignty, and if Turkish sovereignty is recognised (not in the Anglo-Egyptian conception of the term) the Powers must accept the best offer the Turks may make, or fight.

In the matter of protection of minorities different Powers may perhaps have obscure political interests, but the problem is mainly humanitarian in view of past Turkish methods with their minorities. As far as Greeks and Armenians in Asia Minor are concerned,

[1] It is a sedulously propagated belief that Turkey systematically and cruelly oppressed her Christian subjects. That Turkish rule was not a model one is quite true, but it was no worse than that of other Eastern European Governments in many respects. The Greeks, who clamour to be saved and save others from Turkish brutal maltreatment in Asia Minor, had so thriven and grown fat in Smyrna for several hundred years that they were more at home there than in Greece, where it was hard to make a decent living. If the Turks had so oppressed them, why did they remain there and continue to bring over more Greeks? The naked truth is that only now when Turkish rule is being abolished are the races who have lived under it beginning to realise that, bad as it was, it was perhaps better than that of their Christian and Jewish neighbours.

the question has been simplified by general massacre and exodus, but for the same and other nationalities in Constantinople and Thrace whatever may be promised on paper will, in the last resort, depend for execution chiefly on Turkish good-will. This condition, unfortunately, applies more or less to most of the stipulations, with the alternative of compulsion by any Power who thinks it worth while.

We know the saying of Bismarck concerning the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier, and after the terrific experiences of 1914-1918 any Power may well think twice before subjecting itself to similar sacrifices and horrors.

A certain amount of confidence and hope has been attached to future action by the League of Nations, but this institution has scarcely yet acquired sufficient weight and authority to warrant too much optimism or reliance upon its action either upon its own members or upon other Powers.[2]

Apart from the foregoing great international *desiderata*, there arose a mass of national particular interests distributed amongst the Great and smaller Powers, and each one fought for its private ends and expected the support of the rest on a reciprocal basis.

A good instance was the case of Mosul, in which no Power except England had the slightest direct interest. But all the Powers were anxious to avoid a split on this, which might bring the Conference to an untimely end together with such advantages as each thought it had already gained.

Throughout the discussions at Lausanne the representatives of the Great Powers were profuse in expressions of the loftiest sentiments, but underlying them was too often the ugly foundation of materialism.[3] In dealing with simple and less educated people like the Turks it is useless to confuse and irritate them by assumption of immense moral and intellectual supremacy.

The Delegations of the Great Powers were decidedly handicapped by the lack of members thoroughly and personally acquainted with the psychology of the factors with which they had to deal. As far as could be gathered, the only member of the British Delegation who could be said really to know Turks, Greeks, and the Balkan folk was Sir Adam Block, and he himself admitted to me that the Turk of to-day was understood by nobody. He was not the easy-going Old Turk of Abdul Hamid's reign, nor the self-seeking clever Young Turk of the Committee of Union and

[2] Whilst at Lausanne I heard M. Tchicherin somewhat contemptuously allude to the League as a '*mobilisation des impuissances*.'

[3] This applies less to the British Delegation than to the others, and it is a calumny to pretend that Lord Curzon's stand for Mosul was related to oil deposits. The commercial value of these deposits remains to be seen, in face of the difficulty of transport, and the oil trusts may be depended upon to come to terms as well with one ruling administration as with another.

Progress. He was not always a genuine Ottoman Turk, but a fanatical nationalist of a new breed driven to desperation by the European idea of the extermination of Turkey as a Power. Lord Curzon, it is true, has knowledge of the East and its people, but his experience has lain rather farther east than Turkey, and his innate conservatism forbids him to recognise recent transformations and changes in sentiment and spirit.

It is the general ignorance displayed by the Powers of changed conditions in the Near East that has led to all the mistakes and disasters of the last few years. It must be borne in mind that Lord Curzon occupied the same high office in the Coalition Government as he does at present, and cannot be expected immediately to turn over a new leaf and burn all that he adored. It may, indeed, be doubted whether a subtle intellect such as his did adore the policy of Mr. Lloyd George, but he suffered greatly from bad health, and must often have passively followed his impetuous chief rather than resist him. Yet finally the new leaf will have to be turned in Turkey, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Palestine.

At Paris, Cannes, and Genoa Mr. Lloyd George pranced gleefully, supremely indifferent to contrary advices, over the, to him, untrodden plains of Oriental politics, and at his right hand, or behind him, rode the Foreign Secretary, unable to restrain him.

At Lausanne Lord Curzon behaved towards the Turks as a headmaster, and as a sometimes good-natured and sometimes petulant but acknowledged leader of the Conference. His departure for home when another twenty-four hours might have allowed him to bring away the signed Treaty in his pocket was characteristic. Nor did England shine in the Mosul incident. As this matter may still be considered *sub judice*, it would scarcely be seemly to go into it at present. But it is abundantly evident that in declaring his refusal even to discuss any Turkish claim Lord Curzon in fact said that England would go to war rather than yield an inch. It is dubious if the British citizen would have any pleasure in fighting over Mosul in order to give it to the alien Bedouin chief from the Hedjaz whom England has imposed upon Irak. Moreover, there are competent authorities who assert that King Feisul would rather have the Turks at Mosul than see himself dragged into a conflict with his powerful neighbours. On reflection Lord Curzon appears to have reconsidered his position, or rather the position in which he had placed England. He could not expect France or Italy to fight on our side over Mosul, and he therefore substituted for his point-blank refusal a suggestion to refer the difficulty to the League of Nations. The Turks, who are not members of the League, objected to the arbitration proposed, which was clearly intended to shift responsibilities on to the shoulders of the League and to evade the conse-

quences of blunt refusal. This was perhaps a good political move, but scarcely dignified for a Power like Great Britain to make when its object was so transparent. It succeeded as far as to shelve the whole business for a year, before the end of which, we may hope, it will cease to have any importance.

At the time of writing it is not a sure thing whether the Conference will or will not be resumed, and it is therefore idle to devote more space to its achievements and failures *quâ* Conference.

It would be very unjust to attribute the rupture to any one cause, or after the foregoing criticisms of the British performance to condemn the attitude throughout of British representatives. Lord Curzon had a very mixed team to drive, and was provoked to extreme limits by the often unreasonable and foolish pose of the Turks. Somebody had to lead, and by universal consent the leadership of Lord Curzon was accepted and very generally admired and appreciated. Nobody else could have taken his place at all worthily, and if he fell occasionally into error it was because, like all great men, he has the defects of his great qualities.

No thinking mind can, however, retrace the steps that led up to the Conference and its temporary fiasco without asking if there is not an urgent need for a change in our foreign policy. The capital event that forced the Conference was the defeat of the Greeks and the Chanak affair. At this juncture the Coalition Government professed its readiness to declare war upon Turkey rather than move its Dardanelles post. The main argument invoked was the loss of prestige that would have followed a withdrawal. But we have not seen that France and Italy lost prestige by their action, and we need not examine the eventuality of what would have been the effect upon British prestige if the Turks, without waiting for reinforcements to arrive, had immediately attacked and expugnated the garrison, as most foreign military authorities considered very possible.

More vital even than prestige was the question whether it was worth while to embark on war for such a cause. Did we realise what such a war would have meant for Great Britain, standing entirely alone, in the circumstances without even the sympathy of her foreign Allies? England would have had to advance a large army into Asia Minor, and possibly into Siberia in pursuit of Turco-Bolshevik troops in a difficult and hostile country. She would, at the same time, have had to provide for blockading and holding the whole Mediterranean coast from Constantinople to Sollum in Africa, and been prepared to support or fight with the rulers of Mesopotamia, Transjordania, Palestine, and Egypt. In none of these countries could it be hoped that Bolshevik and Turkish propaganda would fail to profit by the prevalent discontent. England's task would probably have been

more arduous than her share in the Great War, and one shudders to think of the tremendous sacrifices in men and money that such a campaign would have entailed. And for what? For the dislike to confess a mistake, and for a clinging to a policy which had proved so disconcerting rather than attempting to come to a practical and cordial understanding with Turkey. At every turn in present foreign policy lie in ambush the hideous dragons of Bolshevism and Communism, which regard England as their only serious and deadly foe in the world. Can it be good business to throw Turkey into the arms of Russia or Germany, or both? The Turks have no love for Russia, but, on the contrary, an ever-present fear. Yet we have repeatedly forced them to accept assistance and alliance from the Soviets. For whose sake? Certainly not for our own. What particular interest, worth the risk of war, has England in preventing the Turks from getting what they can out of Greece or any other Balkan State? The argument put forward is that, unless perfect safeguards can be secured, the Powers might be faced before long with another Balkan conflagration. Let us suppose—and it is a big supposition—that any safeguards obtainable would be sufficient ultimately to restrain the making of war in the Near East, we may still question whether it is the especial duty of England to insist on these at the cost of alienating Turkey and the whole world of Islam, and thus exposing herself in India and over the continents of Asia and North Africa to Bolshevik and German propaganda and a relentless anti-English campaign from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf and to Khartoum.

This is the age of practical politics, and if anything in this realm is clear, it is that, for great Moslem-ruling Powers like England and France, with commitments all over Asia and Africa, the only common-sense line is to come to a solid friendly pact with each other and with the leading Moslem Power in which resides the Caliphate.

This would at once secure the freedom of the Straits and go far to defeat the persistent recurring efforts of Russia and Germany to create a new block, to consist of themselves and Turkey, against disunited Western Powers.

Let no one say that it is impossible for England to agree with France and Turkey if we sink small differences and take a broad and telescopic view of what the future may contain, with its relative advantages and disadvantages, sacrifices and benefits, for and against such a combination.

We also need a more honest, straightforward, and consistent policy of our own. We profess to adhere to the doctrine of self-determination, yet in Palestine we impose Jewish hegemony over an enormous Moslem and Christian majority. In the same

manner we have elected puppet kings to Mesopotamia and Transjordania, rulers who come from Central Arabia, and to whom the inhabitants would almost prefer the old rule of the Turk, as would those of the Holy Land to their new masters. No man or people can patiently tolerate being governed by aliens who are looked upon as inferiors in every respect. Yet it is Great Britain, the champion of "lands to their majorities," who is the principal offender in this respect.

We have gone a long way towards estranging French sympathies, and her troubles in the Ruhr are largely due to us, in that, instead of giving her the unstinted moral approval and support she might have expected, we have done nothing but preach. It is notorious that in 1914, if the Government had in advance declared England's determination to fight on the side of France, there would have been no war. In the same way it is practically certain that if we had announced our solidarity in principle with France in the Ruhr there would have been small German resistance. In Egypt we have failed completely to restore tranquillity and content; Palestine is in semi-revolt; we are contemplating retirement from the costly adventure of Mesopotamia. Our foreign policy has had a four years' trial, and has been found a little worse than wanting.

I write of what I know when I relate that after the Turco-Greek War at the end of last century we adopted a somewhat unfriendly attitude at Constantinople similar to our present one. The danger of abandoning our traditionally amical attitude and alienating Islam was set forth in a letter signed 'Spectator' published in the defunct *Standard.* Lord Salisbury, our great Foreign Minister, was not above listening to the warning, and was at pains to inform the editor that this letter would change the policy of England—words which were quickly put into effect by the recall of Sir P. Currie and the display of a better spirit towards the Porte. Will history repeat itself once more? We are now straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Does the British soldier, sailor, and taxpayer understand whither he is being led? He would do well to ask himself the question before it is too late.

A. HULME BEAMAN.

OUR DEBT TO AMERICA

THE agreement reached between the British and American Governments for funding our debt to the United States has on the whole been favourably received in this country on the grounds that it has put an end to uncertainty, improved the prospects of Anglo-Saxon co-operation in the political field, and will improve trade prospects by enhancing British credit and financial prestige. At the same time, an agreement which will affect our public finances for sixty years by incorporating in our Budget a charge rather larger than the whole of our pre-war Consolidated Fund is a matter of such first-class importance that it is desirable its implication should be understood in its widest aspects.

In the first place, it is worth while to consider whether it is right that we should pay America at all. During the war the European Allies from time to time asserted with emphasis that they were pooling their resources both in men and material, and this statement, if it meant anything at all, implied that, at that time at all events, it was the intention of the Allied nations to contribute to the war in proportion to their ability. To a very large extent the figures of debt between one and another of them were accidental, and it may be doubted if the elaborate system of book-keeping involved would ever have been retained had it not been for the consideration that it permitted each country to exercise a very effective form of control over the purchases made in it by its Allies at a time when resources were strained to the utmost. But, on the assumption that the nations were equally vitally interested in carrying the war to a successful conclusion, it is clear that the only equitable basis for sharing the cost of the war is that each should contribute in proportion to its ability, and that in estimating the distribution of the burden account should be taken of the devastation wrought, the loss in man power, etc. On any such basis the European Allies would clearly owe nothing to America; for, without in any way wishing to disparage the American effort, it is only fair to recognise that in proportion to her resources America's contribution was small. Her active participation on the battlefield was limited to the latter part of one out of the five campaigns, her tremendous

organisation to provide war supplies, though taken up with characteristic energy, produced its results too late to influence the result of the war—none of her own production of ammunition arrived in time to be used by her troops in the field—the restrictions that had to be imposed upon her home population were comparatively light and were only endured for a short period, and her actual losses in the field, as Mr. W. M. Hughes has more than once reminded us, were less than those of Australia.

But it is idle to complain or to attach too much importance to such considerations. America came into the war with much greater deliberation and from more disinterested motives than the European Allies, and no amount of generalisation can alter the fact that to the great populations of the West and Middle West the European War was a very remote affair. Events since the war have shown those in Europe who did not, perhaps, previously understand it how detached the American attitude towards European affairs must inevitably be, and however much we might wish it otherwise, and whatever may be the position in the future when communication and transport bind the New and the Old World more closely together, the American Government did not during the war, and to-day could not possibly, take the attitude that there was the same community of interest between America and Europe as there was between the European Allies. It is on these grounds that we may reasonably accept the situation that, while America will decide for herself what her ultimate net contribution towards the cost of the war is to be, we in Europe must still look for the only satisfactory settlement of this question on the basis of our ability to carry the burden of the war.

The somewhat different argument that Great Britain should only be asked to repay America as and when we recover our debts from our Allies, on the ground that the former were incurred on their behalf, has already been dealt with in the November number of *The Nineteenth Century.* But, in view of continued misunderstanding, it may be worth while to recall that it is a purely accidental coincidence that the money we lent to France, Italy, and our other Allies about equals the amount we borrowed from America in 1917 and 1918, and that with the exception of (*a*) certain munition contracts placed by Great Britain for Russia which ran on after April 1917, (*b*) part of the money used for pegging the dollar exchange, some of which was required because of contracts placed in South America and elsewhere for material—some of which went to the Allies, and (*c*) money spent for material which we had to buy in America to replace precisely similar material which we used for munitions, etc., furnished to France and Italy, the money which we borrowed

from the American Government was spent upon commodities (the largest item being food supplies) which we should in any case have had to purchase from her and would have had to pay for by selling more of our foreign investments, if the American Government had not financed us. The British Treasury attempted unsuccessfully in the later stages of the war to persuade America to assume the responsibility of financing all the overseas purchases of France and Italy, not only in America, but also in Great Britain and elsewhere; this would not have relieved us from the necessity of ourselves making purchases abroad, though it would have given us the dollars to pay for them without borrowing. But the Washington Government was not prepared to finance purchases over which it could exercise no control, and it rejected a plea which was in effect an argument that the United States should carry a larger proportion of the cost of the war. The American attitude being what it is, we could not appeal to America to relieve us from our debt except on the ground that we could not afford to pay.

But when we come to the terms themselves, we find that America has not merely made some concession to us on the letter of her bond, but has let us off at a figure which is less than the net cost to the American Government of the debt she has incurred to her own citizens in finding the money to finance her loans to Great Britain and Europe. The terms of the settlement are briefly as follows:

The principal of the notes to be refunded is $4,074,818,358. Interest accrued and unpaid to December 15, 1922, reckoned at 4½ per cent., and not 5 per cent., as had been supposed, amounts to $629,836,107, making with the principal a total of $4,704,654,465. From this total have to be deducted payments made on October 16 and November 13, with interest thereon at 4½ per cent. to December 15, 1922, making $100,526,380. This leaves a net amount of $4,604,128,085, of which the odd $4,128,085 is to be paid in cash, so that the total principal of British indebtedness for which British Government bonds are to be issued to the Government of the United States is $4,600,000,000. Interest is payable at the rate of 3 per cent. from June 15, 1923, to December 15, 1932, and thereafter at the rate of 3½ per cent. until final repayment. Sinking fund payments will increase regularly from $23,000,000 in the first year to $175,000,000 in the sixty-second and final year. The amount of the payment converted into sterling depends, of course, upon the rate of exchange, but, reckoning the payment at par, it commences at about 33,000,000*l.* and rises, according to the rate at which the sinking fund is paid, to 37,000,000*l.* or 38,000,000*l.* The terms are, however, modified by certain options which may

make the task of Great Britain appreciably lighter. These options may be divided under four heads: (1) The British Government may tender in payment either of principal or of interest any United States Government bonds issued since the United States entered the war. (2) On giving ninety days' notice the British Government may repay extra amounts in excess of the scheduled sums. (3) Sinking fund payments need not necessarily be made at the regular half-yearly dates, but may be made triennially, if desired. (4) For the first five years half of the annual interest may, if desired, be funded and added to the principal. The first option will enable the British Government to save something by buying American National bonds when they are at a discount; the second gives an obvious elasticity to the payments, while enabling us to make something like a refunding operation if rates of interest fall to a very low level; while the fourth option obviously offers the possibility of very substantial relief for the next five years.

These benefits cannot immediately be assessed in money. But the amount of the annual charge is a concession of a definite tangible amount. Our original obligation, which was on a 5 per cent. basis, was payable on demand, but as it was clearly impossible for the debt to be repaid in a lump sum, Congress about a year ago authorised its funding at 4¼ per cent., which is the rate paid by America on the Liberty Loans. (The first Liberty Loan of $1,400,000,000 was raised at 3½ per cent., but this was convertible at the holders' option into 4¼ per cent. Liberty Loan, the issues of which ultimately amounted to approximately $13,000,000,000.) These loans, however, are redeemable at par at various dates between 1927 and 1947, and in the event of the general rate of interest falling it is clear that the American Government, if the loans are not previously redeemed out of revenue, would be able to convert into loans at a lower rate of interest at these redemption dates. By funding to-day the British Government surrenders the right to take advantage of any further fall in the rate of interest, except in so far as it is able to take advantage of the option entitling us to pay off in advance. But in practice it will be more possible for the United States to fund a terminable loan than for us to raise a very large sum of money in America at a reduced rate of interest; and it is probable that over the sixty years the United States of America will in fact have to pay somewhat less than 4¼ per cent. to its own people.

Again, the borrowings of a Government from its own nationals are at a higher nominal interest figure than the net amount actually paid, since its interest payments are liable to taxation. Thus, when Great Britain pays 5 per cent. interest in this country, it recovers from most holders 5*s*. in the £ income tax, the net

charge upon other sources of taxation therefore amounting only to 3¾ per cent. When Great Britain pays interest to the American Government she has no such power of taxing the interest, and the payment, therefore, of 3 per cent. abroad is equivalent to a burden of 4 per cent. upon the national resources. It is true that this argument applies only in a modified form to the position of the American Government, for the Liberty Loans were issued at 4¼ per cent. 'exempt from all Federal, State and local taxes except estate or inheritance taxes and Federal income sur-tax and profits tax.' There is, however, some deduction to be made on this account. For these two reasons, therefore, it is reasonable that, unless Congress wishes to profit at our expense, the loan should be funded at slightly less than 4¼ per cent. The actual figures are, however, very substantially less, and make it probable that over the whole period Congress is asking us to pay somewhat less than the corresponding Liberty Loans will actually cost the American Government. To this extent, therefore, the settlement represents a definite actual concession to this country.

Coming to the effect of the settlement upon the British tax-payer and upon our trade relations, we may study the scheme in relation to the three considerations which determine the ability of any country to pay an international debt—viz., the possibility of raising the money by taxation, the possibility of converting these funds into a payment overseas, and the ability of the creditor to receive.

As regards the first of these points, the charge, when account is taken of amortisation, is at a considerably cheaper rate than the cost of any other part of our war debt. At the present moment, when taxation is already near the breaking point, the raising of from 33,000,000*l.* to 37,000.000*l.* a year is undoubtedly a heavy obligation. But conditions have been included which may relieve the burden in the early years; and it is more important to consider its effect in the long run. The total annual national income before the war was estimated to be about 2,400,000,000*l.* Assuming post-war prices to be only 50 per cent. above the pre-war level, this is equivalent to 3,600,000,000*l.* With a reasonable amount of trade recovery (and without even assuming the absorption of all our unemployed, which to a large extent represents the increase in the adult population since 1914), we may reasonably expect that the national income in the near future will be considerably in excess of this figure. The American payment is less than 1 per cent. of this sum. But before the war the national income was increasing year by year, and, looking ahead, it is to be presumed, unless Great Britain is going to stand still economically, that this increase will continue; and if, as seems quite probable, the level of gold prices tends to settle at

somewhere near 100 per cent. above the pre-war level, the national income two or three decades hence might quite well be double the figure mentioned, which would make the American debt charge ½ per cent. of the national income.

But we should perhaps consider the payment in relation, not to the total national income, but rather to the surplus of production over consumption, for, unless there is a sufficient margin, additional taxation (except when, as in the case of taxation to pay interest on internal debt, it represents mainly a transfer from one group of persons to another) will press down the standard of consumption. The comparison would be somewhat as follows: The surplus available for addition to the national capital, after meeting the cost of government, was about 350,000,000*l.* some years before the war—representing, at a 50 per cent. higher price level, over 500,000,000*l.* This surplus has to meet the additional cost of government in addition to providing new capital. At present these government costs absorb an unduly large proportion of this surplus. But as pensions automatically fall, and government economies are realised on the one hand and the national income grows on the other, the margin will increase. Looking at the matter from the point of view of taxation, 1 per cent. of the national income could be met by fourpence in the pound on the income tax, with an equivalent on indirect and other taxes. If the burden falls to ½ per cent., the income tax figure would be twopence, with a similar amount from indirect taxation. This is putting the best face on the situation, and involves some very large assumptions; but it is mentioned to show that the burden may in favourable and quite probable conditions become a comparatively light one. It illustrates, however, that—as is the case with all national debts—the burden depends upon economic progress and upon the level of prices in the currency medium in which it has to be paid.

As regards the ability to convert our income at home into payments abroad, it has to be remembered that this country is in a better position to do this than any country in the world. Our overseas investments amounted before the war to something like 4,000,000,000*l.*, of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer estimated some little time ago that we had disposed of 1,000,000,000*l.* to help us to pay for our essential imports from abroad during the war. In 1913 we were adding to our overseas investments at the rate of nearly 200,000,000*l.* a year, and, though the reduction in our holding of foreign capital and in the interest thereon has somewhat reduced the possible surplus, it is estimated that even in 1922 we had a surplus of 120,000,000*l.* available for payment abroad—though out of this, of course, we had to find the payment which we actually made on our

foreign war debts. We can, of course, only count upon having a continued surplus for foreign investment if something like pre-war conditions continue as between Great Britain and the rest of the world. But upon this assumption Great Britain could meet the charges involved overseas without any fundamental change in our trade balances, with the effect only of reducing the increase that would have otherwise occurred in our holdings of foreign capital.

But these investments have recently been made in the main in other countries than America, and there remains the problem how the transfer should be made to that country. The simplest solution, which would have the least disturbance on the world's trade, would be if Americans would take over a corresponding amount of capital in the developing countries of the world. At present the United States has not developed either the machinery or the habit of foreign investments as we have in this country, and to ensure at once that 35,000,000*l*. of foreign capital which would normally have been found in Great Britain should be raised in New York would require that the rate of interest in New York should be substantially lower than in London, and would involve a disturbance of the money market situation. But the change has not to be made in a day, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, as time goes on, a wealthy country like the United States of America will naturally develop the habit of foreign investment and play an increasing part, not merely in the world's foreign trade, but in its finances and commerce. The change suggested may, therefore, take place without any further undue disturbance, so that when the debt is all redeemed we shall have rather less, and America rather more, of the world's capital in foreign countries.

But to the extent that the payment cannot be dealt with in this way, the receipt of the money must involve a change in America's foreign trading account. If we consider the volume of America's foreign trade, the modification required is not a very enormous one. Before the war her imports amounted to 370,000,000*l*. sterling, and her exports to 470,000,000*l*. sterling. In the boom year of 1920 these figures rose to 1,050,000,000*l*. and 1,620,000,000*l*. respectively, while in 1922, the year of depression, they were 520,000,000*l*. and 750,000,000*l*. A one-sided payment of 35,000,000*l*. could be received either by an increase of imports or by a reduction of exports; and in view of the fact that Great Britain's surplus available for foreign payment is acquired for goods or services supplied to or interest receivable from all parts of the world, the payment can be achieved by a modification of any part of America's imports or of her exports. In view, however, of the unfortunate efforts which America is making to

keep out European goods by a high tariff, it seems most probable that the modification will be made through an increase in that proportion of her imports which represents materials that her tariff is not attempting to exclude, together with some check upon her exports. But in any case, in view of the volume of her trade—which is already very large and is likely to grow—the receipt of British payments is not likely to have any radical effects upon her trade situation. Mr. Hoover has recently referred to the possibility of part at all events of the payment being made in the form of increased supplies of rubber, tin, sugar, etc., from British East and West Indian possessions, and undoubtedly this will, in fact, to a considerable extent occur. It is, however, unfortunate that the American Government should have chosen this moment to make our payments more difficult and complicated by endeavouring to put a hindrance in the way of the simpler and more direct method of payment by goods from Great Britain.

In conclusion a word may be said as to the political effects of the settlement and its reaction upon the European situation. The agreement removes a possible cause of offence between Great Britain and America, and as such is of the very utmost political importance. To attain this end is worth a very substantial sacrifice. On the other hand, it can hardly be doubted that, rightly or wrongly, the prospect of paying interest for nearly two generations to America will not tend to make the British public more ready to take a liberal attitude towards the debts of our European Allies. Passing reference has been made to the cogent reason why we should not import into these relations the pure business atmosphere that has obtained in the American negotiations, and at the same time I have endeavoured to suggest that we should not be frightened by exaggerating the magnitude of our task into putting a monetary screw upon our Allies through fear of our own financial position. The European debts should be considered on a basis of equity. It is not within the province of this article to discuss whether the hopes of a European settlement must finally be abandoned in view of recent European developments, nor to discuss whether the existence of these debts should be used as a lever for enforcing our particular political views in Europe. But it is pertinent to urge that if and when the time comes for a general settlement in Europe, and provided such a settlement is one which will make it possible to restore among the Allies the old community of outlook on the international situation, the fact that we have made this settlement with the United States of America should not be allowed to stand in the way of a liberal and even generous treatment of our Allies. Such a settlement should, I suggest, be based on the principle that out of whatever sums Germany is able to pay, the first charge

should be the cost of the restoration of the devastated areas. It would be a calamity if the possibility of reaching such an agreement were wrecked by a demand from this country to set on an equal footing with this reparation claim a counterclaim to balance the payments which we are committed to make to America.

W. T. LAYTON.

LINES OF FURTHER RETRENCHMENT

A COMMONPLACE of political phraseology for generations, the demand for 'Retrenchment' has taken a very different significance since the war, and especially since the short-lived trade boom of 1919. When 'Peace, Retrenchment and Reform' was a political creed, retrenchment meant, in those days of steady progress in prosperity and wealth, little more than thrifty nursing of public funds so as to leave every possible sovereign to fructify in the hands of the manufacturer, trader, and consumer. It was at most a matter of a few millions here and there during the gradual growth of expenditure from fifty millions in 1850 to the 100 million mark in 1897, the period including the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, an increase of approximately one million per annum, which did no more than keep pace with the increase in the national wealth. The threefold more rapid increase to 200 millions in the seventeen years that followed, which included the South African War, the growth in military expenditure caused by the menace of Continental armaments, and the Budget of 1910, though then astounding, was borne with resignation as an insurance against foreign or internal perils, as each party liked to attribute it.

To-day, with an annual State Budget approaching 1000 millions sterling, taxation is still at something like war level, for though the Sinking Fund for the repayment of debt has now been suspended, the only effective reduction is the shilling off the income tax, the removal of the excess profits duty coinciding with its ceasing to produce a return. This weight of taxation is falling with dire effect upon most classes of the community. But its principal effect upon the condition of the nation has been in its bearing upon trade and unemployment. Manufacturers and traders have been handicapped in their efforts to regain our lost or diminished foreign markets by want of capital. The possible reserves which they might have accumulated during the period of high prices were intercepted by the excess profits duty and the 6*s*. income tax, and there is no margin of current profits out of which they can make up the shortage. The working classes, with the exception of those in public or *quasi*-public employ,

where engagements made in the high price period are still running, have suffered in ways which are too obvious to need statement. Like manufacturers and traders, their leaders call for reductions of taxation, provided they are such as will reduce the cost of living, and do not advantage the ' rich.'

And as the need and demand for retrenchment are so much greater, so also are the difficulties in giving effect to it. Now, reductions have to be made from an expenditure which has already been the subject of heavy cuts during the past four years. And there are important considerations to be weighed when further reductions are sought. There is, first, the truism that national expenditure must follow upon national policy. Since Ireland has ceased to be a drain upon our military and financial resources, and the expenditure upon social services initiated in the last few years has been checked, that means, in the main, foreign policy. Our joint obligations with other civilised nations towards certain unsolved problems of the war, and the fact that we have expended hundreds of millions in regions of which we now find ourselves the custodians, cannot be ignored. Again, where expenditure has been entered upon in a sound and productive social direction, scrapping the expenditure already made would mean undoubted loss when the work came to be taken up again, and the political and social effect of the abandonment or strict curtailment of services which tend to equalise the opportunities and lot of classes cannot be left out of sight. It has, moreover, become apparent that the relief of unemployment, whatever form it takes, must be a recurrent and heavy liability for some years.

What is attempted in this article is an inquiry as to the directions and the limits within which further reductions in expenditure can with advantage be sought with a view to reductions in taxation. Arising out of that, an examination will be found to be necessary into the methods by which a considerable element in the present gigantic expenditure has arisen. The yield of taxation, an undoubted element in the question of the reduction thereof, and its incidence, which has been so fully considered in the current *Quarterly Review*, are both outside the scope of this inquiry.

The growth of gross expenditure during, and reduction since, the war, in millions of pounds, is shown by the following figures (Cmd. Paper 1665, 1922):

				Estimate.	Budget Estimate.
1913-14	1918-19	1919-20	1920-21	1921-22	1922-23
208	3146	2,039	1,330	1,260	948

The figures of the last two years will be varied somewhat when the final accounts are made up. The last year included about twenty-two millions interest on the debt to the United States of America.

It will be noted that the reduction of about 1100 millions in the first peace year, and of 700 millions in the second, fell in the next year, that of the trade boom, and when the more obvious reductions from war expenditure had been made, to practically nothing, but rose again in the fourth, that of the slump, the renewed demand for economy, and the Geddes Report, to about 300 millions.

A remission in the income tax of 1s. costs fifty-two millions, a reduction in the duty equivalent to the price of a pint of beer by 1*d.* twenty-two millions, and 1*d.* in the pound off the sugar duty eleven millions. These, the most loudly called-for remissions, amount to eighty-five millions. To achieve such a reduction will tax our powers to the uttermost; the reduction last year involved a great effort, and every hundred thousand to be saved now will need as much consideration as every million already cut off.

The following table of national expenditure in the pre- and post-war years, in millions of pounds, shows how the expenditure was divided amongst the departments:

	1913–14.	Estimates, 1921–22.	Budget Estimates, 1922–23.
Debt (Consolidated Fund) Services . .	37¼	371¼	363½
War Pensions	—	112	91
Fighting Services	86	250	167
Education	19	65¾	55½
Old Age Pensions	12½	26	22½
Labour and Unemployment Grants . .	1¼	38	22¼
Health and Health Insurance . . .	5¼	19¾	13¾
Housing and Materials Advances . .	—	12	14¾
Foreign and Colonial Services . . .	1¾	33¾	14½
Police and Prisons	2¾	18¾	11
Works, Buildings and Rates . . .	3¾	13½	9
Other Services, *i.e.*, Home and Foreign Offices, Agriculture, Stationery, etc.	9⅛	39	32½
Sundry disappearing and non-recurring Services, Transport Subsidies (Railway, Canal and Coastal), Shipping, Coal Mines Subsidy, Munitions, Corn Guarantees, Damage by Enemy, etc.	—	79	59¼
Customs and Inland Revenue . . .	4½	15	13
Post Office	24¾	69½	58½

From these figures it is possible to discover some, but not all, of the items where it is possible to look for economies.

The exception is the emoluments of State employees in all the services, which are included in the figures of total expenditure in those services. The following examination of these figures is subject to the reservation of this element.

We may exclude from the category of those where substantial and early savings may be expected the debt services (which will

fall only so far as the floating debt of about 1000 millions is concerned, if and as the rate of interest falls), the war pensions (which will diminish only as time reduces the number of pensioners), old age pensions, and the housing subsidy, which may be increased if the Government reopens the question of State aid for housing. These together amount to 490 millions of the total of 948 millions, or over one half.

Then come those which are disappearing automatically, which account together for nearly sixty millions. These, as far as saved, will do little more than act as a set-off against supplementary estimates incurred, and to be incurred, and interest and Sinking Fund on the United States of America debt of about 900 millions, exclusive of the interest already accrued.

What are left amount to 397 millions, including the fighting services 167 millions, education 55½ millions, customs and inland revenue 13 millions, Post Office 58½ millions, health 13½ millions, labour and unemployment 22½ millions, foreign and colonial services 14½ millions, the police and prisons 11 millions, works, etc., 9 millions, and the less costly smaller departments 32½ millions.

If the cost of the fighting services is double that before the war, it must be remembered that the air service, costing fifteen millions, is a new service. It is unlikely that a great deal can be saved here with reasonable regard to security, seeing the uncertainties of the situation abroad, the necessarily high cost of a voluntary Army and Navy, and that we have to go on with the construction of the two expensive battleships, unless Sir Eric Geddes' view as to the waste in these services proves productive of positive results. Against that must be put a probable increase of the air service, in view of developments elsewhere which we cannot ignore.

The Ministry of Health was drastically overhauled last year and does not seem to afford a hopeful field for reduction in *personnel*, and the same may be said of the foreign and colonial services. In the case of the customs and inland revenue, the cost of thirteen millions to which the four and a half millions before the war have grown is explained by a large increase of staff necessitated by the increased volume and complexity of the taxation levied, apart from increased emoluments. The Post Office figure of fifty-eight and a half millions, as compared with the pre-war twenty-five millions, is nearly all due to increases of emoluments to the staff, there having been a reduction in the numbers. So long, therefore, as the present rates of pay of the *personnel* exist, there will be no decrease in these, or in the twenty millions attributable to the State contribution to the cost of the police, works, etc. This year and next are likely to see the twenty-two millions cost of labour and unemployment grants greatly exceeded.

The national expenditure of over fifty millions on education, in addition to the local cost of a somewhat larger sum, will be increased by the working out of the Burnham scheme for raising teachers' salaries and the superannuation scheme, even if none of the provisions of the Education Act of 1918, now in abeyance, such as compulsory continuation schools, the raising of the school age, and smaller classes, is put into force. The savings of between five and six millions made this year in consequence and in anticipation of the Geddes Report exhaust those which can be effected until the Burnham scales are revised, beyond the 5 per cent. reduction in pay to which the teachers have recently agreed, which probably means a saving of about one million to the national expenditure and the same amount to the local authorities, and the 5 per cent. contribution which the teachers now make to the cost of superannuation, pending the result of the inquiry now being made, which means a saving to the State of two millions.

This examination, which appears to disclose few opportunities of savings on a large scale, is based upon the present numbers and rates of pay, bonuses as at September last, and allowances to State servants of all kinds. It is necessary, therefore, to consider them.

A good deal of inquiry is needed to ascertain to what they amount, it not having been the practice to consider or estimate the cost officially as a whole. The best estimate that can be made shows that the increases of emoluments of all kinds given since the war period to the Government servants in all departments, including the civil and fighting services, Post Office employees, the police so far as paid by the State, and the 60 per cent. of the teachers' salaries paid by the State, amount to over ninety millions a year, and the total of the sums now so paid to about 180 millions a year, both figures being subject to the fall in the bonus as from September last, which has not yet been reflected in any published figures.

The table of staffs of the Civil Service, given below, will show what part the question of the numbers therein still plays in the increased expenditure :

	1914.	1921.	1922.
Post Office	208,900	208,804	185,196
Admiralty	4,400	11,504	9,109
War Office	2,800	7,607	5,760
Record and Pay Office	5,000	—	9,224
Air Ministry	—	2,156	1,854
Unit and Command Office	—	—	1,942
Inland Revenue	15,800	21,557	20,645
Ministry of Pensions	—	26,045	22,919
Ministry of Labour	4,400	24,354	20,579

	1914.	1921.	1922.
Board of Trade	2,500	7,670	5,519
Customs and Excise	10,300	12,568	11,487
Ministry of Health	3,200	6,137	4,163
Office of Works	700	3,328	3,092
Ministry of Agriculture	3,000	3,497	2,722
Disposal and Liquidation Commission. .	—	2,567	1,680
Ireland	—	—	24,897
Other Departments	21,900	29,100	22,996
	282,900	—	353,784

From the Fifth Report of the Estimates Committee, 1922, pp. x. and 38, the situation as to the Civil Service alone is summarised thus:

Before the war the Civil Service consisted of 283,000 people, costing 29,500,000*l*., whereas now, excluding Ireland, it consists of 325,000 people, costing 67,400,000*l*.

Ireland's figure in 1922 is about 25,000, which must be added to the figures for the last year, as those of 1914 are stated to include Ireland. Of the increase of about 70,000, 53,000 is attributed to new services due to the war, Government policy or legislation, such as the Departments of Labour, Pensions, Overseas Trade, Transport, Overseas Graves, Inland Revenue, etc.

The numbers in the Admiralty, War Office, Ministry of Labour, Board of Trade and Office of Works seem to warrant the view that some reductions might be made there.

An Association of Civil Servants has recently circulated a statement that the administrative and clerical classes are overstaffed, a redundancy of 900 in the latter class being alleged. However that may be, what appears to have been the case is that, whilst the cost of the different services has been reduced during the past few years by reducing *personnel*, there has been a concurrent large rise in cost owing, in addition to the usual annual increments, to the operation of the bonus system, to the 'regrading' of the Civil Service, and the report of the Asquith Committee as to the higher grades, the turning of temporary into permanent civil servants, and the increases in teachers', Navy, Army and police pay and superannuation allowances.

These arrangements are undoubtedly resulting in the public services being paid now at a much higher rate than the great mass of the community for, in the case of many grades of the Civil Service, shorter hours of work (in London thirty-four and three-quarters per week, with overtime at rates of time and a quarter, time and a half, and double time), with holidays of from three to eight weeks, for permanent and pensionable employment. The

recent fall of the bonus, following that of the cost of living, already mentioned, seems likely to cease soon, and the probability is that, if retained, it will be stabilised at something near the present figure. The reports of the Estimates Committee during the last year drew attention to cases where it has resulted in the giving of extraordinarily high emoluments to young and untrained people. As one example, it was found that a boy of eighteen who in 1913–14 entered the Post Office service began at 19*s.* a week, and rose eventually to 43*s.* He now begins at 45*s.* a week, including bonus (on the scale applicable up to September last), and rises to 92*s.* a week, also including bonus, for a forty-five-hour week, and at time and a quarter for overtime, as well as free uniform, medical attendance, and a pension. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that the total salaries and wages of the Post Office, which were sixteen millions in 1913–14 for a staff of 233,000, had risen at September last, by twenty-three millions, to nearly forty millions, for a staff of 225,000, of which increase 18½ millions are bonus, the remainder, five millions, being rises in salary (Estimates Committee Third Report of 1922, pp. iv. and 18). A further instance is given a little later showing how the rise in the cost of educational administration is divided between the bonus system and increased salaries arising from the reorganisation or 'regrading' scheme.

It appears, therefore, that a necessary element in the reduction of the cost of any of the departments of national expenditure is a reconsideration of these increases of emoluments, which have continued long beyond the period when the real situation of the nation has been realised, and when the incomes of most of the outsiders, except in the case of certain favourably placed industries, have already fallen to a point nearer the national power to pay. It has recently been pointed out by Sir J. Stamp that when the national production of commodities has fallen very low the following of a bonus system for some classes, when dependent on the cost of living, will result in others necessarily going short.

The origin of great blocks of this expenditure remains to be noted. It is to be found in decisions taken by commissions or departments and sanctioned by Government without being brought before the House of Commons, and apparently in many cases without estimates of what the ultimate cost would be, the sanction of the House to the annual expenditure arising being only subsequently sought in each following year's estimates, and then often without being identifiable. Under such a system even that measure of general control, which is all that the House of Commons can exercise at the best of times, is impossible.

It is right to recall the fact that the circumstances in which most of these liabilities were incurred were exceptional, like many other war and immediate post-war arrangements. It is to the

system which these commitments disclose, their extent and results, that attention should be drawn. It is hardly conceivable that, in some instances at any rate, had the ultimate financial results been made known at the time, either the Government, the House of Commons, or the country, would have listened to the proposals in their entirety, even in the circumstances mentioned.

The way in which two recent rearrangements in connection with the Civil Service were effected is worth examination.

At the beginning of 1920 a reorganisation or 'regrading' of the Civil Service was made. It was intended to correct variations in the emoluments paid to civil servants, thought to be of similar grade and position, in different branches of the service, and was worked out by a Civil Service Whitley Council of higher Civil Service officials on the one side and representatives of the civil servants with a basic salary of 500*l.* a year or less on the other. It was stated before the Estimates Committee that under this scheme many present salaries had been graded up, but no instance could be given of one which had been graded down, though ultimately the salaries applicable to some posts might be. The Estimates Committee, in its Fifth (Treasury) Report, 1922, p. vi., para. 3, said:

> The witness stated that the regrading of the different classes of the Civil Service had resulted in an increase of expenditure, but, in his opinion, that increase was more than made up by the increased efficiency of the work. Your Committee were not able to agree with that answer.

An instance may be given showing how in the education administration the increase in cost has arisen from this scheme and the bonus. In 1914 the staff, higher, executive, and clerical, numbered 1135, and received salaries amounting to 200,695*l.* In 1922 the numbers had grown by 234 (of which 144 were necessitated by the pensions scheme) to 1369, an increase of 20 per cent. These received emoluments amounting to 455,369*l.*, an increase of 254,674*l.*, or 125 per cent., attributable, except as to the increase of 20 per cent. in the numbers, as to 96,512*l.* to increases of salaries due to the reorganisation scheme, and 158,162*l.* to the bonus (Estimates Committee Second (Education) Report of 1922, p. 93).

It appears that the Cabinet approved the regrading scheme, but parliamentary sanction was not obtained, nor an estimate of the financial result of it made. It was stated to the Estimates Committee that 'attempts were made from time to time to estimate the probable expenditure involved,' but that the difficulties in doing so were too great.

The other instance is that of the recent transfer of large numbers of temporary civil servants to the permanent staff, with in some cases increases of salaries, and in all a large automatic increase of expenditure in the way of superannuation.

The matter is referred to by the Estimates Committee (p. 111, para. 4, of the Fourth (Treasury) Report, 1922) as follows:

> The witness further states that the Treasury considered, from the financial aspect, the question of transfers from temporary to permanent employment, which are productive of additional cost by way of superannuation, and the like.
>
> Your Committee are of the opinion that such changes as these, involving an increased expenditure over a period of years, should not be embarked upon without a proper report and estimate of expenditure in subsequent years, as well as in the current year, being made by the Establishments Department of the Treasury.

These transfers were possibly both inevitable and desirable, but common sense suggests not without estimates of their ultimate cost.

The method by which the teachers' salaries were increased under the Burnham scales is another case in point. The Government in 1919 undertook to pay 60 per cent. of the increases arranged by the local education authorities and the teachers' representatives. The rates of increase were to take effect over a term of years, and an arrangement was made binding the Government to this payment until 1923 in London and 1925 in the country.

The result has already been that the elementary teachers' salaries have risen from sixteen millions to forty-four millions, of which the State contributes twenty-five millions, which has been the principal factor in the rise in the total cost of education, national and local, from thirty-one millions in 1914 to well over 100 millions in the current year, and still increasing as the Burnham scales and the superannuation scheme take full effect.

It was stated to the Estimates Committee (Second (Education) Report of 1922, p. 65) that the Education Department and the Government reviewed the scheme when it was presented, that it was not then contemplated that so gigantic a rise in the education estimates arising out of this one item was likely to take place, that the result is that the Imperial Exchequer has to pay something like twenty-five millions a year without the matter having been before the House of Commons in any shape or form when the scheme was adopted, and that the increase in salary expenditure has been subsequently shown in the estimates every year as part of the total grant, and in no other way.

The Estimates Committee said in the same Report, p. v., para. 9:

> The undertaking to pay grants to the local authorities until 1923 in London and 1925 in the country on the basis of the agreement entered into between the latter and the teachers consequent upon the Report of the Burnham Committee renders effective examination and criticism by your Committee of this part of the estimates impossible.

Just before this scheme was adopted the House of Commons

had passed a non-contributory Superannuation Act for teachers, the ultimate cost of which is estimated to rise to some nine and a half millions a year, under which a teacher, whose salary at the end of forty years' service is 600*l.* per annum, receives a pension of 300*l.* a year and a lump sum of 800*l.*

When the then Government accepted this scheme there was much agitation by the teachers for a rise in pay, and no one will dispute that a substantial rise was due. But it is inconceivable that if the House or Government had known the full extent to which they were being committed, an arrangement practically trebling the teachers' emoluments, with no provision for a revision if the cost of living fell, would have been sanctioned. The most ardent educationalist would hardly assert that this scheme, as it has worked out, was of real necessity or value to the cause of education.

Other instances consist of the additional emoluments given during the last few years to the fighting forces and to the police, and the increases in pensions which have followed.

The pay and pensions of the fighting forces, excluding allowances, amount to fifty-five millions per annum, of which twenty-five millions are due to recent increases. An arrangement for variations as from 1924, in accordance with the cost of living, will apply only to 20 per cent. of the pay of officers on full pay, a sum of two and a quarter millions.

Exact estimates of the ultimate cost of the bonus, dependent as it is upon the rise and fall in the cost of living, were of course impossible, but alternative estimates upon assumptions as to what that rise would be, and estimates as to the cost of the rises in basic salaries, should have been possible and valuable.

Three practical things seem to emerge from this consideration of our financial position. The first is that an essential element in effecting further material savings likely to result in reductions of taxation is a co-ordinated examination of all the schemes under which the great increases of expenditure upon the State servants have been effected, into their resulting cost, and the present need for them.

The second is that the estimated ultimate cost of departmental commitments involving considerable increases in expenditure should be reported to the House of Commons, and its sanction obtained before they are undertaken. A system appears to have been evolved of late of giving to such bodies as the Civil Service Whitley Council and the Burnham Committee something like the power to make decisions which, upon being reported to the Cabinet by the departments, become operative. The country is entitled to require the Government to realise in the future that it cannot evade its full responsibility for such matters, and the

House of Commons to insist upon its being apprised of what is proposed and put into a position effectively to exercise general control at the proper time.

The third is that the House of Commons should have the entire cost of what it is asked to pay its employees before it, as a whole, annually. To enable the Treasury to function in its proper capacity as the watch-dog of the public purse, what the Estimates Committee found had recently been formed, namely, an Establishments Department, intended to assist in regulation of the establishments throughout the Civil Service, should be developed and encouraged, and, above all, a measure of *liaison* should be established between it and the House of Commons. That could be done by a full statement of estimated expenditure on the emoluments of the Civil and cognate services, as compared with previous years, being made by the Establishments Department and rendered to the House of Commons annually either by a Minister or by the Estimates Committee *before the departmental estimates are considered in detail.* Each department's proposals as to *personnel* and emoluments would then be considered in the light of the total proposed expenditure on all.

It would not be sufficient that such report to the House of Commons should be left to be included with a hundred other subjects in the Budget statement, though even that would be better than the present system. It is only by a presentation of the whole cost of the emoluments paid to all the services at one time that the House of Commons can either know or control even generally what the State pays its employees.

A full report to the House, and its publication at the right time, would produce more real economy than all the twenty days now devoted to the specific departmental estimates put together. The ordinary estimates debates are used mainly for the discussion of grievances, and it is said that not for twenty-five years has the House 'reduced, on financial grounds, by its own direct action, any estimate submitted to it' (Ninth Report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, 1918). That seems surprising, but is not really so, seeing how few facilities for ascertaining all the facts, or expressing an opinion upon them, the system now in vogue gives to it.

PHILIP E. PILDITCH.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND ITS POLICY

When the Labour Party was struggling to make itself heard in Parliament it was rightly deemed fitting that members of other parties should exercise a peculiar degree of forbearance toward men who found difficulty in the expression of their views with courtesy and coherence. Moreover, it was then thought to be possible that the new party might have fresh ideas beneficial to the community. But at the present time, when that group has shown itself barren of all useful ideas, while claiming to be qualified to form a Government at any moment, those of us who really desire the prosperity and the security of the workers, feel bound to disregard that former convention and to treat Labour members as we would treat members of any other party. For when there is at the least a possibility that they may be some day in a position to bring ruin upon the people by putting into practice the economic absurdities which they advocate, the situation is too critical to allow us to consider their personal feelings, and they cannot, with justice, resent such treatment as is meted out to charlatans in other professions. Nor are we under any obligation to refrain from calling to notice the vanity of their leaders, the insincerity of many of the rank and file, and the ill-manners of a considerable section. In these respects, indeed, they are singularly unrepresentative of the manual workers of this country. For all who, like myself, have lived among the latter for many years, have worked beside them in peace and have fought beside them in war, will agree that the vast majority are courteous gentlemen, in whom a lack of education is largely counterbalanced by native shrewdness of judgment and by an experience of the harder realities of life more intimate than that which commonly falls to the lot of their richer neighbours. None could with reason claim that we who belong to other parties in the House of Commons fairly represent, either in character or in ability, the middle classes of Great Britain ; and for my part I see no reason to attempt to hide the fact that the Labour members are equally far from being worthy representatives of the manual workers. Furthermore, it must be borne in mind that in all probability not one of them possesses the first and most important qualification

for membership. For it is at the least doubtful whether any one of them sacrifices any cherished personal ambition, any degree of social standing, or any material wealth as a result of his election. In truth, we have much cause to believe that the case is far otherwise, and that their election is the first stage of a life of comparative luxury and of freedom from toil, whether of the hand or of the brain.

If any reader suspects exaggeration let him, as I have often done, listen hour after hour to the facile flow of fallacy which is their sole but continual contribution to debate. Let him plough through the hundreds of columns of *Hansard* filled with their speeches on unemployment, and let him ask himself whether he finds therein a single sentence which could in any way contribute to a solution of the problem, or any suggestion which would not increase the difficulty if it were put into practice. For me their endless, useless repetitions are enlivened by the personal abuse of myself with which they frequently interlard their discourses. Within a single hour I have been likened to Galahad and to Judas Iscariot—comparisons which are both equally false. And on one glorious occasion an impassioned orator, pointing at me an accusing finger, bellowed forth : ' You sit there heartlessly making your economic laws ! ' Needless to say, I at once rose, claimed the protection of the Chair against so gross an accusation, and denied most emphatically ever having made an economic law in my life. But such interludes can hardly amuse anyone except me, and are no compensation for the waste of parliamentary time and the ruin of the House of Commons as a deliberative assembly.

Yet the failure of the Labour Party is not to be wholly attributed to the insufficiency of its individual representatives in Parliament. Failure is intrinsic in its policy, as a little real consideration will show. At the recent General Election Labour candidates drew a veil of some opacity over their policy, and there was no small diversity in such of its details as were allowed to emerge in the election addresses and speeches of various individuals. Yet there remains one authentic and official statement of policy in the pamphlet entitled *Labour and the New Social Order*, a production ascribed to Mr. Sidney Webb by some, though attributed to Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. G. D. H. Cole, or some other Socialist, by those who feel no particular enmity toward the first named. But it matters little who was the actual perpetrator, since the pamphlet is officially endorsed by the Labour Party and may be regarded as a true, though somewhat verbose, account of its aims. Let us, then, examine it critically, that we may appreciate the political philosophy of the present Opposition. The author of the pamphlet, after two pages of

what, I fear, we must term 'stuffing,' lays down the following four principles as the foundation of the new Utopia:

(*a*) The Universal Enforcement of the National Minimum.

(*b*) The Democratic Control of Industry.

(*c*) The Revolution in National Finance.

(*d*) The Surplus Wealth for the Common Good.

Now I hope to show in the following pages that these principles are thoroughly consistent one with another—that indeed they all mean exactly the same thing when translated into simple language. The meaning of the first is clearly that, whether the harvest be good or bad, the consumption of corn by the people must never be reduced, but must always be such that they consume as much as they wish to consume; and it is to be observed that what the people regarded as a reasonable standard of living a hundred years ago falls far short of the minimum which they demand to-day. Moreover, a succession of good harvests would automatically enlarge their idea of what should constitute the 'National Minimum.' Now, when the harvest is plentiful, doubtless it is possible to distribute for food enough corn to maintain the standard of living regarded as reasonable at that period, yet still to retain enough to provide seed-corn for the next sowing. But if the harvest is a poor one there can be no question of saving any of it for seed, if the minimum standard of living is to be maintained 'in good times and bad times alike,' as the writer of the pamphlet demands. That is to say, that the consumption of corn must not be reduced, even if this policy results in the eating up of the whole of the seed-corn. Here, indeed, are displayed the economic foundations of the Labour Party; for the three further 'principles' also demand that the people shall live upon capital when income is insufficient to satisfy their desires—as is, indeed, almost always the case.

The second principle is the Democratic Control of Industry, and explanations in the body of the pamphlet show that by this is meant the democratic control of the capital of industry. This, on analysis, is found to mean that the Labour Party would place in the hands of elected committees the power to decide how the harvest is to be divided—how much is to be distributed for food and how much is to be retained as seed-corn. Now before the Labour Party can put its policy into practice a majority of the people of this country must be in favour of the first principle, and must therefore hold the opinion that it is better to eat up the seed-corn than to submit to reduced rations. And, under a system of democratic rule in industry, that same majority would elect the committees set up to control the division of the harvest. Hence if the harvest were short the committees would distribute the whole of it for food and would save none for seed. For if the com-

mittees decided to reduce the rations of the people in order to preserve seed-corn for the following spring they would no longer be democratic, but would be doing exactly what the hated capitalist does now, the 'capitalistic' system being simply the system under which a part of each harvest is saved in order that it may become the basis of future harvests. Because the majority of men are spenders rather than savers the capitalists (as we term the guardians of the seed-corn) are few, and can demand successfully a high wage for their indispensable services. Herein we see the reason why nationalised industries can only be conducted successfully in an autocracy or in an oligarchy so long as the majority of men prefer present plenty to future security. When the many become savers rather than spenders democratic control will be successful both in industry and in politics, the improvident minority will starve, and an economic Utopia will come into existence. But that consummation is still far distant, and democratic control of industry in a country where the Labour Party is in power must inevitably result in the eating up of the seed-corn whenever a bad harvest is experienced.

The third principle is explained later in the pamphlet as meaning a Capital Levy. This is the crudest form of the policy of eating up the seed-corn, even when the harvest is plentiful, and needs little comment. It may be noted, however, that, in a community which has progressed so far in 'capitalism' that it employs spades for digging, a capital levy involves the detachment of the handles of the latter for use as firewood and a return to the 'non-capitalistic' method of cultivation by means of the finger-nails. It may be observed also that the Labour Party especially commends the capital levy as a means of paying off the war debt. Now this debt exists because the democracy withdrew a large number of men from productive work, setting them to kill Germans and to make shells, occupations which do not give rise to a material harvest. Moreover, during the years of war, when but little ploughing and sowing were done, the makers of shells were given unusually large rations, and the corn for the latter was seed-corn borrowed from those whose business it is to preserve it. So much seed-corn was borrowed that there is not enough for the present sowing. Hence many men cannot find employment; for it is useless to employ men to plough when there is no seed to sow. Confronted with this problem the Labour Party, with characteristic ineptitude, proposes to resolve it by seizing even the diminished store of capital from the guardians, giving part of it to those who consume it, and then handing back the remainder to those from whom it was taken. 'By this means,' say their economic experts, 'interest payments will be avoided and the burden will disappear.' But those interest payments merely

represent a part of each succeeding harvest collected year by year by the State from both savers and spenders and paid to its creditors, who are, in the nature of the case, savers. Thus it appears that any tax which is not a tax on capital can have no worse effect than to compel people to limit their consumption until the stores of seed-corn have been replenished and larger harvests again made possible. When the harvests once again become plentiful, then it is possible to collect each year amounts large enough gradually to pay off the principal as well as the interest and to restore the seed-corn to the depleted bins. But a tax which diminishes capital, and to a corresponding extent enables the State to distribute seed-corn for food by the method known as Social Reform, is the road to inevitable ruin for the people. The more stringent the levy on capital in any country the more powerful in that country become the international capitalists and the more miserable becomes the condition of the manual workers : till at length the latter are willing to surrender their political, religious, and personal liberty to those who can still provide the capital without which the people perish. Such is the economic history of Russia during the last five years, and of Europe in the Dark Ages. Such also will be the economic history of every democracy which adopts any method of diminishing capital without a corresponding diminution of the numbers of the people or of their desire for material comfort.

At length we come to the last principle of the Labour Party—the Surplus of Wealth for the Common Good. Now it must be borne in mind that the word ' good ' is used by Socialists, both in the pamphlet which we are examining as also in other of their writings, with a meaning somewhat different from that which individualists commonly attribute to it ; for to Socialists ' good ' means ' present material comfort,' and in demanding the surplus wealth for the common good they demand simply that all profit shall be distributed for consumption instead of being converted into capital. Hence, as in the cases of the other three, we find that the fourth principle involves, if put into practice, the eating up of the seed-corn, since ' profit ' is merely the name given to capital which is in course of formation. It signifies that part of the harvest which remains when provision has been made for the subsistence of the husbandmen, and which may either be preserved as seed-corn or consumed as luxuries. Thus it appears that the accumulation of great fortunes by individuals can be hurtful to the wage-earners only to the extent to which those fortunes are dissipated in self-indulgence rather than reinvested in industry. The capitalist justifies his existence by doing his duty as guardian of the seed-corn, but fails in his duty when he eats an unreasonably large part of it. If the people act as guardians, each

man of his own seed-corn, the amounts held by each individual are small, and the temptation to eat up these small separate stores cannot be resisted by the great majority. And under a system of democratic control of capital that same majority, as I have already shown, would have still less scruple in ordering its representatives to distribute for consumption a collective store ot which each individual elector's contribution is infinitesimal. Indeed, experiments in collectivism have shown that each individual endeavours to avoid bringing anything at all to the common stock, hoping thereby to gain something at the expense of his neighbours when the committee distributes the seed-corn for food. It is only when each person is given voting power in proportion to the amount of his contribution that an elected body can become an effective controller of capital. That is to say, the joint-stock company system is the only possible successful form of collectivism in a community in which the majority of men regard their own interests as more important than the interests of their neighbours. Herein we find the reason why the Guild Socialists have failed so hopelessly in their experiment. The building guild very soon discovered that it must either itself make profits or use the profits of other people. Hence the only possible future for the guilds lies in converting them into joint-stock companies in which the whole of the share capital shall be subscribed by the wage-earners themselves and in which voting power shall be in proportion to the number of shares held. For otherwise the guilds could continue their existence only as parasites upon the capital of other industries, as, in truth, they have been hitherto. As long as people outside the guilds are willing to lend agricultural implements and seed-corn to them the guilds can raise crops without capital of their own. But neither is an extension of the area of cultivation, nor, indeed, the maintenance of the full productivity of the soil already under cultivation, possible unless a profit is made or unless further supplies of capital can be borrowed. Hence, if an increasing population wishes to maintain the same standard of living as heretofore, it can do so only by making a profit and by allowing that profit to follow its natural course of metamorphosis into capital.

It may be that an apology is now due from me to the reader; for I pay no great compliment to his intellect by translating the manifesto of the Labour Party into, as it were, words of one syllable. But we so often hear prominent politicians of all parties publicly advocating follies no less ruinous than those of which the praises are sung in the pamphlet under examination that an excuse may perhaps be found for my endeavour to dissipate the thick fog which commonly obscures the issue when an economic discussion arises. That fog is caused by the introduction of

'money values' into the argument. For example, a titled Socialist, writing in one of the January reviews in favour of a capital levy, scoffs at the idea that the existing crisis of unemployment is attributable to lack of capital, justifying his gibes by quoting Sir Josiah Stamp's estimate that the capital of this country is now some 30 or 40 per cent. greater than it was before the war. But it appears that the estimate of the gentleman last-named was expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence, so the time devoted to its preparation was of course wasted. The Socialist author regards the fact that more than a million persons cannot find employment as a proof of the failure of the 'capitalistic' system rather than as a natural result of beating ploughs into swords and of eating up the seed-corn accumulated during many years. He does not understand that we have lived under a system of State Socialism ever since 1906. Neither he nor his colleagues in the Labour Party can appreciate the fact that a capital levy is no more than a plan for enabling the people to eat up the seed-corn even more rapidly than they were already consuming it under the ninepence-for-fourpence *régime.*

In conclusion, I would ask the reader not to do the manual workers the injustice of thinking that they are bemused by the follies of *Labour and the New Social Order* and similar emanations from Eccleston Square. Those whom I employ know that they may have my works if their hearts yearn for the 'democratic control of industry.' But they prefer that I should continue to keep the keys of the bins wherein the seed-corn is stored rather than that a democratically elected committee should do so. Is this preference an exaggerated altruism?—or is it merely 'enlightened self-interest'?

AUSTIN HOPKINSON.

'TALES OF A GRANDFATHER'[1]

THE task of writing a life of the fourth Earl of Aberdeen contains special difficulties. In the first place, there is an *embarras de richesses* in the shape of a portentous mass of material, especially correspondence, resulting from the prolonged period during which the subject of the memoir occupied various high official positions. Therefore, to bring her work within reasonable compass, Lady Frances Balfour, his biographer, was obliged reluctantly to 'scrap' a large amount of matter—no easy performance, and one requiring all the judicious discrimination which characterised the operation.

The preliminary notice of her book contained a prediction that it would do tardy justice to the reputation of a statesman whose character and actions had been, to a large extent, misunderstood.

This prediction has been amply fulfilled in the published work, and fulfilled in the best way, namely, without any straining after the attainment of this effect, but allowing the narrative spontaneously, as it were, to tell its own story in regard to this feature concurrently with that of the events and experiences of the life as set forth.

Lord Aberdeen's first recorded act was one which certainly indicated character in regard to resource and decision ; for, on attaining the age of fourteen, he at once availed himself of the privilege which, according to Scottish law, may be claimed by a minor, of obtaining the appointment of curators with the functions of guardianship, in the legal sense.

The circumstances which led to this requisition were singular and indeed romantic. When the boy was only eight years old, his father—Lord Haddo—was suddenly killed. He was a fearless rider, and perhaps this was partly the cause of his death, for he was riding a horse so spirited, or so nervous, that, being startled, the animal reared violently and fell backwards on his rider, who was fatally injured and died almost immediately.

This tragic event is graphically described in the memoir ; but thereby hangs another tale.

[1] *The Life of George, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen*, by Lady Frances Balfour (Hodder & Stoughton : 2 vols.).

That strange old seer, Thomas the Rhymer, had foretold that three sudden deaths would occur at the old Castle of Gight:

> At Gight three men by sudden death shall dee,
> And after that the land shall lie in lea.

Not long after the death of Lord Haddo one of the men employed on the Home Farm, near the Castle, lost his life through an accident.

After the lapse of a good many years the Castle was dismantled, and indeed turned into a ruin. While these operations were proceeding one of the workmen had said that, after all, Thomas the Rhymer's prediction was not to be fulfilled, as to the death of three men, because evidently the Castle would soon be a thing of the past. Soon afterwards there was a rumble and a crash. 'What's that?' Alas! a mass of masonry had fallen upon the unfortunate man who had made the above utterance, and crushed him to death.

But we may turn from this melancholy tradition and fulfilment to another prediction from the same mythical source, but one of very different and happier augury, namely, from the now widely known couplet:

> Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.

And now, as all know, the attractive Tweedside domain is the Scottish abode of that soldier of renown Field-Marshal Earl Haig.

Reverting now to the youthful heir to the headship of the Aberdeen branch of the Gordons, if he had been endowed with prophetic instinct as to his future career, the lad could not have sought the *ægis* of any two personages better qualified to extend it than those to whom he applied for guardianship, namely, Mr. Pitt, who was already Prime Minister, and Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville. And it must have been a constant source of satisfaction to those two statesmen to find that their ward was one who would not only be no source of anxiety, but, on the contrary, a cause of pleasure and pride to them, because of his conduct and his tastes. Thus we are told that even while still at Harrow, in addition to assiduous study of Greek, he acquired a wide knowledge of the Italian poets and modern European history. He had been brought up with great care and under the best influences, his father, to whom reference has already been made, having been not only a popular figure in the county, but also a man of high culture and refinement. It is touching to read on the fly-leaf of a large 'commonplace' book an inscription written by him in which the desire and hope is expressed that nothing would appear in that book which would be inconsistent with good taste and high tone. Then follow various selections from poets, especially of Italy; but after a very

few pages there occurs (and this is the last entry in the book) a copy of an impressive letter of condolence addressed by an eminent clergyman of the time—the Rev. Dr. Blair—to Lord Haddo's young widow.

But lest a fatiguing impression should be given of the son as a sort of ' model boy ' of the Sandford and Merton type, mention should now be made of a trait the existence of which would doubtless have surprised some of his contemporaries in later years, namely, a marked aptitude for acting. The story is told of how, while at Cambridge, he and a friend, having heard that a company which happened to be performing in the theatre in the town was in a difficulty owing to the sudden illness of two members of the company, presented themselves under assumed names to the manager, and offered to undertake the parts. The manager, though doubtless with some misgivings, being in a difficulty, accepted the offer, and at the conclusion of the performance expressed the utmost satisfaction with the manner in which the principal part, taken by Lord Aberdeen, had been rendered, and assured the unknown young man that if he would join the company he would make him into a first-class actor. The unknown young man, however, declined the offer with thanks. That, however, was not the end of his dramatic experience, for in the years immediately following his time at Cambridge, when he was very frequently staying at the house of the Marquis of Abercorn—Bentley Priory—there was evidently a great deal of acting. This came to the knowledge of one of his two guardians—Lord Melville—who wrote in a deprecating tone as to this procedure. Lord Aberdeen, however, asked for the opinion of his other guardian—Mr. Pitt—who wrote as follows (the mode of address is a somewhat quaint indication of the custom of the time):

DOWNING STREET,
Sunday, October 27, 1805.

MY DEAR LORD,—I feel very much flattered by your wish to know my opinion on the subject of your Note. Your character for attention to real Business cannot, I am sure, suffer in my eyes, nor I think in those of others, from your taking a Part in the Amusements of the Priory. They will, I hope, only be a prelude for graver Exhibitions; and whenever an opportunity may arise, you will be ready to obey the summons you remember in Tacitus:

> ' Nunc ego te ab Auditoriis et Theatris, in Pulverem atque Aciem et ad vera Proelia voco.'

Ever, my dear Lord,
Most sincerely yours,
W. PITT.

Thus, as to Lord Aberdeen's proclivities in this direction, *litera scripta manet;* but there exists an indirect record of similar

effect in a form more durable than any letter. In a sheltered nook in the grounds of Haddo House there is a seat formed by a ledge in a rugged slope of granite, and above it a tablet bearing the following inscription :—

> SEDES HAEC SAXEA ET INCULTA JOHANNI PHILIPPO KEMBLE PER AESTIVOS ANNI MDCCCXVII MENSES MULTUM DIV QUE SECUM MEDITANTI PRAETER OMNES RIDEBAT.

To the younger members of the family the concluding word was apt to be a puzzle ; and ignoring the grammar, it was supposed that Kemble was represented as laughing ; but of course, the wording is a graceful adaptation from Horace :

> Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
> Angulus ridet, etc.
>
> *Odes*, ii., 6, 13.

While Kemble was meditating outside Mrs. Kemble was busy with her artistic needle inside the house, for she has left a lasting token of the visit in the shape of some finely worked tapestry, not pictorial, but useful as well as attractive, because it forms the covering for several chairs at Haddo House, and remains in use to the present day.

The ' Kemble Seat ' inscription may suggest a wistful sort of regret that the day for such exercise of skill in classical composition has passed away, just as quotations are no longer in vogue ; and of course, in present day conditions, quotations from the ancient, and to some extent also from modern, languages would often be not only out of fashion, but out of accord with good manners.

And yet surely there is no real substitute for the inimitable terseness of many a Latin phrase ; and to such we still have to resort when in need of absolute compactness of expression. So, too, when there is need for providing some sort of veil as a protection against too much scrutiny or observation.

To Lord Aberdeen, who, in addition to being a most complete scholar, was a man who did not wear his heart on his sleeve, the use of classic lore was sure to be congenial. An example may be permissible.

He was called upon to suffer much and acute bereavement, especially in the death of his first wife, who was his joy and pride. It was of her that Sir Thomas Lawrence, after painting her portrait, wrote : ' The picture of Lady Aberdeen is like music in my mind all the time.' The children, too, of that marriage all died, one by one, from consumption. And so *in memoriam* Lord Aberdeen erected a great stone vase, or urn, on a spot which forms the highest point of the park at Haddo, and whence a striking

view of the whole demesne is obtained. Engraved on this massive but graceful structure are the words ·

GEORGIUS COMES
ABREDONENIS
HAUD IMMEMOR
MDCCCXLVII.

While the finishing touches were being given to the stonework, one of the masons, observing that the laird was standing near watching, approached him, and pointing to the inscription, said: 'Would your Lordship tell me the meaning of those words?' To this Lord Aberdeen replied (in no unkindly tone, we may be sure): 'That's for the learned.' As to the actual phrasing, could anything be more touchingly simple and yet dignified?

The Rev. James Brebner, D.D., honorary chaplain to a later generation of the Aberdeen family, has aptly and feelingly suggested that the hidden meaning of the brief legend might be thus interpreted: 'In my heart always.'

Reference may now be made to a much earlier period of Lord Aberdeen's life, when there occurred what was a turning point, one might say *the* turning point, in his career, and one too which brought out, notably, the exercise and manifestation of character.

Soon after attaining his majority Lord Aberdeen made his first visit to the family seat, Haddo House, in Aberdeenshire. It may seem extraordinary that he had, apparently, never previously set foot in the home of his progenitors; but there were reasons for this. Three successive Earls of Aberdeen each obtained a *sobriquet:* the one was dubbed 'the bonnie Earl'; his son was described as 'the wicked Earl'; and the third, whose life we are now surveying, came to be known as 'the Premier Earl.' And, indeed, there is no reason to suppose that he had ever been invited by his grandfather to visit the place. When he did arrive he experienced a shock of dismay, and none the less because the preliminary impressions must have been of a doleful sort, namely, during the twenty-mile drive from Aberdeen. One can imagine how the young man's heart would sink as mile after mile was traversed through a territory the aspect of which must have seemed to him one of intolerable monotony. For it must be admitted that, to the uninitiated, the appearance of that stretch of country is not enlivening.

On reaching his destination, trees certainly must have been observed; but as to the main view from the house, it was, doubtless, at that time, especially on a winter afternoon, the reverse of attractive. The wide *parterre*, afterwards so often gay with flower-beds, with the sparkling fountain in the centre, was then doubtless as bare as a board, and where later a smiling lake appeared, there was then only a swamp. Moreover, the

disappointment experienced was probably the more acute because his early memories of the North belonged to the home of his childhood at Gight, unquestionably the most attractive spot in a very wide region, and a veritable oasis in what someone has described as 'a wilderness of agriculture.' And so, if the young man had any vague expectation of finding something of the same sort at the central home, the actual contrast would come as an unwelcome surprise.

The point of these allusions is that a mental struggle then ensued. This is so well described by Lady Frances Balfour that a brief quotation will be desirable:

> He (at first) entertained wild ideas of breaking the entail and disposing of the property. He saw he could not do this, and then the intention of permanent absenteeism presented itself as another form of temptation. It was not until after many days of mental conflict that his intense desire to escape to more smiling regions gave place to the conviction that it was his duty not to abandon, but to improve the vast territorial possessions to which he owed his place and position in the world.
>
> To desert those who were living under his influence was clearly impossible, and the work which lay to his hand was to improve those conditions, which he felt so keenly were neither those of progress nor of civilisation.

This brings out the main point—duty *versus* inclination, and duty victorious.

And in truth he had his reward.

First, in regard to completely improving the aspect of the immediate surroundings of his home. The fascinating pursuit of landscape gardening may be relied upon to instil a peculiar fondness for the place where such operations are conducted Perhaps (as Lady Frances Balfour remarks) this is due to the creative instinct, and the joy of its fruition; and so, in this instance, aversion was changed into appreciation, and appreciation grew into affection.

But this is only one aspect of the matter. The decision once taken was taken thoroughly.

But, above all, the reward came through the full recognition of the claims and opportunities furnished by his widespread estates, and especially in relation to the inhabitants thereof.

The improvements in the cultivation of the land which were immediately commenced by Lord Aberdeen were carried on throughout his life, and from first to last the procedure was that of mutual enterprise on the part of landlord and tenant. This method, favoured by the leasehold system, was indeed prevalent throughout the greater part of Scotland, and was largely the source of the rapid advance of agriculture during the early and middle portions of last century.

As to Aberdeenshire, the farming community, which was described as having been at the beginning of the century so

uncouth both in manners and methods, was destined to take a foremost place in agricultural enterprise and skill. And when the visitation of rinderpest occurred, the farmers earned high praise for the energetic steps which, in conjunction with the landlords, they adopted for stamping out the plague. Mr. Gladstone used frequently to allude to this with admiration.

In regard to the Haddo House estate, Lord Aberdeen became very proud of his tenants, and they of him.

The manner in which he identified himself with their interests was especially valued, and any utterances attributed to him were long remembered and cherished.

Passengers on the Buchan Railway, when about fifteen miles from Aberdeen, can see on a distant eminence a solid-looking tower. This is a monument bearing the following inscription:

To George Hamilton Gordon, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen.
By his attached and grateful Tenantry.
He was born at Edinburgh 28th January 1784, and
died at London 14th December 1860.

The brevity and simplicity of this tribute is all the more to be appreciated because the custom of the time was rather to indulge in somewhat profuse expressions of eulogy.

The allotted span of length for this article will not permit more than a fleeting reference to the value of Lord Aberdeen's work as Foreign Secretary, especially during his second occupancy of that position, from 1841 to 1846.

Twice during that period this country was certainly in critical proximity to war. Firstly, with France. And it is impossible to doubt that the excellent understanding, and indeed friendship, between the French Prime Minister—M. Guizot—and the British Foreign Secretary, both of them determined to preserve peace, had a paramount influence in securing that end.

The danger in the case of the United States of America was with reference to the boundary question, especially as to Oregon, That the danger of a rupture was real, is shown by many proofs, including the prevalence, for a time, of the slogan 'Fifty-four Forty, or Fight'; which meant that America was to claim the whole of the Oregon territory up to the Russian (*i.e.* Alaskan) boundary, 54° 40′ latitude; and also by such an utterance as that of Mr. Webster:

> Every good man in the United States would deprecate a war between us and England for such a subject as this Oregon dispute, as an act at once of stupendous folly and enormous crime.

Eventually the matter was settled by a convention, prepared by Lord Aberdeen, which included the securing of the whole of Vancouver Island for Britain, and also the right of navigation in the Columbia River. The negotiations required the utmost

care, and also patience, combined with firmness of purpose. Lord Aberdeen, in a letter to his friend Gurney, had said:

> I am sanguine in believing that we shall succeed in preventing a war for a cause so preposterous and absurd as the possession of a few miles of pine swamp; but at the same time, peaceful as I am, we cannot afford to neglect consistency and honour, and the Americans will find me very obstinate where I feel that it is necessary to be firm.

Although Lord Aberdeen has never received the credit he deserved for his services in this arena, his conduct of the negotiations has not been criticised, nor their success questioned, and, therefore, the main *motif* of this article does not require further discussion of the topic, especially as the story is admirably presented in the new biography.

But with regard to another important phase of his official life, which occurred, for the most part, almost concurrently with the American frontier question, the case is different. The reference is to the Scottish ecclesiastical upheaval which has been called the 'Ten Years' Conflict,' and which culminated in the celebrated Disruption of 1843.

Lady Frances Balfour remarks that no biography of Lord Aberdeen would be complete without a description of his part in that event, and what led up to it; but Lady Frances, in her effective preface to the Life, considerately suggests that those who are not attracted by this subject can pass it by without detriment to the main narrative. Mr. Augustine Birrell, however, writes that, 'prompted by the consciousness of being a grandson of the Disruption, he read the chapters on this topic before any other portion of the Life'; and he joins with other literary experts in cordial commendation of the manner in which it has been treated.

To those who are interested in Lord Aberdeen's career, and indeed to many others, the story has a melancholy aspect, because of the unavoidable inference that the final catastrophe was a miscarriage due to misunderstandings which might, and should, have been avoided.

From the point of view of this article the question will be the extent to which Lord Aberdeen was responsible for the failure. As to the untiring and genuine character of his efforts for the prevention of the schism there can be no possible question; but, as Lady Frances Balfour emphatically declares, and shows, he was seriously handicapped by having as adviser a lawyer of undoubted ability, but also of marked prejudice in regard to the question at issue. But it should not be ignored that there were, apparently, on the other side also influences unfavourable to agreement.

Anxious to secure the advantage of personal as compared with

written communication, Lord Aberdeen invited Dr. Chalmers to pay him a visit at Haddo House. The invitation was accepted, and soon after the arrival of the eminent divine host and guest took a long walk in the grounds. Subsequently Lord Aberdeen said to his daughter-in-law (who, of course, retained in after-years a vivid memory of the occasion) with an air of relief: 'Mary, I do think I see the way to a settlement of the Church question.'

Next morning Dr. Chalmers departed for Edinburgh, where he was met by Dr. Candlish and other Church leaders. But no favourable result accrued from Dr. Chalmers's visit to Lord Aberdeen.

Now, it can hardly be doubted that after the conference at Haddo House Dr. Chalmers must have shared the hopefulness of his host, based, we must suppose, on some plan mutually agreed upon, and containing doubtless an element of reciprocal concession or compromise. Why then did this bear no fruit? Is there not ground for the surmise that Dr. Candlish, whose normal attitude does not appear to have inclined towards concession in such matters, felt obliged to object to the scheme then presented by Dr. Chalmers?

Whatever may have been the inner workings which contributed to the ultimate failure, it was certainly a lasting cause of acute disappointment and sorrow to Lord Aberdeen. And perhaps even to him the magnitude of the Disruption was to some extent a surprise, though not so complete as in the case of the Home Secretary, as will be seen by the following incident.

The resignations on the part of the seceding ministers had to be addressed to the Home Office. On the day when these were expected to arrive the Home Secretary (Sir James Graham), on arriving at his office, remarked to his private secretary when passing through to his own room: 'I would like to see any of the letters of resignation from the Scotch ministers.' 'Yes, Sir James, when I have sorted them.' 'Sorted? But surely there will only be a dozen or so?' 'More like three hundred, sir.' 'Heavens!' exclaimed Sir James in a tone of dismay, 'how I have been deceived!'

Looking back from the present distance of time, it may be felt that, after all, what seemed like a calamity was by no means altogether such. An immense act of self-sacrifice must surely, in one way or another, ultimately bring benediction. Certainly the new Church was endowed with abounding zeal and permanent vitality, and this must indirectly have tended gradually to the benefit also of the Established Church. But at first there was, inevitably, much bitterness of estrangement.

An illustration of this is provided by an imaginary dialogue

which, no doubt, has often been quoted or referred to in Scotland, but which perhaps is not as well known in England.

Two men going in opposite directions are supposed to meet on a Sunday morning, when the following conversation ensues :

First Man : 'Are ye no goin' to kirk ? '

Second Man : 'Aye, I'm goin'.'

First Man : 'Ah, then you'll be goin' to the Free Kirk, the wee Kirk, the Kirk withoot the steeple ? '

Second Man : 'Aye, and ye'll be goin' to the Auld Kirk, the cauld Kirk, the Kirk withoot the people.'

But, happily, all that is a thing of the past, and instead of a ten years' conflict there has been for ten years and more a steady progress towards the much-to-be-desired union between the Established Church of Scotland and the United Free Church.

And now, lastly, and also chiefly, the book before us gives the presentation of the event which has formed the chief ground of criticism concerning Lord Aberdeen.

Fortunately, the defence—the apologia—can be stated within compact compass.

It has been stated so often as to become a received tradition that the country was allowed 'to drift' into the Crimean War, and that Lord Aberdeen, as Prime Minister, was especially responsible for that calamity.

To drift ? Nay, but it was rather the case of a torrent, which became so swollen, so impetuous, that the current was almost irresistible.

Throughout all the antecedent course of affairs Lord Aberdeen had ceaselessly toiled to avert the catastrophe, but, as he pathetically declared, 'I labour for peace, but when I speak to them thereof they make ready for battle.'

The war fever was abroad, and some of the Prime Minister's own colleagues did little, if anything, to repress it ; indeed, the influence of some, or at least, one of them was rather the other way, and by the Press as a whole the demand for war was vigorously encouraged.

Charles Dickens in *Our Mutual Friend*, incidentally and with characteristic acumen, illustrates the prevalent spirit of the time when he makes Mr. Boffin misread the title of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, etc., as '*The Decline and Fall off the Rooshun Empire.*' If any empire was to decline and fall it must surely be that of Russia : '*Delenda est Carthago.*' And if anything were needed to prove how vehemently the war party carried on their propaganda, it can be found in the unsparing lampoons and garbage rhymes which were directed against the Prime Minister as the chief obstacle to war.

When at length it became evident that war would be declared,

what would have been the right course for Lord Aberdeen to adopt? He was at the parting of the ways—the supreme moment. He had done his best to preserve peace, but he had not succeeded. Was he not, therefore, justified in withdrawing? This course would certainly have been congenial and attractive for him; but to adopt it would have been in appearance, or in fact, to desert the ship in the midst of storm and stress.

He decided to remain at his post, and so it came about that the unforeseen misfortunes of the campaign were especially associated with his name.

In regard to his decision to remain at the helm when war was declared, it should not be ignored that a contributory cause was certainly the knowledge that this was greatly desired by his Sovereign. Lord Aberdeen's devotion to Queen Victoria was of a depth and sincerity that partook of the romantic element, though never permitted by him to be manifested in external exuberance. And there is abundant evidence of the abiding confidence and affection with which he was regarded by Her Majesty.

After the resignation of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry (in consequence of the want of confidence vote in the House of Commons) the extraordinary spectacle was presented of the formation of a Government with one of the members of the defeated Administration at its head, namely, Lord Palmerston, who handsomely acknowledged that without Lord Aberdeen's assistance he could hardly have hoped to succeed in forming a Government. And this tribute formed only a part of that which, notwithstanding all the previous discordant episodes, Lord Aberdeen's former colleagues individually and collectively recorded, and which was summed up in their designation of him as 'a perfect gentleman.'

One would fain have dwelt on his unassuming piety, his fondness for children, his humour, though admittedly it was usually somewhat latent and of the semi-ironic (not sarcastic) type. But the word limit has been more than reached; and we must bid farewell to a personality revered by many, by quoting the phrase indicated through the Greek inscription engraved below the marble bust placed by some of his friends in Westminster Abbey:

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΤΑΤΟΣ.

ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR.

MATTHEW ARNOLD—II

MATTHEW ARNOLD was a statesman as well as a poet. He inherited from his father a strong and patriotic concern in public affairs. In his study of politics he tried to get down to first principles. He scolded England, but loved her. In his early manhood the Government charged him with an official inquiry which took him to France and Germany. What he saw there filled him with alarm. He realised that England was adjusting herself too slowly to the intellectual and social conditions of modern Europe. On his return he warned his fellow-countrymen of their danger. Sixty years ago there were few to listen to his warning. But he persisted. He had laid his finger on three causes which checked the growth of a new unity in English life: (1) extreme economic inequality; (2) chaos in local government; (3) failure to make effective use of the civilising power of a liberal education. The first and second lay beyond his reach. But the third fell within the range of his duty. He used his pen as a weapon of propaganda. He fought for the humanities. He was a leader in the battle for secondary education.

Matthew Arnold was not only what the Scots call a son of the manse: he was also a son of the school-house. His father, Thomas Arnold, of Rugby, was one of the greatest of English schoolmasters. His brother-in-law, W. E. Forster, was the author of the Education Act of 1870. Matthew was himself for a short time a master at Rugby. In 1847 he became private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, who, as President of the Council, was responsible for the Department of Education. In 1851 Lord Lansdowne appointed him to be an inspector of schools. Arnold inspected schools for thirty-five years. Thus throughout his working life he lived in the atmosphere of educational thought and practice. Sir Joshua Fitch, whom he inspected in the earlier years of his official duty, had a grateful memory of Matthew Arnold's 'genial kindness to teachers and scholars in the schools he visited.' But for schools and teaching Arnold had no marked early taste. His own inclinations lay elsewhere. The drudgery of a school inspector's life irked him often. But from the first he felt that in the course

of his daily work, dull as it was in many of its details, he was touching the springs of the future.

> I think I shall get interested in the schools after a little time [he wrote to his wife a few months after he had taken up his work as an inspector]; their effects on the children are so immense, and their future effects in civilising the next generation of the lower classes, who, as things are going, will have most of the political power of the country in their hands, may be so important.

In 1859 the Duke of Newcastle's Commission on the State of Popular Education in England appointed him and Mark Pattison as Assistant Commissioners to inquire respectively into the state of education in France and in Germany. Arnold extended his inquiries into Switzerland and Holland. This was the turning point in Matthew Arnold's thoughts on politics. Just before he left England on his mission he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Forster:

> I have no special interest in the subject of public education, but a mission like this appeals even to the general interest which every educated man cannot help feeling in such a subject. For five months I shall be dealing with its history and principles.

His foreign journey opened his eyes to the gravity of the situation. He realised for the first time that England was perilously behindhand in modern educational equipment. He saw that what was most urgently needed was an enlargement of opportunities for public secondary education.

> Modern States [he wrote] cannot either do without free institutions or do without a rationally planned and effective civil organisation.

Such an organisation, he believed, could be controlled only by the State. And, if it is to meet the wants of modern society, it must marshal the mind of the nation. Conscious though he was of the unity of Western civilisation, Arnold was no cosmopolitan. More than he realised, he was swept along by the nationalist movement of his time. He was both delighted and a little alarmed by what appeared to be the strong intellectual unity of France and Germany: delighted by the *élan* of their advance, alarmed at the easy-goingness of the English State. He slipped into the habit of thinking of England in terms of France and Germany, forgetting the special problems of our United Kingdom and its connections with dominions overseas, and perhaps assuming that England would be to Wales and Scotland what Prussia was to Württemberg and Saxony. But he saw that one crucial difference between the policy of England and the policies of France and Germany lay in our then contrasted attitude towards the State. *There* the State co-ordered schools and Universities; *here* it held its hand from all avoidable interference with them. Consequently, on his return to England, he looked beyond the immediate scope of the

errand on which he had been sent abroad and said to the Commission : '*Organise your secondary instruction.*' Seven years later Lord Taunton's Schools Inquiry Commission sent him on his second official journey to the Continent. In his report he reminded the Commissioners of the advice which he had given to their predecessors.

> That advice [he wrote] passed perfectly unheeded. The hubbub of our sterile politics continued ; ideas of social reconstruction had not a thought given them ; our secondary instruction is still the chaos it was ; and yet now, so urgent and irresistible is the impression left upon me, by what I have again seen abroad, I cannot help presenting myself before another Commission with an increased demand : '*Organise your secondary and your superior instruction.*'

He insisted upon the urgency of this message. To expound its significance, to impress it upon the mind of the nation, was the chief political work of Matthew Arnold's life. And his labours were not thrown away. Few men have done so much towards changing the face of English education. To him more than to any other man we owe the multiplication and accessibility of our new publicly managed secondary schools. If Sir James Kay Shuttleworth deserves a statue, as Matthew Arnold said he did, for creating our elementary school system in its modern form, Matthew Arnold deserves a statue as the chief creator, though not in his lifetime, of our modern secondary education. He had less influence upon his contemporaries than upon the thoughtful men and women of the generation which followed the publication of his books. The harvest of his sowing ripened between 1890 and 1914. He had always said that, as a foundation for the new structure of secondary schools, England needed a system of local government which should embrace the country districts as well as the incorporated towns. In the year of Arnold's death, the Local Government Act of 1888 laid the foundation which had been wanting. The Technical Instruction Act of 1889, followed by the Local Government (Customs and Excise) Act of 1890, gave to the new county and county borough authorities the power and the means to develop secondary education. The Education Act of 1902 completed the new administrative design.

Many other and greater forces than Matthew Arnold's influence have been at work in the great educational reconstruction which has taken place in England during the last thirty years. Many other men have borne a heavier part in the colossal labour which that reconstruction has entailed. But no pen has been so persuasive as his in putting the advantages of State action in an attractive light. No other writer's darts have pierced so deeply the hide of our indifference to the power of education in the life of the community.

Yet I remember that in 1895, when our labours on the Secondary Education Commission were drawing to a close, and it was agreed amongst us to pay a tribute of grateful acknowledgment to the memory of Matthew Arnold as a pioneer of the work in which we ourselves were then engaged, we found to our surprise some difficulty in choosing a quotation from his educational books. Had we been dealing with the curriculum and balance of studies in secondary schools, it would have been easy to find an appropriate passage. But our chief business lay with the relations between secondary schools and the local authorities, and with the connection of secondary education with the State. It was just on these points that Matthew Arnold's proposals were found on examination either to have become a little obsolete through the legislative changes which had taken place since he wrote, or to be in conflict with the ideas of educational freedom and variety which were embodied in the policy of our report. Therefore we had to content ourselves with a quotation which, though characteristic of Matthew Arnold's style and purpose, contained nothing of his precise political ideas.

More than twenty years ago [we wrote] a very distinguished writer, now unhappily lost to us, who did more than anyone else to call the attention of his fellow-countrymen to this topic, and was often disheartened by what seemed their apathy, dwelt forcibly on the point that the educational opportunities offered in most of our towns, and in nearly all our country districts, to boys or girls who do not proceed to the Universities, but leave school at sixteen, are still far behind the requirements of our time. He said that 'Our energies and our prosperity will be more fruitful and safer, the more we add intelligence to them; and here, if anywhere, is an occasion for applying the words of the wise man: "If the iron be blunt, and the man do not whet the edge, then must he put forth more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct."'

The fact is that Matthew Arnold's advice about the organisation of national education had many flaws of unwisdom in it. He misread England. He conceived English society to be divided into three distinct classes and had in mind a system of education in three corresponding layers. He did not see that even fifty years ago the artisan class was interwoven with the middle class, just as at another level of social contact the middle class was becoming interwoven with the aristocracy. He failed to perceive the new upthrust in the community, an upthrust which had already shown itself in political changes and made the public temper impatient of any administrative system which would curtail further freedom of social growth. The Continental models which had pleased him by their tidiness and had rightly won praise from him for their intellectual efficiency were the outcome of a political revolution which we had experienced in another form. They were inapplicable in their stiff precision to our more

fluid, but not stagnant, condition. England, though backward in mobilising her intellectual resources by State action and by means of institutions founded by the State, was in advance of her Continental neighbours in the free political development of her life. Matthew Arnold saw our weakness, but misjudged the reasons for English resistance to the inevitable accompaniments of the State action by which he conceived our intellectual deficiencies could be removed. His strictures were disregarded, partly because we were inattentive, but partly because he had wrongly diagnosed our State. The new and rising power in England, the artisans of the great towns, wanted a more liberal elementary education with easy access from the elementary to secondary schools. Matthew Arnold frowned on these ambitions. He was alarmed at the cost of elementary education. He wanted what could be spared of public money to be spent on cheap, publicly managed secondary schools for the middle classes. His zeal for improvements in elementary education was cold compared with his zeal for the establishment of new secondary schools. At the most disastrous crisis through which English elementary education has passed during the last hundred years, when Mr. Lowe introduced 'payment by results,' Matthew Arnold, already distinguished as a man of letters, was an inspector of schools. He saw the educational iniquity of the new method of assessing educational efficiency. He braved up to a certain point the displeasure of his official chiefs by criticising their policy. But he was not moved to take the decisive step which, had he taken it, would have given him a place among the noblest leaders of English education. If he had been so deeply stirred by the tragedy of Mr. Lowe's mistake as to risk everything by resigning his inspectorship, and had he then appealed to public opinion against the new code of the Education Department, he might have reversed a calamitous policy and have seen in a fresh light the importance of having many checks upon the power of bureaucracy in its control of education.

In Matthew Arnold's days England sorely needed a more intelligent, a more generous, use of the powers of the State in the encouragement of the things of the mind. But Arnold was too impatient. He did not look far enough below the surface. He failed to see the true value of our educational self-government. What he most cared for was, indeed, also dear to many of those who thought his proposed methods of reform unwise. 'The humanising, the bringing into one harmonious and truly humane life, of the whole body of English society, is what interests me,' he said to the members of the Working Men's College at Ipswich. But the State cannot do this without the co-operation of many other forces in the national life—forces which may be weakened

by too drastic a use of the administrative and financial powers of the State.

Matthew Arnold exaggerated, I think, and even misconceived, the function of the State in the education of a free people. Such a culture as can humanise a whole nation must grow from many roots. It will be in the end a truer, a more creative, culture if it springs freely from the life of the community. Arnold thought of it as something which can be imposed from above. The State can help its growth, can save much which might otherwise perish, but cannot create it. Arnold had been deeply moved by what he saw in Germany in 1866 :

> If true culture becomes at last a civilising power in the world and is not overlaid by fanaticism, by industrialism, or by frivolous pleasure-seeking, it will be to the faith and zeal of this homely and much-ridiculed German people that the great result will be mainly owing.

Matthew Arnold misjudged some of the reasons for the instinctive mistrust which many Englishmen feel for State control of things of the mind.

His writings on education are full of inspiring and illuminating ideas.[1] But I cannot help regretting that he had so little sympathy with schools independent of the State. Perhaps it was because he and his colleagues had come across so many impostors among private schoolmasters that he was impatient with private schools. Yet he might have remembered that he himself was born the son of a great private schoolmaster, for that in substance was Dr. Arnold's position at Laleham when Matthew Arnold was born. I doubt whether Matthew Arnold took the trouble to acquaint himself with the work which the good private schools were doing in his day for girls' education, or even for boys' He was uninformed about Danish experience and of the use which the Danish State was making of private effort in education. He talked about private schools in the tone in which some clergymen of his day spoke of Dissenters in their parish. He never troubled himself to make any careful estimate of the true cost of secondary education, or of what taxpayers and ratepayers would have to find if a virtual monopoly in the supply of new secondary schools were given to the State.

In a lecture which he gave in America, Matthew Arnold quoted with just pride some words of a letter written to him by Sainte-Beuve :

> '*Vous avez traversé notre vie et notre littérature par une ligne intérieure, profonde, qui fait les initiés, et que vous ne perdrez jamais.*'
>
> (' You have passed through our life and literature by a deep inner line which confers initiation, and which you will never lose.')

[1] Dr. Leonard Huxley, at the instance of Mr. Theodore Reunert, of Johannesburg, made in 1912 an admirable and convenient anthology under the title of *Matthew Arnold's Thoughts on Education* (Murray).

Matthew Arnold had susceptibility. He could throw his mind open to the influences of a foreign literature and take the colour of its style. This receptiveness made him a quickly intelligent reporter on foreign systems of education. When he was in Prussia, he felt honestly the merits of Prussian schools and Prussian administrative policy. When he was in France, he was charmed by the educational achievements of the French. Even in Switzerland, where he was disquieted by the effects of democracy in 'eliminating superiorities,' he took pains to look at things with a sympathetic eye. Thus he brought home from his official tours on the Continent a number of attractive sketches which had a great influence upon English educational taste. In one of his letters he wrote :

> I cannot admit that any countries are more worth studying than those in which intellectual life has been carried farthest—Germany first and, in the second degree, France. Indeed, I am convinced that as science, in the widest sense of the word, meaning a true knowledge of things as the basis of our operations, becomes, as it does become, more of a power in the world, the weight of nations and men who have carried the intellectual life farthest will be more and more felt. Indeed, I see signs of this already. That England may run well in this race is my deepest desire ; and to stimulate her and to make her feel how many clogs she wears, and how much she has to do in order to run in it as her genius gives her the power to run, is the object of all I do.

Like his father, Matthew Arnold was a patriot, a patriot of the kind which does not flatter, but rather emphasises failings in order that the faults may be repaired. Englishmen took his warnings in good part, and thirty years later set their hand in their own way to the question of secondary education—happily, not quite too late. The foundations of the new system were laid safely before the war.

But a writer who wants his fellow-countrymen to emulate the educational achievements of foreign nations is prone to show his Continental models in the most favourable light. An official who is sent abroad by his Government to study a subject which lies, as higher education lies, near the heart of national life, has to be careful to avoid writing in his report things which, if they are read by the foreign Government and its advisers, may cause annoyance and perhaps lead to an awkward and inconvenient remonstrance. It was fortunate for Matthew Arnold that his official visits to Prussia were paid before Chauvinism had captured culture. Less fortunate perhaps for England was his facile praise of the educational authority with which Prussia, as a sharp measure of reform, had clothed the State.

He quoted, in support of his view that the English Committee of the Council on Education should have a firmer basis for operations, the Prussian school law of 1794 in which it is declared that—

Schools and Universities are State institutions.
Such establishments are to be instituted only with the State's previous knowledge and consent.
All public schools and public establishments of education are under the State's supervision, and must at all times submit themselves to its examinations and inspections.
The teachers in higher schools have the character of State functionaries.

'With these principles to serve as a basis,' he remarks, 'administrative control can be exercised without much difficulty,' and he assured his English readers that 'it would be a mistake to suppose that the State in Prussia shows a grasping or centralising spirit in dealing with education.' Had he known more, he would have realised that this was a half-truth, just as it was a half-truth to assume that the Prussian leaving-examination in secondary schools was still, as its founders had meant it to be, such a test as 'a scholar of fair ability and proper diligence may at the end of his school course come to with a quiet mind.'

Matthew Arnold was so quick to appreciate the merits of foreign systems of education that he became for the time almost a Prussian in his acceptance of Prussian principles of State control. If he had had his way, English secondary education would have been Germanised in the late 'sixties of last century. Prussia would have been our model, not France. In France, he thought in 1868, 'political considerations are too much suffered to influence the whole working of the system of public education. . . . But political influence has no effect, or next to none, in Prussia.' England, he maintained, need never be afraid of bureaucracy.

We can make the Central Government that mere court of disinterested review and correction which every sensible man would always be glad to have for his own activity. We shall have all our self-reliance and individual action still. In this country the parts will always be more likely to tyrannise over the whole than the whole over the parts. . . . People talk of Government control as if State action were necessarily something imposed on them from without, something which left no freedom for their activity. Can anyone really suppose that in a country like this State action, in education for instance, can ever be that unless we choose to make it so ? We can give it what form we will. We can make it our agent, not our master.

Matthew Arnold took a naïve view of the actual working of bureaucracy in such a detailed and complicated business as school control in a national system of education. He did not allow for the multitude of small pressures, apparently insignificant and certainly uninteresting to the public, which in the vast weight of their collective incidence wear down the elasticity of individual initiative. He did not realise how huge is the machine which is gradually built up by State engineers in order to cope with the infinite number of details in educational administration. And in

spite of the humanity of those who are engaged in working it, such a machine is impersonal and therefore insensitive to many of the needs of education, in which the most vital thing is to respect personality.

Matthew Arnold saw the State *couleur de rose*. He desired

> public establishments to represent the State, the country, the collective community, in a striking visible shape which is at the same time a noble and civilising one, giving the people something to be proud of and which it does them good to be proud of.

He thought that an educational bureaucracy would sum up and represent the action of individuals, not thwart it. He wanted the State to be the censor of school-books; State inspectors 'to enforce general reason against individual caprice'; and all professors in Universities to be appointed by an Education Minister, directly representing all the interests of learning and intelligence in this great country, a full mark for their criticism and conscious of his responsibility to them, an agent who will perform certain critical functions 'in the greatest blaze of daylight.' He thought that a High Council of Education,

> such as exists in France and Italy, comprising the personages most proper to be heard on questions of public education, a consultative body only, but whose opinion the Minister should be obliged to take on all important measures not purely administrative,

should advise on the organisation of school and University examinations, on the graduation of schools in proper stages, and, above all, on studies and plans of work for schools, and that this illustrious body should be unpaid. He desired so far back as 1868, in addition to the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and London, new 'centres of superior instruction' in at least ten different parts of England, but he would deny to them educational autonomy as Universities:

> To maintain a uniform standard of examination and a uniform value for degrees is most important, and this is impossible when there are too many bodies examining for degrees and giving them. We have two very old and important Universities, Oxford and Cambridge; one new and important University, London; and we want no more degree-granting bodies than these.

Matthew Arnold did not like the English middle class, but he thought he saw the way of saving it from itself, and of transforming it into something more enlightened and amiable. His way was State control of education, with the special purpose of building up new public secondary schools and academies as a dam against democracy. America alarmed him. He dreaded what he called 'the pulverising action' of its democracy. He thought that political democracy everywhere tended 'to ostracise its best

citizens.' Therefore he was anxious to dam it off by vast embankments of culture, so vast that only the State could build them in time to avert the approaching disaster. He did not discuss the possible effect of having a stiff control of education by the State when the State itself had become a political democracy.

In the dispute which raged between science and languages for the lion's share of a schoolboy's lessons, Matthew Arnold tried to be a reconciler. No English writer did so much to persuade the two parties to the quarrel to abate their extreme pretensions. He lifted the controversy to a higher plane and showed that the humanists and the realists were both right in their main ideas. In fundamentals he had a coalition mind. Insight and sympathy taught him that, as Baxter found, ' the greater truth lies not with either of the contending parties, but with the reconcilers.' On many points of long-standing controversy he brought to bear an assuaging influence. He set things in a fresh light and made people ashamed of some of their prejudices. But, so far as ' the squeeze of studies ' in school time-tables was concerned, he never faced the practical difficulty. His main idea was sound, and no one ever stated it better than he did :

> The idea of a liberal training is to carry us to a knowledge of ourselves and the world. . . . The circle of knowledge comprehends the study of the humanities and the study of nature. We should all have some notion, at any rate, of the whole circle of knowledge. He whose aptitudes carry him to the study of nature should have some notion of the humanities ; he whose aptitudes carry him to the humanities should have some notion of the phenomena and laws of nature. The beginnings therefore of a liberal culture should be the same for both. The mother-tongue, the elements of Latin and of the chief modern languages, the elements of history, of arithmetic and geometry, of geography, and of the knowledge of nature, should be the studies of the lower classes in all secondary schools, and should be the same for all boys at this stage.

An attempt to put this doctrine of general culture into practice has been the main characteristic of German secondary education. Applied to school time-tables, it carries with it a great variety of subjects, an attempt to put in more than can be assimilated, a denial of the time which some children and young people need for making their own way into a subject and getting any kind of mastery over its technique. Reinforced, as in Germany it was reinforced, by skilful teaching and by the pressure of school standards, the theory of general culture leads to over-instruction and rewards docility instead of fostering creative power. It predisposes those who are subjected to it in its more exacting form to accept expert authority without independent criticism, and to evade responsibility for individual judgment. Linnæus would have been a worse botanist if his mental energy had been dissipated in boyhood by the conflicting and authoritative claims of a great

variety of subjects. Charles Darwin would probably have disgraced himself by failure in a German leaving-examination. Shelley learnt quite enough chemistry of his own free will without having to satisfy a Board of Education's inspector that he had come up to the approved standard in elementary science. Modern systems of education will in the end be judged by the number of original creative minds they have helped to develop into vigorous use of natural power. The doctrine that within the short years of childhood and adolescence the mind must be introduced to, *and examined in*, the main departments of human knowledge, is detrimental to the growth of distinctive intelligence and unduly partial to meritorious mediocrity. In the sphere of education it is the counterpart of that kind of political democracy which, as Matthew Arnold said, is 'hostile to the interests of true society, because it leads to the elimination of superiorities.' He himself did not see in 1868 what, under the pressure of a highly organised school system, would be the results of this patchwork curriculum. But in 1882 he had got an inkling of the truth. In that year he discussed in a report to the Education Department the disappointing results of imposing upon candidates a severe examination in a wide range of subjects. He suggests a lightening of the load:

> The mind is less strained the more it reacts on what it deals with, and has a native play of its own, and is creative. It is more strained the more it has to receive a number of 'knowledges' passively and to store them up to be reproduced in an examination. . . . In relieving the strain of mental effort, an important thing is the sense of pleasurable activity and of creation.

But the last thing Matthew Arnold meant to be was a Frankenstein. His purpose in urging England to organise her secondary education was generous and humane. He wished every child in England to come under 'the formative influence of really good literature, really good poetry.' He knew that

> to know the laws of health ever so exactly, as a mere piece of positive knowledge, will carry a man in general no great way. To have the power of using these data of natural science, a man must in general have first been in some measure *moralised*; and for moralising him it will not be found easy to dispense with the old agents: letters, poetry, religion.

He thought that music 'ought to lay the foundation in the children of our elementary schools of a cultivated power of perception.' He laid stress upon 'the wholesome effect of paying a school fee.' He thought that 'the teacher should be fettered as little as possible,' and that (he wrote the words in 1876) 'our codes tend to fetter him too much.' In his view, 'that school system is best which inscribes on its banners the words *classes of twenty-five or thirty, and an efficient teacher to each class.*' And he quoted with

high approval some pregnant words of Bishop Butler: 'Of education information is really the least part.'

In conclusion I recall the words in which his friend Mr. G. W. E. Russell[2] described Matthew Arnold's charm and the beauty of his character:

> A more genuinely amiable man never lived. Nature had given him a sunny temper, quick sympathy and inexhaustible fun. But something more than nature must have gone to make his constant unselfishness, his manly endurance of adverse fate, his buoyancy in breasting difficulties, his unremitting solicitude for the welfare and enjoyment of those who stood nearest to him. Self-denial was the law of his life, yet the word never crossed his lips. He revelled in doing kindness, never more than when the recipient was a little child, or an overworked schoolmistress, or a struggling author. . . . Endearing traits of character come crowding on the memory —his merry interest in his friends' concerns; his love of children; his kindness to animals; his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancour and envy; his unstinted admiration of beauty and cleverness; his frank enjoyment of light and colour, of a happy phrase, an apt quotation, a pretty room, a well-arranged dinner, a fine vintage; his childlike pleasure in his own performances. . . . He was pre-eminently a good man: gentle, generous, enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unfailing friend.

M. E. SADLER.

[2] *Letters of Matthew Arnold*, 1848—1888 (Macmillan, 1901), pp. vi., vii.

A SENSITIVE PETRONIUS

MARCEL PROUST died in Paris on the 18th day of November last. To many Englishmen his name is still unknown ; to others his death came as a shock so great that it was as if one of their most intimate acquaintances had suddenly passed from them ; and even among those who have read his works there is, in this country at least, quite pointed disagreement. On the one side there are many who will confess in private, though not so willingly in public, that they have never been able to 'get through' his great work ; that 'the man is a bore,' is 'undiscussable in mixed society,' is 'a snob,' and that, if you ask their opinion, 'there is too much fuss made about the fellow altogether.' On the other are men, not given to over-praising the age in which they live, who unashamedly compare him with Montaigne, Stendhal, Tolstoy, and other 'masters of the human heart,' and not that only, but will discuss by the hour together Swann, the Duchesse de Guermantes, Madame de Villeparisis, Bloch, M. de Charlus, Albertine, Gilberte, Odette, the impossible and indefatigable Verdurins, and a hundred of his other characters as if they were personal friends, and as if it were of real importance to them to discover what exactly were the motives of So-and-so on such and such an occasion, and how So-and-so else would view their actions if he knew.

The reason for these disagreements is not, perhaps, hard to find. Proust, let us own to it at once, is not everyone's novelist. He is difficult to read in the sense that he does demand complete attention and considerable efforts of memory. He has an outlook on life which is bound to be unsympathetic to a good many Englishmen—and a good many Frenchmen, too, for that matter. He is very 'long' ; and it is necessary to have read *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* more than once to be able to see the general plan for the hosts of characters and scenes that, as one reads it book by book, so vividly hold the stage. But before we attempt to discuss the book it is important to see what its author had in mind when he first sat down, a good many years ago, to start writing it.

Someone has said that the difference between a play and a novel is that while watching a play you have the privileges of a most intimate friend, but while reading a novel the privileges of

God. However true this may be of the novel as it exists to-day (and, to read some modern novels, one might hardly suspect one's divine position), it is by no means true of the novel throughout its history. It is clear, if we go back far enough, for example, that with Longus, or Plutarch, or Petronius, the reader's position is very nearly as much that of a spectator as when he is watching a play by Shakespeare. And the same remains roughly true of all novels up to the middle of the eighteenth century. It is not, indeed, until we come to Richardson and Rousseau that we find anything like the modern insistence on the personal and intimate life of a man or a woman as a thing valuable in itself. No one except Montaigne and Burton, neither of whom was a novelist, appears to have been introspective before that date. What mattered before was conduct ; what was to matter afterwards was feeling.

But if the world had long to wait for this revolution, none has certainly taken so instantaneous an effect. Everyone knows how the reading of *Clarissa Harlowe* influenced such an independent and sturdy mind as Diderot's, and what Diderot felt that day the whole of literary France was feeling on the morrow. The days of the *petits maîtres* and the epigrammatists were past, and all eyes were turned towards the rising sun of Sentiment ; *Le Sopha* had given place to the *Vie de Marianne*. But this advance was attended very closely by its compensating drawback.

It was perhaps necessary, if anything is ever necessary, that this newly awakened interest in the individual mind should be accompanied by a new idealism to falsify it from the outset. However this may be, there can be small doubt that the result of this revolution was a new crop of conventionalities considerably less truthful and, as it seems to us to-day, more harmful than the old. Sentimentality had come to birth in a night. The newly discovered world was apparently too painful a spectacle to be faced, and to cover its nakedness new doctrines like ' the perfectibility of man,' new angles of vision like those of Romanticism, had somehow to be invented. Fifty years were to pass before another honest work of the imagination, with one exception, could come to light in France ; and the author of that exception, Laclos, is as interesting a commentary on the generation succeeding Rousseau as one can find. *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is for its own, or any other, time an extraordinarily truthful book ; the characters, as they express themselves in their letters, are not inhuman, but human, monsters ; not spotless, but only foolish, innocents. The tragedy is moving in the modern way ; you identify your feelings with those of the characters themselves. But Laclos was not satisfied with the book as it stands. He was a fervent disciple of Rousseau's, and there appears to be little doubt that the book

which exists was only intended to be a picture of the 'false' society in which they, and we, live, and was to be followed by another showing what men and women would immediately be like if only they could live and act 'naturally.' '*Le grand défaut de tous ces livres à paradoxes*,' said Voltaire of Rousseau, '*n'est-il pas de supposer toujours la nature autrement qu'elle n'est?*'

La nature telle qu'elle est—such is to be the aim of the French nineteenth century novelists if only they can see their opportunity. It must be confessed that several of them failed. An interest in psychology had been awakened, yet one compares *Les Misérables* with *La Princesse de Clèves* and might be excused for forgetting it. Throughout the first part of the century, at any rate, it seems as if the last thing a novelist ever asked himself was, 'Would I or any reasonable creature act or feel like that?' Common-sense had gone by the board again, and 'the fine,' 'the noble,' 'the proud,' 'the pathetic' and 'the touching' held the stage.

Yet great advances were made. Balzac, for all his lack of balance and for all his hasty carelessness, was giant enough to make a hundred on his own account. The 'naturalists,' without making any great advances in psychology, at least were in earnest in clearing out the old stage properties, in insisting that a love scene could take place as well in a railway carriage or a hansom cab at eleven o'clock in the morning as on a lake by moonlight or on a balcony at dawn. And Stendhal—but Stendhal was the first of the moderns, the master of the whole generation which is passing, and he had to wait till the 'eighties before his influence became important. Whatever is valuable in the advances that the novel has made during its latest period is valuable just in so far as it is the result of an insistence, with Rousseau, on being interested in the intricacies of human feeling, and an equal insistence, with Voltaire, in refusing to sentimentalise them. That these are the only lines on which the novelist can advance no one would dream of asserting. But it is more particularly because Marcel Proust seems here to stand head and shoulders above his generation, and not on account of his many other merits as an artist, that he has such a passionate, if still comparatively small, following to-day.

He is, perhaps, if we return to that definition of the difference between a novel and a play, more of the essential novelist than any man has ever been. His aim is by a hundred different methods to make you know his chief characters, not as if you were meeting them every day, but as if you yourself had for the moment actually been living in their skins and inhabiting their minds. Everything possible must be done to help you to this end. You must feel the repulsions and attractions they feel; you must even share their ancestors, their upbringing, and the class in which they

live, and share them so intimately that with you, as with them, they have become second nature. Nor is even this enough. The man who knows himself is not common, and to know Proust's characters as you know yourself may only be a small advance in knowledge. So every motive of importance, every reaction to whatever stimulus they receive, is analysed and explained until your feeling will probably be, not only how well you know this being, who is in so many respects unlike you, but how far more clearly you have seen into the obscure motives of your own most distressing and ridiculous actions, how far more understandable is an attitude to life or to your neighbours that you yourself have almost unconsciously, and perhaps in mere self-protection, adopted.

But a short example of this is needed, and a short example of anything in Proust is not easy to find. A character just sketched in one volume will be developed in another, and to grasp the significance of the first sketch one has to wait for the fuller illumination of the development. And even then the short sketch is as often as not several pages of the most closely written analysis, quite impossible to quote from, or in full. There is, however, a very small character in the first book, *Du Côté de Chez Swann,* who may serve. M. Vinteuil is an obscure musician of genius, living in the country. He holds his head high among his neighbours, and, on account of his daughter, refuses to meet the only other really cultured man in the district, Swann, who has made what M. Vinteuil considers a disreputable marriage. Suddenly M. Vinteuil's daughter forms a disgraceful friendship. There is scandal in the eyes of every man or woman he meets, scandal which he, poor man, knows quite well to be founded on the most deplorable facts.

And yet [I quote from Mr. Scott Moncrieff's extraordinarily competent translation of what must be one of the most difficult books in the world to translate], however much M. Vinteuil may have known of his daughter's conduct, it did not follow that his adoration of her grew any less. The facts of life do not penetrate to the sphere in which our beliefs are cherished; as it was not they that engendered those beliefs, so they are powerless to destroy them; they can aim at them continual blows of contradiction and disproof without weakening them; an avalanche of miseries and maladies coming, one after another, without interruption into the bosom of a family, will not make it lose faith either in the clemency of its God or the capacity of its physician. But when M. Vinteuil regarded his daughter and himself from the point of view of the world, and of their reputation, when he attempted to place himself by her side in the rank which they occupied in the general estimation of their neighbours, then he was bound to give judgment, to utter his own and her social condemnation in precisely the terms which the inhabitants of Combray most hostile to him and his daughter would have employed; he saw himself and her in 'low,' the very 'lowest water,' inextricably stranded; and his manners had of late been tinged with that humility, that respect for persons who ranked above him and to whom he must now look up (however far beneath him they might

hitherto have been), that tendency to search for some means of rising again to their level, which is an almost mechanical result of any human misfortune.

The quotation is chosen on account of its shortness, and there are perhaps many hundred other examples which, could they be quoted in full, would have shown more fully this essential difference between the novel as Proust understands it and the older novel or the play. Here, at least, we have his method compressed. We have M. Vinteuil's unshakable faith in his daughter, as a jumping-off ground, founded on the past and unaltered by the facts of the present. We have also the pitying attitude of the world to himself and its hostile attitude to his daughter. And from this comes M. Vinteuil's other feeling, no less strong than his faith in his daughter, that they two have somehow sunk, become degraded, not only in the eyes of the world, but also, and because of it, in their own eyes as well. Lastly, as a reaction from this, we have the effect of these feelings on M. Vinteuil's manner—his attitude of humility before the world for sins that he has not committed, for the conduct of a person in whom he still completely believes which, however ridiculous to the logician, can only be recognised by the rest of us as most disquietingly true to our own experience. It is this complexity in our emotions, this capability of feeling many different things at the same time about any one particular incident or person, that the novel alone can give ; and it is on these lines that Marcel Proust has adventured further than any other man.

And here, of course, he has great advantages. Proust, unlike so many of the great creative artists, started late in life the work by which he will be judged. He is mature as few great men have been mature, cultured as still fewer have been cultured. Wide reading is far from common among great artists. The driving force necessary to the accomplishment of any work of art is seldom found in alliance with wide culture ; that, more often than not, is to be found among the world's half-failures. Neither Shakespeare, nor Molière, nor Fielding, nor Richardson, nor Balzac, nor Dickens, nor Dostoevsky, nor Ibsen was a widely cultured man. In Shakespeare, the loss is more than compensated by surety of intuition. In Balzac, there is a lack of the critical faculty that makes it possible for him, even towards the end of his life, to give in the same year one thing as beautiful as *Eugénie Grandet* and another as puerile as *Ferragus*, that allows him to compare the novels of 'Monk' Lewis with *La Chartreuse de Parme* and to call Maturin '*un des plus grands génies de l'Europe.*'

But Proust, like Montaigne and like Racine, besides having an extreme sensitiveness to all forms of beauty and ugliness, happiness and misery, that he has met in his social existence, has also read

widely in the works of other sensitive men, has compared their impressions with each other and with his own, has learnt from their successes and failures; he is armed with more than his natural equipment, has more eyes to see through than his own. Actually his books are filled from end to end with criticisms of music, of painting, of literature, not in the way that is unfortunately familiar in this country, as unassimilated chunks in the main stream of the narrative, but as expressions of the opinions of different characters.

This is not the only or, indeed, the chief, advantage that a wide experience in other arts, and other men's art, has given him. What is of more importance is the attitude that springs from it of seeing historically the age and society in which he lives. Nothing for him stands still, not even to-day; and, because he realises that to-day itself will to-morrow be only part of the stream of the past, he can view it with the same calmly passionate interest as that which we bring to the discoveries at Luxor. As few men are to-day, he appears to be '*au dessus de la mêlée,*' not, like the ancient gods, 'careless of mankind,' but curious, acutely sympathetic, and able at any moment to bring his own experience and the experience of a thousand other men in tens of other centuries to the understanding of one small case at the tiny point of time which is momentarily under his observation.

To give any idea of the plot of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*—and it has a plot, and a very closely knit one, too (how closely one only begins to realise after several re-readings)—is, of course, out of the question. Its form is that of an imaginary autobiography, and it is obvious that much genuine autobiography is inextricably woven with work of imagination. The first book (*Du Côté de Chez Swann*) is occupied in part by memories of childhood, and in part, as it seems at first, by another story altogether, the account of a love affair of M. Swann's. Of course this story is not a mere excrescence, but it is only slowly, as the later books are read, that we begin to see Proust's immense cunning in introducing us early in the novel to Swann's affairs. For they have a purpose beyond the fact that Swann becomes in time a friend of the young man, who is then in his childhood, and beyond the fact that he is very intimately mixed up with many others of the most important characters in the book. And this purpose is that of a prelude to the later and fuller story. It is, as it were, a standing example at the outset that no one ever learns by the mistakes of others, that what has been will be again in the next generation, with only the mere outward changes that time and place impose. In the second book (*A l'Ombre de Jeunes Filles en Fleur*) we accompany the hero (it is one of the significant curiosities of Proust, akin to his refusal to divide his book into chapters, that never once is this hero

named in the whole course of the work) to the seaside and feel with him the emotions of an acutely sensitive boy just growing into manhood. And the remaining books are all occupied more or less with his efforts to assimilate the new social worlds in Paris and at Balbec Plage which are opening out before his curious and very sharply observant eyes.

There are those who, after enjoying the first two books, have complained rather bitterly of the succeeding ones. One charge against Proust seems to be that he deals more than is necessary with what are called 'unpleasant' subjects and people; another is clearly, though not usually put into so few words, that he is a snob. As regards the first charge, it is true that Proust, like most French writers, is apt to claim with Terence, *Humani nihil a me alienum puto;* to urge that he is ever coarse, that he is ever anything, in fact, but extremely discriminating in his touch, is, as a matter of fact, absurd. But the other charge is more valuable because, while mistaken, it does emphasise a side of Proust's interests in life which is of some considerable significance. It is true that Proust is extremely interested not only in individuals, but in those extensions of personality which are classes, cliques, bodies of men and women, which, however formed, by coming together succeed in developing a sort of communal outlook upon life. It is true also that a good deal of the book is occupied with two of these classes in particular, both of them rich, the aristocracy and the pushing *bourgeoisie* that likes to employ the artist and the intellectual as 'stepping stones from their dead selves to higher things.' But to call this interest snobbery is, surely, a sign of rather careless reading. It is to assume that the *naïveté* of the young man's first adoration of the old families of France, long before he had learnt to know them, is, in fact, the attitude of Proust himself. Even in the case of the young man snobbery seems a hard term for his actual state of mind.

> Nor could we ever reach that goal to which I longed so much to attain, Guermantes itself. I knew that it was the residence of its proprietors, the Duc and Duchesse de Guermantes, I knew that they were real personages who did actually exist, but whenever I thought about them I pictured them to myself either in tapestry, as was the 'Coronation of Esther,' which hung in our church, or else in changing rainbow colours, as was Gilbert the Bad in his window, where he passed from cabbage green, when I was dipping my fingers in the holy water stoup, to plum-blue when I had reached our row of chairs, or again altogether impalpable, like the image of Geneviève de Brabant, ancestress of the Guermantes family, which the magic lantern sent wandering over the curtains of my room or flung aloft upon the ceiling —in short, always wrapped in the mystery of the Merovingian age, and bathed, as in a sunset, in the orange light which glowed from the resounding syllable 'antes.' And if in spite of that they were for me, in their capacity as a duke and duchess, real people, though of an unfamiliar kind, this ducal

personality was in its turn enormously distended, immaterialised, so as to encircle and contain that Guermantes of which they were duke and duchess, all that sunlit ' Guermantes way ' of our walks, the course of the Vivonne, its water-lilies and its overshadowing trees, and an endless series of hot summer afternoons.

Is there any wonder that this young poet—and he was very young—when first he meets the Duchess in real life, and is welcomed into the select circle of her friends, should feel tremendously excited ? But snob is not the right word.

As a fact, of course, what these complainants have missed is the use to which this aristocratic circle has been put in the life history of the hero. For Proust, like any writer that can be read over and over again, has stamped his work through and through with his own peculiarly coloured personal philosophy. And if there is one theme that is being insistently played throughout the whole work (like Swann's and Odette's phrase from Vinteuil's sonata), in incident after incident, in the adventures of one character after another, it is that theme of sadness that no ideal state is attainable in this world, not so much because we cannot climb, nor even because the ideal becomes illusion on attainment, but because the object to which we attach our ideal is, of necessity, not seen as it really is, but always as we long for it to be. This with its complement that the mere fact of not being able to possess may lead to desire even when the object in itself does not seem very desirable is at the very heart of Proust's philosophy.

This worship of his hero's for aristocracy is only an incident in this continual theme. It is in essence exactly the same as all his other deceptions. When Gilberte was the beautifully dressed child of his idol, Swann, surrounded by a halo of romance owing to her friendship with the writer Bergotte, and when she appeared to look down on his advances, there was nothing on earth he would not give, nothing he would not do, to obtain her friendship. Yet when once that friendship is attained the interest in her fades away imperceptibly till she plays no more part in his life than a memory of what was once so bitterly wanted. So it is with the *petite bande* of young girls at Balbec while it presented a united and exclusive front to the world. So it is with the chief of that band, Albertine herself. Desirable while she has held aloof, she becomes through knowledge, through the loss of that mystery which had existed, as it always does, not in her, but only in him who longed for her, almost boring. He is on the point of leaving her, of finishing with the *liaison* once and for all. Suddenly all is changed. He has reason to doubt her complete faithfulness to him. With the pain of this doubt love once more is awakened, and at the end of the last published volume we leave him on the point of rushing off to Paris to marry her. This, again, is the whole meaning of Swann's

marriage with the vulgar and impossible Odette de Crécy. It is the continual theme of all the pitiable deceptions of M. de Charlus.

'*Au reste*' [he says in one place] '*les maîtresses que j'ai le plus aimées n'ont coïncidé jamais avec mon amour pour elles. Cet amour était vrai, puisque je subordonnais toutes choses à les voir, à les garder pour moi seul, puisque je sanglotais si, un soir, je les avais entendues. Mais elles avaient plutôt la propriété d'éveiller cet amour, de le porter à son paroxisme, qu'elles n'en étaient l'image. . . . On aurait dit qu'unevertu n'ayant aucun rapport avec elles leur avait été accessoirement adjointe par la nature, et que cette vertu, ce pouvoir simili-électrique, avait pour effet sur moi d'exciter mon amour, c'est-à-dire de diriger toutes mes actions et de causer toutes mes souffrances. Mais de cela, la beauté, ou l'intelligence, ou la bonté de ces femmes étaient entièrement distinctes.*'

It is in this setting then that one must think of the young man's fascination by what was after all by far the most socially charming circle he could have entered. The desire for a real aristocracy, not merely of brains, but surrounded by all the wealth of history and legend, is understandable enough. The only doubt is whether its representatives exist. But in Proust himself the charm undoubtedly is a subtler thing than that. It has something of the appeal of a dead religion for him. While it was still a power in the world one would have found him in opposition, as the Prince de Guermantes found himself in opposition to the army authorities when at last, and at such pain to himself, he began to suspect their conduct of the Dreyfus case. But aristocracy as a power in France is dead ; it is only the ritual, the historic associations, the complete existence of a little world within a world, that remain.

Nor, as a fact, is this interest in cliques by any means confined to the aristocracy. Of at least equal importance are the Verdurins, who, in spite of their riches, are at the very opposite pole of civilisation. And yet with all their vulgarity, with all their intellectual snobbery, with all their lack of taste and breeding, with all their affectation of being a '*petit clan,*' is it not clear that, up to a certain point at any rate, intelligence is on their side of the ledger ? Again there is that glance at life in barracks, through the mediation of Saint-Loup, which, while small, is as good a summary of the military world as one knows. There are some unforgettable pages on the Jews. There is even that little world of the hotel servants that has plainly interested Proust almost as much as any of the larger worlds he has spent so much care in describing. And, especially in the early books, there are those descriptions of the world of the young man's parents and grandparents, so typical of the *honnête bourgeoisie,* so profoundly drawn in their uprightness and their rather limited social ideas, so secure and anxious for security, so loving to their boy and yet so anxious not to 'spoil' him. Never, with the exceptions of Saint Simon

and Tolstoy, has any author succeeded so well in giving the atmosphere of a particular house or a particular party; never has anyone analysed so closely the behaviour of people in small homogeneous masses.

In 1896, when Proust was still a young man, he produced a book which, while not of great interest in itself, is naturally of value to students of his work, both for what it contains in the germ, and for what it omits, of the Proust who was to become a master. And to this book Anatole France wrote a charming preface, in which he said various things which must have appeared more friendly than critical to readers of that day. Among other things he wrote the following words:

> '*Il n'est pas du tout innocent. Mais il est sincère et si vrai qu'il en devient naïf et plait ainsi. Il y a en lui du Bernardin de Sainte-Pierre dépravé et du Pétrone ingenu.*'

The words are a singularly good description of the Proust that we know to-day. He is not innocent, and he remains *naïf.* There is a story of how in his last illness he insisted on being muffled up in a carriage and driven out into the country to see the hawthorn which was then in bloom. That freshness of joy in all beautiful things remained with him, so far as we can see, to the end of his life. It is as obvious in the moving account of the Prince de Guermantes' confession to Swann at the beginning of the last book as it is in the early Combray chapters of the first. He was supremely sensitive and continually surprised by beauty. But, unlike most sensitive people, he neither railed at mankind, nor shut himself up, nor built for himself a palace of escape from reality in his own theorising about the meaning of it all. He set himself to observe and to note his observations.

In many ways Anatole France's description of him as the ingenuous Petronius of our times is extremely intelligent. And our times are in many ways extremely like the days in which Petronius wrote. There is an aristocracy that has lost its *raison d'être*, and a continual flow of new plutocrats without traditions, without taste, without any object in life beyond spending to the best of their power of self-advertisement. The faith in the old social order has gone, and nothing new has arisen to take its place. Where we differ entirely from that age is in self-consciousness. And that too is where a modern Petronius must differ from the old one. For better in some ways and for worse in others, we are far more complex than we have ever been; our motives are at once more mixed and more clearly scrutinised. And a writer who can satisfactorily cram this age within the pages of a book must not only be extremely intelligent and extremely observant, but must also have forged for himself a style capable

of expressing the finest shades of feeling ; he must refuse the easy simplifications both of the moralist and the maker of plots ; he must be infinitely sensitive and infinitely truthful. That Marcel Proust personifies this ideal no one would completely claim. But he does, at least to some people, seem to have approached it more nearly than any other writer of our time.

RALPH WRIGHT.

THE OTHER DOROTHY

Two Dorothies in our literature showed themselves worthy of a name declaratory of so much. Dorothy Osborne was one; Dorothy Wordsworth, much more famous, was another. If I were teacher of the Sixth Form in a girls' school I should take my class methodically through the pair, satisfied that if I did my duty by them it would have as fair a view of the moral and mystical philosophy of its sex as needs could ask or require. The text-books exist; little but appreciation could be expected from the teacher. Dorothy Wordsworth's letters and journals fill the better part of three small volumes. They need but little annotation, save cross-references to her brother's poems, and to Coleridge's. She was the Muse of those two, and had perhaps more of the soul, or substance, of poetry in her than either. They informed what she taught them, and she taught them through the great years. Of the two Dorothean voices hers was of the heights. More beautiful interpretation of Nature hardly exists in our tongue.

> She tells us much, but implies more. We may see deeply into ourselves, but she sees deeply into a deeper self than most of us can discern. It is not only that, knowing her, we are grounded in the rudiments of honour and lovely living; it is to learn that human life can be so lived, and to conclude that of that at least is the Kingdom of Heaven.

If I quote from a paragraph of my own about her, it is only to save myself from saying the same thing in other words. It is the only thing to say of a woman long enskied and sainted by her lovers.

Dorothy Osborne, whose little budget of seventy-seven letters and a few scraps more has been exquisitely edited by Judge Parry did not dwell apart: starry as she was, she was much before her world. She was daughter of a stout old Cavalier, Sir Peter, and shared with him the troubles of civil war and sequestration of goods under the Commonwealth. For six years, also, she was the lover and beloved of William Temple, whom, until the end of that term, she had little hope or prospect of marrying. Her father and his had other ideas of the marriage of their children, and means of carrying them out. Sir Peter Osborne had lost heavily

by his defence of Guernsey for the King, and sought to re-establish himself in the settlement of Dorothy. Sir John Temple gave his son an allowance and was not disposed to increase it except for a handsome equivalent from the other side. When Sir Peter died it was no better. Dorothy's brothers brought up suitor after suitor, of whom Henry Cromwell, the Protector's second son, was the most formidable, and Sir Justinian Isham, an elderly widower with four daughters older than herself, the most persistent. She was fairly beset; and when she made her guardians understand that her heart was fixed, the truth came out that they disliked and distrusted William Temple. They doubted his principles, accused him of being sceptical in religion, and (not without cause) of lukewarmness in politics. Temple was a prudent youth, and was already on the fence which he rarely left all his life. During the Commonwealth he was a good deal abroad, but, whether abroad or at home, neither for the King nor his enemies. He was moderately educated—Macaulay says that he had no Greek—but it may have been too much for the Osbornes. Possibly he gave himself airs, though Dorothy did not think so. However it was, the lovers could only meet by accident and must correspond under cover. That correspondence, a year and a half of it, is all we have of her writing, and, good as it is, the thing it does best of all is to measure the extent of our loss. Love-letters apart—and there must have been the worth of five years or more of them lost—she was writing, we hear, at one time weekly to her bosom-friend, Lady Diana Rich, a beauty of whose mind she had as high an opinion as of her person. All that has gone. Later, when she had been many years married, she made another close friend in Queen Mary II., but the letters which went to her address in what a relative of Dorothy's describes as a 'constant correspondence,' letters which were greatly admired for their 'fine style, delicate turn of wit and good sense,' are supposed to have been burnt among her private papers just before the Queen died. So they have gone too, and with them what chance we may have had—as I think, a fair chance—of possessing ourselves of a native Madame de Sévigné. It does not do, and is foolish, to press might-have-beens too far, if only because you cannot press them home. How are you to set off seventy-odd letters, for one thing, against seventeen hundred? There are obvious parallels, however, with Madame de Sévigné, which there is no harm in remarking. She and Dorothy were almost exactly coevals. Both were born in 1627; Madame died in 1696, Milady Temple (as she became) in 1695. Each was well born; each had one absorbing attachment; each was handsome. Dorothy, in the portrait prefixed to the *Wayfarer* edition, has a calm, grave face, remarkable for its broad brow, level-gazing, uncompromising eyes, and fine

Greek nose, not at all a '*petit nez carré*.' She looks, as her letters prove her to have been, a young woman of character and breeding. She does not show the enchanting mobility of Madame de Sévigné, nor can she have had it. At any rate, she was a beautiful woman, whose conversation, as I judge, would have been distinguished by originality and a 'delicate turn of wit,' as her letters certainly are. Further resemblances, if there are any, must be sought in the documents, to which I shall now turn.

We are to read a woman's love-letters, always 'kittle work,' however long ago the pen has fallen still, whether they are the letters of a fond mother to her child or of a girl to her sweetheart; yet there is no reason why we should shrink from the one intrusion and make light of the other. Indeed, of the two it is Madame de Sévigné who displays the pageant of her bleeding heart, and is able more than once to make the judicious grieve, and even the injudicious uncomfortable. There was nothing of the '*jolie païenne*' in Dorothy Osborne. She served no dangerous idolatry. There is not a phrase in her touching, and often beautiful, letters, not even in those where her heart wails within her and the sound of it enfolds and enhances her words—not there even is there a word or a phrase which imperils her maiden dignity. She loved, in her own way of speaking, 'passionately and nobly.' It is perfectly true. At all times, under all stresses, her nobility held her passion bitted and bridled. She rode it on the curb, not, as was Madame's delightful weakness, '*la bride sur le cou*.' Her extreme tenderness for the man she loved is implicit in every line. Nobody could mistake; but when, manlike, he seemed to demand of her more and ever more testimony, she was not to be turned further from her taste in expression than from 'dear' to 'dearest.' Towards the end of the long probation—and in our seventy-seven letters we have, in fact, the last year and a half of it—a certain quickening of the pulse is discernible in her writing, a certain breathlessness in the phraseology. 'Dear! Shall we ever be so happy, think you? Ah! I dare not hope it,' she writes to him in one of the later letters, and cutting short the formalities, ends very plainly, 'Dear, I am yours.' Nothing more ardent escapes her throughout, yet, in that very frugality of utterance, never was exalted and faithful love made more manifest. When—as did happen—misunderstandings were magnified by Temple's jealousy and aggravated by her honesty, she was hurt, and showed it. Separation then seemed the only remedy. Despair gave her eloquence, and we have for once a real cry of the heart:

If you have ever loved me, do not refuse the last request I shall ever make you; 'tis to preserve yourself from the violence of your passion. Vent it all upon me; call me and think me what you please; make me,

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We are to read a woman's love-letters, always 'kittle work,' however long ago the pen has fallen still, whether they are the letters of a fond mother to her child or of a girl to her sweetheart; yet there is no reason why we should shrink from the one intrusion and make light of the other. Indeed, of the two it is Madame de Sévigné who displays the pageant of her bleeding heart, and is able more than once to make the judicious grieve, and even the injudicious uncomfortable. There was nothing of the '*jolie païenne*' in Dorothy Osborne. She served no dangerous idolatry. There is not a phrase in her touching, and often beautiful, letters, not even in those where her heart wails within her and the sound of it enfolds and enhances her words—not there even is there a word or a phrase which imperils her maiden dignity. She loved, in her own way of speaking, 'passionately and nobly.' It is perfectly true. At all times, under all stresses, her nobility held her passion bitted and bridled. She rode it on the curb, not, as was Madame's delightful weakness, '*la bride sur le cou.*' Her extreme tenderness for the man she loved is implicit in every line. Nobody could mistake; but when, manlike, he seemed to demand of her more and ever more testimony, she was not to be turned further from her taste in expression than from 'dear' to 'dearest.' Towards the end of the long probation—and in our seventy-seven letters we have, in fact, the last year and a half of it—a certain quickening of the pulse is discernible in her writing, a certain breathlessness in the phraseology. 'Dear! Shall we ever be so happy, think you? Ah! I dare not hope it,' she writes to him in one of the later letters, and cutting short the formalities, ends very plainly, 'Dear, I am yours.' Nothing more ardent escapes her throughout, yet, in that very frugality of utterance, never was exalted and faithful love made more manifest. When—as did happen—misunderstandings were magnified by Temple's jealousy and aggravated by her honesty, she was hurt, and showed it. Separation then seemed the only remedy. Despair gave her eloquence, and we have for once a real cry of the heart:

If you have ever loved me, do not refuse the last request I shall ever make you; 'tis to preserve yourself from the violence of your passion. Vent it all upon me; call me and think me what you please; make me,

if it be possible, more wretched than I am. I'll bear it without the least murmur. Nay, I deserve it all, for had you never seen me you had certainly been happy. . . . I am the most unfortunate woman breathing, but I was never false. No; I call Heaven to witness that if my life could satisfy for the least injury my fortune has done you . . . I would lay it down with greater joy than any person ever received a crown; and if I ever forget what I owe you, or ever entertain a thought of kindness for any person in the world besides, may I live a long and miserable life. 'Tis the greatest curse I can invent; if there be a greater, may I feel it. This is all I can say. Tell me if it be possible I can do anything for you, and tell me how I can deserve your pardon for all the trouble I have given you. I would not die without it.

Eloquent, fierce words, indignant, dry with offended honour, but certainly not lacking in nobility. It is the highest note struck in the series, and can hurt nobody's delicacy to read now. Happily the storm passed over, the sky cleared, and the sun came out. From the sounding of that wounded note there is a *diminuendo* to be observed. The very next letter is lower in tone, though she has some sarcasms for him which probably did him good. In the next but one, 'I will not reproach you how ill an interpretation you made [of the attentions of Henry Cromwell], because we'll have no more quarrels.' Nor did they, though they were still a year off marriage. So much of the love affair which called the letters into being I must needs have given. I shall not refer to it again.

Her head went into her letters as well as her heart; and though love was naturally the fount of her inspiration, she wrote as much to entertain and enhearten her lover as to relieve herself. There is enough literary quality in what we have left to make it a valuable possession. It is by no means only to be learned from her with what courage a seven years of star-crossed love may be borne; how gently the fretting and chafing of a self-conscious man turned; how modesty can veil passion without hiding it. At her discretion raillery can be pungent without ceasing to be playful, and the rough and dirty currency of the world handled without soiling her fingers, with a freedom bred of innocence of thought. This still and well-bred Dorothy was a critic of her day, and, though she was pious, had no fugitive and cloistered virtue. All about her were living the survivors of a Court not quite so profligate, perhaps, as that of the first or the third Stuart king, but profligate enough. It was not the less so for being in hiding. She did not approve of much that her acquaintance did, but she accepted it, and, as far as might be, excused it.

I am altogether of your mind [she writes] that my Lady Sunderland is not to be followed in her marrying fashion, and that Mr. Smith never appeared less her servant than in desiring it. To speak truth, 'twas

convenient for neither of them, and in meaner people had been plain undoing of one another, which I cannot understand to be kindness of either side. She had lost by it much of the repute she had gained by keeping herself a widow; it was then believed that wit and discretion were to be reconciled in her person that have so seldom been persuaded to meet in anybody else. But we are all mortal.

From that, which is temperate statement, go on to consider a passage of temperate argument which is surely notable in a girl of her age. She was twenty-six when she wrote:

'Tis strange to see the folly that possesses the young people of this age, and the liberties they take to themselves. I have the charity to believe they appear very much worse than they are, and that the want of a Court to govern themselves by is in great part the cause of their ruin. Though that was no perfect school of virtue, yet Vice there wore her mask, and appeared so unlike herself that she gave no scandal. Such as were really as discreet as they seemed to be gave good example, and the eminency of their condition made others strive to imitate them, or at least they durst not own a contrary course. All who had good principles and inclinations were encouraged in them, and such as had neither were forced to put on a handsome disguise that they might not be out of countenance at themselves.

Is that not excellent discourse upon the subject of 'young people' from a girl of six-and-twenty? Dorothy, it will be seen, writes the modern as opposed to the seventeenth century English, but does it in mid-career of the century. Comparison with her contemporary, the Duchess of Newcastle, is proof enough.

Madam [writes that very 'blue' lady], here was the Lord W. N. to visit me, whose discourse, as you say, is like a pair of bellows to a spark of fire in a chimney, where are coals or wood, for as this spark would sooner go out than inkindle the fuel, if it were not blown, so his discourse doth set the hearer's brain on a light flame, which heats the wit, and inlightens the understanding.

And so on—like a wounded snake. Dorothy, I think, was almost the first to do what Milton never did, and what Dryden was to make the standard of good prose. James Howell preceded her slightly in that use, but was not so sure a hand at it. In cogency and simplicity of expression hers is like good eighteenth century letter-writing. She apologises to her lover for 'disputing again.' He had been a churl to find fault with such sagacious reflections.

There is no sign that she was the least bit 'blue,' though she read the books of that *côterie*, and esteemed them, with reservations. She had the *Cléopâtre* of Calprenède, the *Grand Cyrus* of la Scudéri, and passed them on, volume by volume, to Temple, remarking of '*l'amant non aimé*,' in the latter that he was an ass. She had Lord Broghill's *Parthenissa* hot from the press. ''Tis handsome language,' she says of it. 'You would know it to be writ by a person of good quality though you were not told

it; but, on the whole, I am not much taken with it.' The stories were too much like all the others, she thought, and certainly they were: 'The ladies are so kind they make no sport.' One thing in *Parthenissa* made her angry:

> I confess I have no patience for our *faiseurs de Romance* when they make women court. It will never enter into my head that 'tis possible any woman can love where she is not first loved; and much less that if they should do that, they could have the face to own it.

That is high doctrine, yet inquiry yields the best sort of support to it.

So far from being a *précieuse*, Dorothy quarrelled with *Parthenissa* on account of preciosity: 'Another fault I find, too, in the style—'tis affected. *Ambitioned* is a great word with him, and *ignore; my concern*, or *of great concern* is, it seems, properer than *concernment*.' She expects Temple, nevertheless, to fit her up with the newest town phrases: 'Pray what is meant by *wellness* and *unwellness?* and why is *to some extreme* better than *to some extremity?*' She has her own ideas about style: 'All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse; not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words like a charm.' Then she pillories 'a gentleman I knew, who would never say "the weather grew cold," but that "Winter began to salute us."' She had 'no patience with such coxcombs.' A jolly word of her own is 'pleasinger.' I have not met it anywhere else. ''Twill be pleasinger to you, I am sure, to tell you how fond I am of your lock.' His 'lock' was a lock of hair which he had sent her on demand before he went to Ireland. For a moment it charmed her out of her reserve: 'Cut no more on't, I would not have it spoiled for the world. If you love me be careful on't.' For once she lets herself go:

> I would not have the rule absolutely true without exceptions that hard hairs are ill-natured, for then I should be so. But I can allow that soft hairs are good, and so are you, or I am deceived as much as you are if you think I do not love you enough. Tell me, my dearest, am I? You will not be if you think I am yours.

That charming little outbreak, written *à bride abattue*, concludes a letter which begins, as all of them do, with the formal 'Sir.' In its complete unaffectedness and spontaneity it is not far behind *Notre Dame des Rochers*.

To return to Dorothy's reading, I do not know that, country for country, she was far behind her contemporary. Novels apart, she is reading the travels of Mendez Pinto, quotes the action, not the words, of Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, has Spanish proverbs at command, writes a note in French, takes a part in *The Lost Lady*, knows Cowley's poems, and was a 'devote' of

Dr. Jeremy Taylor. From that goodly divine she takes a long argument upon resignation of the will, nearly word for word, and holds it up for Temple's admiration. She is more reticent about her religious opinions than Madame was, having to deal with a lover suspected of being something of a Gallio instead of a daughter adept in Descartes. If she was primed with Jeremy Taylor she was in a good way. Yet I don't know what that doctor would have said to this :

> We complain of this world [she says] and the variety of crosses and afflictions it abounds in, and for all this, who is weary on't (more than in discourse), who thinks with pleasure of leaving it, or preparing for the next ? We see old folks that have outlived all the comforts of life desire to continue it, and nothing can wean us from the folly of preferring a mortal being, subject to great infirmity and unavoidable decays, before an immortal one, and all the glories that are promised with it.

'Is not this very like preaching ?' she asks. It is less like the preaching of the author of *Holy Dying* than that of six-and-twenty in love ; but undoubtedly it proceeds from common experience. She was merciless to bad sermons, able to make such good ones of her own. 'God forgive me, I was as near laughing yesterday where I should not. Would you believe that I had the grace to hear a sermon upon a week-day ?' Stephen Marshall was the preacher, a roaring divine of the prevailing type.

> He is so famed that I expected rare things of him, and seriously I listened to him at first with as much reverence as if he had been St. Paul ; and what do you think he told us ? Why, that if there were no kings, no queens, no lords, no ladies, nor gentlemen, nor gentlewomen in the world, 'twould be no loss at all to God Almighty. This we had over some forty times, which made me remember it whether I would or not. . . . Yet, I'll say for him, he stood stoutly for tithes, though, in my opinion, few deserved them less than he ; and it may be he would be better without them.

Marshall should have known better than to try his levelling doctrine at Chicksands.

To the making of all good letter writers, all those to whom that art is a natural vent for the emotions, goes quality, that which we call style, an entire naturalness of expression turned in a manner of one's own, an incommunicable something not to be mistaken. All the best have it ; the second-best have something of it. Into literary quality goes, of course, moral quality, *l'homme même.* Now Dorothy Osborne has quality ; little as we have, there is enough to show that. She can be playful, but not sparkle, not ripple, like the Marquise, nor set a whole letter twinkling like the sea in a fresh wind ; hers is a still wine. Nor has she such news to im part, to be '*le dessus de tous ses paniers*

Chicksands was not Paris. She has spirit, but not gallantry. Madame de Sévigné's chosen defence was always attack. Dorothy is as quick to see her advantage, but has a more staid manner of execution. She will be slower to believe herself menaced, and when she discovers it will reason plainly with the offender, as much for his good as for her justification. Take this for an example. Temple, who was a fussy man, a precisian, had been scolding her for fruit-eating. You could hardly expect a lady to approve lectures upon her digestion from her lover. She replied :

> In my opinion you do not understand the laws of friendship aright. 'Tis generally believed it owes its birth to an agreement and conformity of humours, and that it lives no longer than 'tis preserved by the mutual care of those that bred it.

Is there no style in that ?

> 'Tis wholly governed by equality, and can there be such a thing in it as distinction of power ? No, sure, if we are friends we must both command and both obey alike ; indeed a mistress and a servant sounds otherwise ; but that is ceremony and this is truth. Yet what reason had I to furnish you with a stick to beat myself withal, or desire that you should command, that do it so severely ?

Observe her conduct of the relative there !

> I must eat fruit no longer than I could be content you should be in a fever : is not that an absolute forbidding of me ? It has frighted me just now from a basket of the most tempting cherries that e'er I saw, though I know you did not mean that I should eat none. But if you had I think I should have obeyed you.

Evidently she had tossed her head over his dictation ; but how well in hand is her temper, how admirable her style ! It is very much in the manner of Madame when her querulous daughter had hurt her feelings ; and entirely in that manner Madame would throw up the sponge at the end of a successful attack, as Dorothy does here with her 'If you had I think I should have obeyed you.' Dorothy is not, however, so quick to veer from the stormy to the rainy quarter. She can be fierce, as I have shown, when her feelings are overstrained, but there is no hysterical passion. Modesty forbade. 'Love is a terrible word,' she says, 'and I should blush to death if anything but a letter accused me on't.' She could be bold on such occasions ; she could be as saucy as Rosalind, and as tender. When it is a case of his going to Ireland, on business of his father's which may advance their personal affair, she urges him to be off. But when the hour has come :

> You must give Nan leave to cut off a lock of your hair for me. . . . Oh, my heart ! What a sigh was there ! I will not tell you how many this journey causes, nor the fears and apprehensions I have for you. No,

I long to be rid of you—am afraid you will not go soon enough. Do not you believe this? No, my dearest, I know you do not, whate'er you say. . . .

Any good girl in love would feel like that, but not everyone could let you hear the quickened breath in a letter 300 years old.

Sévigné was wise, and so is Dorothy. She read and could criticise; she read and remembered. With less philosophy and no fatalism, she looked her world in the face, and had no illusions about it. But she was in love, and it was a good world. Cheerfulness kept breaking in. 'What an age we live in, where 'tis a miracle if in ten couple that are married, two of them live so as not to publish to the world that they cannot agree.' Yet she thinks that one should follow the Saviour's precept, take up the cross and follow. She believes that the trouble is mostly of the woman's making, for as for the husband, if he grumbles, and the wife says nothing, he will stop for lack of nutriment, and nobody be any the worse. A splenetic husband of her acquaintance had the trick, when harassed, of rising in the night and banging the table with a club. His wife provided a stout cushion for the table, and was not disturbed.

Sévigné is merry, and so is Dorothy, though much more demure. In her seventy letters you will find no *tours de force*, nothing like the *prairie* letter, the marriage-of-Mademoiselle, or the *incendie* letter. She can touch you off a situation in a phrase excellently well, as when after a quarrel comes a reconciliation between her and her brother Henry, and she says: "Tis wonderful to see what curtseys and legs pass between us; and as before we were thought the kindest brother and sister, we are certainly now the most complimental couple in England,' or, asking, 'Is it true my Lord Whitelocke goes Ambassador?' she comments upon him, 'He was never meant for a courtier at home, I believe. Yet 'tis a gracious prince.' Another Commonwealth lord, whose title depended upon the standing of the Court of Chancery, has a flick in the same letter: ''Twill be sad news for my Lord Keble's son. He will have nothing left to say when "my Lord, my father," is taken from him.' Those are both brisk and pleasant. More ambitious is her discussion of the 'ingredients' of a husband, which opens with sketches of impossible husbands. He 'must not be so much of a country gentleman as to understand nothing but horses and dogs and be fonder of either than his wife'; nor one 'whose aim reaches no further than to be Justice of the Peace, and once in his life High Sheriff'; nor 'a thing that began the world in a free school . . . and is at his furthest when he reaches the Inns of Court.' He must not be 'a town gallant neither, that lives in a tavern and an ordinary,' who 'makes

court to all the women he sees, thinks they believe him, and laughs and is laughed at equally'; nor a 'travelled Monsieur, whose head is all feather inside and outside, that can talk of nothing but dances and duels, and has courage enough to wear slashes when everybody else dies of cold to see him.' In fact, 'he must love me, and I *him*, as much as we are capable of.' Those impersonations might have come as well from Belmont as from Chicksands.

I said just now that we have no *prairie* letter from Dorothy. We have something not far from it, though, and I will give as much of it as I dare. It is of her very best in the way of unforced, happy description; but after it I must give no more. The date of it is early May, 1653:

> You ask me how I pass my time here. I can give you a perfect account not only of what I do for the present, but of what I am likely to do this seven years if I stay here so long. I rise in the morning reasonably early, and before I am ready I go round the house till I am weary of that, and then into the garden till it grows too hot for me. About ten o'clock I think of making me ready, and when that's done I go into my father's chamber, and from thence to dinner, where my cousin Molle and I sit in great state in a room and at a table that would hold a great many more. After dinner we sit and talk till Mr. B. [a suitor of Dorothy's, a Mr. Levinus Bennet] comes in question, and then I am gone. The heat of the day is spent in reading or working, and about six or seven o'clock I walk out into a common that lies hard by the house, where a great many young wenches keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and compare their voices and beauties to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of, and find a vast difference there; but, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be. I talk to them, and find they want nothing to make them the happiest people in the world but the knowledge that they are so.

I could go on to empty the whole paragraph on to the page, for it is all excellent; but will stop with that happily rounded period. Charm, or the deuce, is in it.

Beyond it I will not go. Too little straw has been allowed to the making of my brick. With twice as much more—with some of the letters to Lady Diana or Queen Mary, freed from the preoccupations of a love affair—who can say that we might not have had something to set off against the letters to Mesdames de Lafayette and de Coulanges, or to M. de Guitaut? We have something very distinctive and charming, at any rate, enough to certify us that we have missed of a letter-writer of excellence who need not have feared comparison with our best. She had not the vivacity or the opportunities of Lady Mary; but she had, what that lively observer missed of, a heart wherewith to inform her writing. She had not the wit of Lady Harriet Granville, but she had more humanity. I would not put her up, in a Court of Claims,

to 'walk' before Mrs. Carlyle, or plead her sagacity and tenderness against that unhappy woman's brilliancy. Yet who would hesitate in the choice of one of them for correspondent? Whose book would you sooner have at the bed's head? Such questions, however, do not arise. You judge literature like coins at the Mint. You are either good or bad. If you ring false, out you go.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

SAVAGES OR SAINTS?

YEARS ago in Central Asia a Mohammedan expressed to me his opinion that we English had little religion. In India he had observed that we only went to church for one hour on one day in a week. And he had remarked that during the weeks he and I had been together, day and night, I had not once said my prayers, though he himself had regularly prayed five times a day. At the time I stoutly maintained that though we English made little outward show, yet inwardly we were deeply religious. But are we? That is the question I ask myself thirty-five years later. I still hold that we are religiously *disposed*, and *want* to be religious. But are we, as a nation, really religious? Is our heart and soul dead set on the highest things? Or are not we, as well as the whole human race, still in our spiritual infancy—spiritually still in a state of barbarism?

If we look at our national life as a whole we shall have to admit that my Mohammedan companion was after all not far wrong. Compared with politics, business or sport, religion occupies but a very small part in our life. In our newspapers there are pages devoted day after day to political news and political opinion; to football, cricket, golf, racing, hunting; to commercial intelligence, and to criminal trials; but how often do we see a single column or a single leading article devoted to religious topics, religious activities, or religious personalities? And even among the weekly and monthly reviews, how often do we find an article on a religious subject?

If we valued religion highly we would honour men who were eminent in the sphere of religion. We have lately seen an earldom conferred on the fortunate possessor of 'first-class brains,' and most of the rest of us, and our children after us for generations to come, will have to go into dinner behind his children and his children's children. But has any such honour been conferred on the possessor of a first-class soul? The descendants of Wesley the soldier hold the highest social rank; but would the descendants of Wesley the saint—if there were any—rank above the common level? We have an Order of Merit, and merit in politics, war, science and art is recognised. But among the distinguished members of

that Order, shall we find any evidence that promotion of the religious life of the country is regarded as especially meritorious?

But, it may be argued, though we do not talk about religion, yet we may carry it in our hearts all the same and be all the better for not talking much about it. We are a reserved people; and about what affects us deeply we do not say much or show much outwardly. We do not show our patriotism by constantly waving flags; and we do not show our religion by constantly praying in public, like my Mohammedan friend. Yet the war showed what deep patriotism there is in us. And, similarly, we may be far more religious than we appear.

There is a grain of truth in this argument, but that it is only a grain we may see by reflecting on our daily lives. How much time or thought have we ever given to determining what is the surest foundation and worthiest object for our lives, individual and national, and what is the nature of the world in which we find ourselves and our fundamental relation to it; whether what happens in the world happen by pure chance, or whether there is purpose in the world; whether it is permeated by impersonal energy, or driven by blind force, or run like a colossal machine, or whether it is instinct with personality, and perhaps something higher than personality; whether it is created, controlled and directed by a Person dwelling as apart and aloof from it as the sun is from the earth, or whether it is self-creative, self-active, self-governing, controlled and directed by personality contained within itself; and if the events of this world, including our own lives, do not happen by pure chance, but under the direction of some Personality, how we are related to that Personality; whether we are sons of it as we are sons of our father, or are sons of it as we are sons of our Motherland; whether we are as distinct from it as a son is from his father, or as much a part of it, affecting it and affected by it, as we are parts of our Motherland affecting her and affected by her; and if the world is governed by purpose, what is the end in view, whether the survival of the fittest to survive, or cleverness, or character, or wisdom or happiness, or goodness, beauty and truth, or perhaps some quality arising from a combination of these but proving higher still than any one of them in isolation?

Possibly we reserved and reticent Englishmen may have been pondering these great questions in the secrecy of our souls and have come to the conclusion that the world is governed by Personality and directed to holiness, and may be as passionately devoted to that Personality as we are to England, and as determined to achieve its end as we are to promote the welfare of England. But if in truth, behind our reserve, there really were profound religious thought and deep religious feeling, surely they

would find expression in our art! Our novelists would reveal these hidden springs in an Englishman's life. Our poets and our painters would express them. But in the literature, the poetry and the pictures of to-day, is there any evidence that we Englishmen, in spite of our unspiritual exterior appearance, are absorbed to the depths of our soul in spiritual things?

We know very well that we are *not*. We are not absorbed in the things of the spirit as we are absorbed in politics, business and sport. We are not worse in this respect than any other nation. And we are not worse to-day than we have been in the past. But is it not the fact that *all* nations, ourselves included, are only at the very beginning of their spiritual development? The human race has existed not yet one million out of the thousand million years that life has probably been in existence. Out of that one million years it has been civilised for only three or four thousand years. We have won dominion over the beasts; we are mastering matter. On our intellectual side we are well-developed; but our *souls*—can we regard *them* as equally well-advanced? Are we really justified as yet in considering ourselves anything higher than spiritual savages?

The fact is that we men—even the most civilised—are still spiritual savages, as an anonymous writer of exceptional spiritual experience has described us. We are not degraded or depraved. We are simply in our infancy, and not yet developed. But we need not remain undeveloped. We have the choice of remaining savages or becoming saints. And if we English cannot flatter ourselves on yet being saints, or even upon much wanting to be saints, we can at any rate claim credit for possessing the rudimentary disposition which we may develop into sainthood if so we choose and determine.

The religion we profess has come to us from outside, and from a different continent, from among men leading an altogether different life from our own. It does not, therefore, spring as naturally from us as Hinduism does from the Hindus. But we have certain traits, characteristics, and dispositions which, essentially English, are also essentially Christian; and if we are a practical people we are also lovers of the ideal.

Our sense of loyalty, for example, is eminently developed. Passionate loyalty to the Sovereign, as embodying the spirit of our country, was displayed at the jubilees of Queen Victoria—at the death of King Edward; and on Armistice Day, when crowds surged to Buckingham Palace shouting 'We want King George.' Not merely astonishing, but really awe-inspiring, examples of devoted love of country were shown during the war—and in countless numbers. Then, in humdrum times of peace we have just as noble examples of loyalty in the sacrifices miners make to

save their comrades; and we have the devotion of mothers to their home, boys to their school, doctors to their profession, churchmen to their Church. All these are examples of loyalty founded on a devoted love for the community which is both English and Christian.

Then we English, at our best, and anyhow as an ideal, have a large consideration for others, preserve a genuine good-will behind our hottest contests, and have a way, as good sportsmen, of accepting defeat without bearing malice. We have also a special hatred of cruelty and a sensitive compassion for suffering. So, if we have our strong and masterful side and offend by our arrogance and assumption of superiority, we also have a tender side which while truly English is also Christian.

Other traits we may fairly put to our credit are our love of fair play and of playing the game, and our admiration for the man who is a good sportsman, a good fellow and good company—a good sort, as we express it. We are lovers of animals, too, and of an open-air, adventurous life, and of all natural beauty. We also pride ourselves on our sincerity and truthfulness. We are certainly eager searchers after truth, and in the field of science and philosophy have won high distinction; and in poetry, the drama, music and painting, we have shown that we are no mean artists, and have a true love of beauty.

These various qualities we combine in our thoroughly national ideal of the gentleman—of the gentleman in the sense that Captain Oates was described by his companions as 'a very gallant English gentleman' when he went out into the blizzard to die that he might save them—in the sense, too, that people invariably spoke of the wounded soldiers as 'such gentlemen.' And this ideal is not a fixed type but an improving type. The prince who a century ago was described as the first gentleman in Europe would certainly not be described as a gentleman now. If we want an example of the coming type, with its magical capacity for converting sheer hostility into real affection, we need not look very far from the throne. And this ideal is both essentially English and essentially Christian. It is not a monopoly of either Englishmen in particular or Christians in general; for there are many gentlemen among the rough tribesmen of the Indian frontier. Still, it is characteristically English, even if it is also found elsewhere.

And without thinking the matter out with any special care, the ordinary Englishman is also convinced in a rough, general way that the world is so constituted that he is driven by the very nature of things to better himself and to better the world about him; and experience shows him that when he himself does the right thing—the thing which produces the best consequences on

the whole—he feels deep inner satisfaction, and that when he acts wrongly he can get no manner of ease with himself. And this faith in the fundamental goodness of things—little reasoned out though it be—he yet holds with a strength of conviction which the formal creeds of the Church do not always evoke.

So, if we English are still savages spiritually, we at least have the *makings* of something better. We have the fundamental disposition towards sainthood, and the elements from which it may be built up if we so choose. If we imagine the typical Englishman, with his natural disposition to be religious, and his fondness for the poetical and the ideal, his inbred notions of loyalty and good-fellowship, his enjoyment of the good things of life, his esteem for the sportsman and the gentleman, his devotion to truth and his love of Nature's beauties—if we imagine such a man touched by the magic of religious genius, then we shall realise how easily possible it is to transform him into a saint. Suppose, for example, he were to be fired by the spark of some religious genius as men of Galilee were inspired 1900 years ago. Suppose this spark set flaming through him from the fountain source of things a jet of liquid love to melt his hard rigidity, to loosen all his stiffness, and open every vent. Suppose, too, that this living love fused all his highest qualities into one single vivid state of purest sainthood—gladdening all goodwill, sweetening every grace, and brightening every truth. And suppose, further, that this warmth, this colour, and this light were to spread contagiously from man to man till all England were aglow. Then we should have some idea of what this country would be made if it were inspired by religious genius.

Can such a spark be found? Unquestionably it can if we really want it. It will be found because if with all our hearts we want it, we shall make it. But we shall never really want it until we are convinced of its value. So what good saintliness is will be now considered.

We English make heroes of our sailors, our soldiers, our statesmen, our explorers, and our poets; but we do not yet make heroes of our saints, and we have not made our hero-saints because we are not yet convinced to our depths that saintliness is of value to our country. Of the good of courage and a spirit of adventure we are amply convinced; and because we realise their value, and worship as heroes those who possess these qualities, we have plenty of them. But we are not equally convinced of the value of saintliness. We do not worship saints as national heroes, and consequently we do not beget saintliness.

Yet, if we were once convinced of the downright practical value of saintliness in the ordinary common life of the world, as well as in the conduct of great affairs and on tremendous occasions, we

would not hesitate to acquire it. Can we so convince ourselves? What, in the first place, do we mean by saintliness? Saintliness is the perfection of holiness; and holiness is wholeness, togetherness, a consummation, a summing up—a new and higher quality which includes, and yet transcends, all the best qualities in man—a sense of being centred on the centre of the world and pointed to its highest summit.

Now, what we want most in our everyday life is the capacity for distinguishing and enjoying those things that are really best worth enjoying and for enabling others to enjoy them too. Amidst the extraordinary complexities and difficulties of life in the home, in business, politics, sport, love or war, we want the disposition and the power to maintain our traditional gay courage, our good humour, our steady judgment and our firm will to persevere on bettering ourselves, bettering the little worlds in which we work, and so bettering, according to our measure, the great common world of which they are the tiny components. This is what every man needs in his everyday life; but this is what can only be had when the self is fired with a consuming passion for perfection; is in directest touch with that central source of all aspiration to perfection; and is so perfectly in hand that nothing could disturb its balance. And when a man has attained this state he has attained to saintliness. Saintliness is, then, what is needed; and if Englishmen were permeated through and through with this highest quality and saintliness were as generally and as thoroughly established in our national life as orderliness already is, it would be as impossible for an Englishman to offend against the canons of goodfellowship and good taste as it is for him to thieve. And we should be able to count as confidently on good-will in every transaction of life as we now can on honourable behaviour. Good-will—that which politicians are crying so loudly for as the one prime necessity—would be established on rock foundation.

That will be the 'good' of saintliness; and if we are convinced of its value we will set about finding or making the genius who will fire us with it. But genius cannot flourish in an arid field and an uncongenial atmosphere. It is as much the child as the maker of its time. So what the time would have to do would be to create the atmosphere in which genius could thrive. Provide the atmosphere and we may be sure that the genius will come bursting up; for the heart of the world is welling over with that love of perfection in which all genius consists. And even to-day, and in England, there are saints; and not saints of that sanctimonious and self-righteous kind so repellent to an Englishman's gorge, but of quickest vitality and staunchest virility as well as delicacy the most exquisite; but the atmosphere in which they have to live

is fatal to their growth. We neither want nor esteem Godlike men as Indians revere them. They, therefore, breathe a freezing air and wither half-developed. What agony they suffer and how their growth is stunted we can see from the record by Robert Bridges of his schoolfellow Dolben the poet-saint. There we can see how a pure angel soul was chilled to the marrow by the bleak atmosphere in which it had to mature. Genius cannot flourish under those conditions. If we are to expect a religious genius to appear we must produce an atmosphere he can breathe; and the only atmosphere a religious genius can breathe is an atmosphere of religion. How to produce an atmosphere of religion is, then, the problem—or, in the simple words of the collect hallowed by centuries of use, how to 'increase in us true religion.'

Now, little attention as we pay to religion in comparison with what we pay to other activities, immense exertions are, nevertheless, being made by a multitude of organisations collectively spoken of as the Church, and by individual laymen as well, to carry out this very object of increasing true religion. The trouble is that these activities do not arouse that vivid public interest which would be required. The first necessity is, then, to quicken public interest in these religious activities and personages till they occupy at least as prominent a place in the public mind as do political activities and political personages. How is this to be done?

One way is by the Press giving the same prominence to religious activities as it does to political, sporting, commercial and criminal. Religion is the supreme human interest. It merely needs to be properly presented, and it makes instant and compelling appeal. The Archbishop of York recently said 'Religion attracts.' Attracts! It can attract with a power so tremendous as to bend the greatest and sweep whole nations before it; and with a charm so sweet the hardest are melted into love brimming over.

Perhaps one reason why men apparently take little interest in religion is because they imagine we can compress our religion into a formula or creed which remains fixed and final, demanding no further thought. But religion is not to be so captured; and that is why it is so captivating. I have asked Buddhists what Buddhism is and Hindus what Hinduism is, but found that neither could explain in a way so definite that every other Buddhist or Hindu would accept the definition; and I found the same difficulty in explaining what Christianity is, what must be included as essential, and what must be rejected as unimportant. If a correspondence were opened in *The Times* as to what it was, that correspondence would never end. Each Christian would have his own special view which he would wish to press; and yet this very important result would ensue that as he kept stressing his own point of view in a

way that others might see it, he would find he would have to enter into their point of view, and each, while stoutly preserving his own difference, would catch sight of something in common which yet harmonised those differences with others. The differences would still exist; but so would the fundamental unity. A common impulse and a common aspiration would be found to animate them all.

And it would be just the same if a Christian, Buddhist, Hindu and Mohammedan in all sincerity and good-will and open-hearted and open-minded desire to arrive at truth in religion explained each other's point of view to one another.

Here in England, and all over the world, are innumerable bodies and individuals engaged in this very process of pressing, explaining, modifying and improving their point of view on religion, and to persuading others to see as they see; and through this clash of mutual emulation in increasing true religion there is engendered human interest of the tensest kind. And if the Press were alive to the tensity of this interest and could bring it in its vividness impressively before the public eye, it would stimulate public interest to such a pitch that these activities themselves would be quickened to alerter life and purpose; and with the awakening of religious ardour would come that atmosphere in which alone religious genius can mature.

Then, in time, England would have her own supreme saint-hero, both national and universal, as she has her poet-hero. The spark of his genius would fire Englishmen as they will only be fired by one of their own kindred. From man to man the glow would spread till every barbaric coarseness was refined away; and the fair face of England would at last begin to beam with all the joy and gladness of a quick and radiant life.

Maybe a thousand years must pass ere this can be; but a start must be made some time, and what time better than now, when great world-events have forced us to build our national life anew? And what nobler memorial could we build for those thousands who died that England might have life than this which would not merely endure, but shed forth blessings over all the world?

FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND.

TRANSPORT ANIMALS OF NORTH AFRICA

BETWEEN the Mediterranean and the Sahara there lies a land peopled with picturesque and varied races, where everything is strange to English eyes. Countless pictures chase each other through my memory of much that I saw there during a visit of several months to Algeria, Tunisia and Morocco, where the daily scenes I witnessed of continuous and unheeded suffering impel me to draw attention to the incredible miseries endured throughout these countries, more especially by the mules and donkeys, which are used in vast numbers for transport purposes.

There is danger that a tale of miseries suffered so far away by thousands of creatures may make less impression, and perhaps rouse less pity, than the sight of one horse cruelly beaten in an English street. None the less because unseen these animals need help.

In the chief towns, where a large proportion of the population is European, conditions are not so bad, but pitiable sights are seen in the isolated inland towns, in the Arab villages, and in the desert oases. Except in Algiers and Tunis and similar towns where wheeled traffic does exist, and in the true desert where the camel is used, everything is carried by mule or donkey over mountain paths and along the French roads—often made by convict labour—which stretch like single white threads across the vast country, linking up villages which lie about ten miles from each other, and towns which occur at perhaps every hundred miles. The making of hard roads suitable for wheeled traffic does not form part of the Arab civilisation; consequently the use of a cart is alien to the Arab, and camels, mules, donkeys, even women and children, are pressed into service as pack animals.

There is little which is not carried by the mule and donkey: nomad babies, live chickens and lambs, furniture, bricks and building stones, vegetables, refuse and manure—all in turn are carried in their panniers. The animals lead hard lives. Frequently loaded until their legs quiver under their burden, they are so scantily fed that they eagerly pick up and devour dropped orange peel. When working steadily they are needlessly beaten, the common practice being to strike them on the head and

sides of the face with a short but stout stick. An open sore on their hindquarters is sometimes prodded with a pointed stick. Worst of all, they work day after day with terrible neglected sores, such as we in England never see. Few animals are entirely free from sores except those which are quite young, whose sufferings are yet to come. Many unfortunate creatures show as many as six: four strips of raw, bleeding flesh, one on each shoulder and hindquarter. chafed by tight harness bands of old leather or webbing with frayed edges worn long since to the hardness of iron, and on either side under the saddle there is a sore which through neglect and friction has become too horrible to describe

The Arab gives these sores the best treatment he knows. He plasters them over with earth or rubs salt over threatening places in their early stages, and he uses the sharp point of a palm leaf as a lancet when they form into abscesses. Sometimes he shifts the harness bands an inch or two, but a new sore is generally chafed into being while the first one heals. Sores such as these are seen everywhere on animals used for riding and transport and, by reason of their frequence and the continuity of suffering they involve, make the traveller feel that of all the miseries endured perhaps the need for attention to them stands first.

If one thinks of any special town where sores are most frequent, perhaps the holy city of Kairouan, which from afar looks like a fairy town as it rises with its white minarets from the great Tunisian plain, comes to mind. Standing at its city gates one may watch a procession of afflicted animals passing. And a picture rises of Tozeur, a desert oasis in South Tunisia, where one day, gathered round the fountain in the market-place, five donkeys were watering, and the sun glistened on bare red strips on the hind legs of each.

Tozeur brings the memory of a twelve days' caravan journey from Touggourt across the desert with its shifting sand dunes, where no speck of life is seen unless it be another caravan winding its way around the steep sides of the great waves of sand which, like a petrified sea, reach to the horizon; where the camels may walk all day along the shore of the blue sea of the mirage, whose waters ever recede before their steps to flow over the dry sand just traversed, and every scrubby bush becomes a seeming green island in this sea which meets the sky in hot blue haze.

One of the charms of the desert is its oases with their thousands of date palms. In the spring the white flowers of the date unfold and hang drooping on long stems under the canopy of fern-like leaves. Under their shade the scarlet waxy flowers of the pomegranate, the pink blossoms of almond and apricot, and the

fresh leaves of budding fig trees and of the vines festooned fr
the palm trees give promise of a wealth of fruit. Yet anot
undergrowth flourishes in the shade of these orchards;
ground, furrowed by narrow irrigation channels, is covered w
the vivid green of young barley, and with fields of broad be
which the Arab dearly loves. Nothing more lovely can
imagined than a walk through the palm gardens with th
massed wealth of vegetation, but a jarring note is struck by
sight of Arab boys who having caught a small bird in a tr
have tied it by the tips of its wing feathers to a long piece
string, and as they walk swing the bird in circles. Wh
To amuse themselves. They are taking it home for the furt
amusement of brothers and sisters.

There is a French law forbidding the setting of traps in t
palm gardens, but it is not obeyed.

Though less suffering is seen among the transport animals
the larger towns, in all of them needless cruelty is inflicted
enormous numbers of chickens which are hawked by the Ara
Two or three birds are tied together by the legs and are carr
by the hour head downwards. Sometimes the legs of seve
birds are tied together, and an Arab carries them thus slung ov
his shoulders. There is little doubt that they may be hawked
days carried in this manner before they are sold. They lie
day in market-places, carelessly flung down with their wir
and tied legs in any cramped position into which they ha
chanced to fall.

Passing now in imagination from the oases of Algeria a
Tunisia to the plains of Morocco, we traverse a treeless unc
lating green land sprinkled with pink asphodel and other flow
—unbroken save for one white streak, a French-made road with
seemingly endless line of telegraph posts which dwindle and fa
away at a far-distant vanishing point. On each side of the ro
there is a wide track, which has been padded out by the feet
camels and donkeys carrying produce to the seaport of Cas
blanca. A few motor cars hoot their way past the caravans
laden animals driven by bare-footed Arabs. Here and there t
road is so bad that they have had to mend it, and the cars tu
on to the grass and bump their way over a carpet of oran
marigolds, past little road rollers weighted with two iron bo
of stones drawn by a team of six camels or eight or ten mu
Marrakech lies at the end of this lonely road, which since leavi
Casablanca only passes through one straggling Arab town
Settat—in all its length of nearly two hundred miles.

Marrakech is wrapped in charm and fascination. From t
road leading to Le Guéliz, where over-arching boulevards
feathery eucalyptus trees invite the European quarter of t

future, is a scene of rare beauty. The city lies hidden behind its many high turreted walls of terra-cotta earth; surrounding it are miles of great olive trees and date palms silhouetted against the long chain of the Atlas Mountains, almost unearthly in their beauty in the early morning, when their shadowy white snow masses, with here and there a peak gleaming silver in the sun, seem part of the pale blue sky. The tall tower of the Koutoubia Mosque rises above the palm trees at one end of the road where it widens into the great market-place. All day long, until darkness has fallen, this is thronged, not only by those who buy and sell, but by devout crowds of hundreds of fanatical Arabs grouped round the marabouts, who in their religious zeal eat raw and roasted snakes, and by men who dance to the sound of tom-toms till they fall in religious ecstasy.

In this market-place and in the crowded native streets numbers of lame mules and donkeys pass to and fro—lame beyond the meaning of the word as used in this country. Literally, they walk on three legs Usually a foreleg is helpless to the shoulder, and the animal can scarcely bear to touch the ground momentarily with the tip of the hoof as it moves along. Such a beast is often driven by an Arab or negro, who, riding behind it on a donkey, always seems, by the irony of fate, to be in a hurry. He may be on his way to lie stretched on the ground in the sun, his burnous thrown over him, to become a 'live corpse' for several hours. For whatever reason, he hurries the wretched creature, scarcely able to move, by blows and prods from his stick. Terribly lame animals are ridden and are used for transport; when they cannot keep up with their comrades they are beaten.

Two examples of the worst cases seen by the writer were: a donkey standing in a street, with a swollen shoulder, unable to stand on that foreleg, some inches of broken skin on the backbone, a sore on each hind leg where the harness had cut, and a swelling above a hind hoof; it was breathing badly Another, with a similar swollen shoulder rendering the foreleg useless, one hind leg sore where the harness had cut, and a bad open sore on a haunch which the palm of one's hand could not cover, was crawling along, driven to move at every step by an Arab who prodded this sore with a blood-stained stick. After a while the Arab stopped to chat with a friend who passed, and he smeared the sore with the dust of the road while he smoked a cigarette.

Perhaps some of these appalling cases of lameness are caused by the primitive Arab method of shoeing. Five sizes of shoe are made, one of which is intended to fit any horse, mule, or donkey. The likeliest size is chosen and slices of old hoof are hacked off. A forge fire does not exist, so the shoe is nailed on,

and the front of the hoof is afterwards pared to fit it. If a hoof has been hurt the animal is held still by twisting a clip fastened on its upper lip, and the Arab does his primitive best by inserting a piece of leather or cloth between the hoof and the shoe. When the shoe is fixed, the donkey goes off to work. Lame it may be, but it works all the same.

The traveller may wonder in his Western innocence why so many mules and donkeys have a small open sore in front of their saddles, where apparently nothing can cause it, until an Arab rides past with a packing needle in his hand, and the newly arrived one learns the favourite way in Marrakech of improving a donkey's pace.

The memory of Fez, with its labyrinths of busy *souks*, its wonderful old city gates and fountains, enriched by the brilliantly coloured tiles which cover the walls, its mosques, its houses with their courtyards and gorgeously painted doors set in Moorish arches, is associated by the writer, who first chanced to see an animal branded there, with the smell of burnt horsehair. The sun filtered through the lattice roof which half covered the busy main road, casting curious chequered shadows on the picturesque moving crowd. A donkey stood at the side of this road unheeded by all who passed. Boys brought small pokers hot from the fire and handed them one after another to an Arab. Four downward lines about 6 inches long with two short ones crossing them were burnt on a knee joint. During this operation, which lasted for ten minutes, the donkey was held almost immovable. Its legs were tightly hobbled, and one Arab held it by the tail while another held a wooden clip which was fixed to the upper lip and which he turned, thereby twisting the lip, when the pain of the hot irons caused the animal to move. As soon as it was over the donkey was set free and the master rode it away.

In all parts of Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco animals are branded with spider's web and various cross-bar designs, each of some half-dozen strokes several inches in length, on the withers, haunches, or knees. Freshly branded animals are worked before the wounds are healed. If branding be the only possible means of identification, the suffering could be lessened by the use of smaller, less complicated designs.

It is said that there is no comparative critic like the occasional traveller. The English traveller who has sympathy for all animal creation must be struck with the awful contrast between his own country, with its various societies which provide animal hospitals, shelters for homeless dogs and cats, encourage men to care for their animals by horse parades, and in a hundred other ways, and the vast stretch of land in North Africa where such things are not.

We cannot blame the Arab that his line of thought regarding animals is not the same as ours. While he only thinks of his mule or donkey as a beast of burden to be beaten and worked to its last ounce, and to which he has not even the habit of giving a name, we are discussing the question whether animals have souls and are teaching kindness in its minor and more subtle forms in our schools and talking of our 'animal brothers.' With us beating and working with sores are regarded as crude and brutal crimes. Surely now that we have progressed so far ourselves it behoves us to do our best to change the thoughtless ignorance and the blind following of old customs of the Arab race. All Arabs are by no means cruel to their animals, and the well-educated better-class Arab might be induced to help any movement to improve the conditions of animal life.

Every nation has its characteristics. Keenness for animal welfare belongs to English people in no small degree, and singles them out as likely and well fitted to give humane help in other countries. A huge field of work lies waiting in North Africa. The same spirit which moved England to her great work of abolishing slavery may impel her to pity the helpless there, though they be only in animal form.

These memory pictures, marred by the suffering creatures which pass through them, give rise to one in which some of those who have made England a comparative paradise for animals answer the dumb appeal which comes from North Africa, and work for them as they have worked before outside their own country, notably in Italy.

There, chiefly through the devotion of one Englishman, helped by English and American influence and funds, the abominable cruelties to animals formerly practised have now largely ceased. Formerly those who went to Italy to revel in her beauties of Nature and art were filled with horror and overwhelming pity. Now they are filled with satisfaction at the happy result of years of humane work. The hostility of the inhabitants with which the workers were at first faced has now changed to appreciation and help.

Will not the happy example of our efforts in Italy rouse us to organise a similar work in North Africa, and there strive side by side with the French, as we work with the Italians in Italy, to stop the daily continuous suffering which now exists? The handful of English who have lived for many years in various parts of these French colonies agree as to the need for organised help and work, and feel the futility of their own individual efforts.

FRANCES K. HOSALI.

SEASONS BY THE RIVER

THE river is the Dee. From its source on Braeriach, just 4000 feet above the sea, it flows, with crystal-clear waters, perhaps half a mile across a desolate wind-swept plateau. Here snow lie: unbroken from November until the end of May, and on the bitter winds there is always the breath of frost during all that long period.

Leaving this Polar plateau, the Dee falls in a long series of gleaming cascades into the gloomy glen of the Garbh-choire (in English, the Rough Corry), nearly 1500 feet below. But it is only in summer that these cascades shine in the sunlight: in winter, when the waters are shrunk by frost and when a mantle of snow clings even to the precipitous hill face, the falls of the infant Dee flow unseen and unheard beneath their Arctic covering. From the Garbh-choire, then, the river hurries through Glen Dee, flowing beside the Lairig Ghru—that wild hill track leading from Mar to Rothiemurchus through the heart of the Cairngorm Mountains. Here in Glen Dee is as wild scenery as any in Scotland. To the east of the river, and rising steeply straight from its banks, stands Ben MacDhui (4296 feet), Scotland's second highest hill. Opposite, and hiding the sunlight from Dee, is Cairn Toul, a hill of almost equal height.

In upper Glen Dee the river is still 2000 feet above the sea, but even thus far salmon at times penetrate, and a well-known spawning place is the gravelly reaches where Glen Dee and Glen Giusachan meet.

For the first few miles of its course the Dee flows south, but, meeting the waters of the Geldie from the west (the waters of the Geldie are peat-stained after rain; those of the Dee are clear always, even after the heaviest rainstorm), turns eastward, and continues on that course until the sea is reached. Its first village is Braemar, just over 1000 feet above the sea, and a few miles to the east of that village the river flows through the Ballochbuie Forest, where dark woods of ancient and stately native pines extend from the lower slopes of Lochnagar to the river itself.

Past the Cairn of Remembrance of the Clan Farquharson, past Balmoral Castle and Abergeldie, the ancient home of the Gordons,

and the Dee receives the waters of the Muich just before Ballater is reached.

And now the valley broadens out, and the Dee, swollen by its tributaries the Gairn and Muich, is a stately river, with deep pools, where heavy salmon lie, and glistening rapids.

At Cambus O'May, with its innumerable silver-barked weeping birches and its banks of ling and bell heather, the river passes through some of the finest scenery of all its ninety-miles, but east of this point the highland character of the country is gradually lost.

Winter is often a time of intense frost and deep snow along the whole course of the Dee. I have known the river frozen from its tidal stretches at Aberdeen to its source on far distant Braeriach on the opening day (February 11) of the salmon fishing, and through the dark ice have seen the fish swimming beneath the surface.

But when the Dee is frozen across it is not with a smooth ice-sheet as that which binds a hill loch. It is covered rather with hummocky ice as that found on Polar seas.

A fast-flowing river is not frozen gradually from either bank; a deep and still pool may, indeed, be imprisoned in this fashion, and it is from such a beginning that miles of the river above are frozen. It should be explained that whenever the temperature of the air is much below the freezing point a considerable amount of pancake ice, or 'grue' as it is locally called, is formed on the Dee (as on most other Scottish rivers). These cakes of water-sodden ice are carried down by the current, and, as long as there is nothing to obstruct them, will travel the whole length of the river. But a frozen pool is a barrier which holds up the 'grue,' and then the trapped ice becomes piled up into white and glistening hummocks which are constantly added to, and the narrow lanes of open water between them quickly freeze across. It is thus that long stretches of the Dee are frozen during very severe weather, but it is a number of years now since the whole river was icebound. It was, I think, on the last occasion of such a severe frost that, after many days when the salmon were safe beneath the ice, a lane of open water appeared on a well-known pool and a fisherman landed, one after another, a number of fine early spring salmon from his precarious standpoint at the edge of the ice.

For the past half-dozen winters mild weather has prevailed on mid and lower Deeside, although west of Ballater, and more especially west of Braemar, not a winter passes without several spells of frost and snow.

There is little life by the river during the season of winter, but it takes severe weather to drive the sturdy little dipper, or water-

ousel as it is sometimes called, from its favourite pools. In ha frost the dippers of the upper and mid reaches of the Dee migr to the lower waters, and I have seen the pools immediately ab the tidal reaches crowded with these birds.

The dipper is unique among the birds of Dee in that the co sings throughout the winter. A pretty song is his—a soft, melodio warbling from a small songster perched, perhaps, upon a bould in midstream and rising but an inch or two above the swirli waters. The water-ousel has its enemies. There are those w assert that it feeds upon salmon and trout ova, and consequent should be destroyed whenever possible; but personally I am the opinion that such damage is considerably overrated, and th the dipper feeds mainly upon aquatic larvæ and caddis-worms.

During the dead of winter the goosanders and red-breast mergansers which haunt the Dee leave the river for the loch where they seem to find less difficulty in catching their fis but the otter may from time to time be seen swimming de in some quiet pool or pursuing the silvery salmon beneath th water.

The autumn run of salmon spawn in midwinter.

Of late years the Dee in autumn has been so low that th heavy fish of autumn have had great difficulty in running up, indeed in entering, the river. Especially was this the case in th autumn of 1921. From midsummer right on until Decemb the river was far below its usual lowest summer level, and thus th autumn and spring salmon together ascended the river in Decem ber—a most unusual occurrence.

In winter deer often cross the Dee on the ice, for about Braem the river is frequently frozen when its lower waters are entirel ice-free.

When on February 11 the angler makes his first cast on the De it is a wintry, deserted river that he finds. But it is not long tha the river remains in its winter silence, and before February is ou the first of the spring bird migrants appear upon the shingl stretches of the lower reaches.

During the season of 1922 curlew in little flocks were movin west up lower Deeside on February 22, and larger numbers wer seen on the 23rd as I fished the Park water. Now it is an interest ing fact that most of the curlew nesting on the Deeside moorland pass the winter away from Scotland. Many of them frequent th Irish coasts; others, again, wander further south, to France an Spain.

But on their return to their nesting grounds they do not seen to fly *across* country, but pass up the eastern Scottish coast to th estuary of the Dee, and thence make their way leisurely alon the river to their upland haunts, reaching them in mid-March.

Before February is out handsome oyster-catchers arrive from the coast at the long shingle stretches of the lower Dee. For the first time last season I saw them on February 24. During the day—which was mild and sunny, with a gale from the west lifting the 'spin-drift' from the river—I watched two lots of oyster-catchers flying low up the river against the wind. Four birds were in each little company.

When next I visited the Dee (on March 14) the lower reaches of that river were haunted by many pairs of oyster-catchers. The day was grey and gloomy, but quite breathless, and everywhere the oyster-catchers were courting. Some on the shingle were bowing to coy and unresponsive mates; others were flying backwards and forwards above the river uttering frequently their shrill whistle, 'kobeek, kobeek.' Above the long pool I was fishing, two pairs of oyster-catchers were extraordinarily excited. Backwards and forwards flew the birds, with wings moving at double the usual speed. At times so slowly did they progress (despite their rapid wing-beats) that they appeared almost to hover. And all the while each whistled as though its life depended upon its vocal efforts. In eastern Scotland the oyster-catcher in its nesting is an inland bird. Its winter haunts are on the coast, but the call of spring leads it inland to lonely river banks. On the Dee it nests throughout the river's course. It is found at Cults, barely three miles from the sea, and thence is met with regularly to Braemar, 1100 feet above sea level. On the Spey and its tributaries I have found it nesting 1500 feet above the sea. The oyster-catcher is a most handsome bird. Its striking black and white plumage is set off by its brilliant red legs and bill.

I have said that in east Scotland the oyster-catcher is an inland-nesting bird. But on the Atlantic seaboard its habits are different. In that mist-laden country, where the west wind drifts across the restless plains of the Atlantic from Tir nan og, or the Land of the Ever-young, and where intangible charm pervades hill, glen, and ocean, the oyster-catcher nests beside the tide and the rivers scarcely know it.

On the shingly beaches which lie between Oban and Connel many pairs of oyster-catchers nest. On the grassy isles of Loch Etive they rear their broods, where, of a still evening, the rush of the tide as it thunders over the Falls of Lora carries many miles.

The earliest nesting bird along the Dee is the water-ousel. This dapper little bird, while feeding in the main river, often nests behind a small waterfall of some side stream perhaps 100 yards from the Dee itself. Before February is out the cunningly concealed domed nest is commenced, and before March is half through the nest may be completed. Thus on March 14 of last

year I found a nest ready for the first white unspotted egg, and about the waterfall there flitted a grey wagtail, showing by its behaviour that it, too, had thoughts of nesting here.

By mid-March the temperature of the river is rising. It now approaches 40 degrees, and those salmon which entered the river in January are commencing to move up to the higher reaches. Already their burnished sides show a coppery hue, and they are difficult to catch as long as they remain in the pools where they passed the latter part of the winter. About this time, should the weather be open, the Dee commences to show a periodic rise and fall. During the day the strengthening sun melts the snows that lie about its head-waters. By evening the Lui, the Geldie, Gairn, and Muich come down in miniature spate. This snow water does not affect the lower reaches till the evening of the following day, but is sometimes sufficient to cause a rise of several feet sixty miles down the river. Salmon do not like snow water—at all events, they never ' take ' freely in it.

Mid-March is, most seasons, a time of bitter winds. Last year, at a bound, midsummer in March for a week replaced mid-winter. From a sky dappled with light fleecy clouds the sun day after day shone warm. The oyster-catchers were, one thought, considerably surprised by the premature warmth. They passed the heat of the day bathing in the shallows or animatedly discussing life in general from the white sunbathed shingle. How pleasant it is in the noontide quiet to hear, mingled with their piping, the liquid love-song of the curlew—that haunting and wonderful piece of music that has in it the spirit of the wild places.

In March the mallards that frequent the Dee are busily engaged in searching for a suitable nesting site. The mergansers, much later nesters, have not yet turned their thoughts to family cares, and fish the pools as busily as ever, taking heavy toll of trout, finnock, and the young of the salmon. The ringed plovers also arrive on the Dee in March, and redshanks court above the waters of the river with deep-toned musical cries that delight the ear.

With the coming of April the salmon become more lively. No longer do they nibble tentatively at the fly, but come at it with a rush. And with April the ' kelt,' or spawned (and therefore unclean) salmon, is less in evidence. How provoking it is, after having hooked and played a heavy fish which shows plenty of strength, to find at the end that a kelt has taken the fly. A kelt is a lanky fish, often as silvery as a ' springer,' which cannot be ' gaffed,' but which must be tired out, ' tailed,' and then returned to its native element. One day during the past spring, after a heavy spate, no less than ten kelts were caught on one of the lower ' beats ' of the Dee without a single clean fish being landed !

In March the spring salmon are sluggish in moving up-stream. Some still lie quietly in the pools which have been their home since January. But April sees them pressing upward, past Durris, Blackhall, Cairnton, Potarch and Aboyne, to the rushing waters and deep pools of Dinnet and Glen Tana, where very fine sport may be obtained in May and June. Here spring comes later to the river banks than further eastward. It is late April ere the first filmy green overspreads the birch groves where woodcock flit of a quiet evening, and where the stormcock, through driving squalls of rain and sleet, throws his wild song. On some heathery knoll blackcock assemble each morning with the first streak of dawn. For the space of an hour or more they fight, sometimes in grim earnest, but more frequently as if to pass the time and perhaps to develop a 'before breakfast' appetite. Near to the assembly of combatant males there often stand, interested spectators of the scene, one or two sober-coloured grey hens. The blackcock is polygamous, yet there seems always to be a preponderance of males. At the fighting grounds, at all events, the grey hens (as the female of the blackcock is termed) are always outnumbered largely.

April gives place to May, and already in the birch wood the woodcock has hatched out her four speckled eggs. The oyster-catchers, later nesters than the woodcock, have by now scraped out their primitive nesting hollows amongst the shingle near the water's edge and have laid their three eggs, which so closely resemble their surroundings that it is easy to tread upon them and be none the wiser!

It is now the full tide of summer migrants reach Deeside. In the last days of April the high-pitched whistling cry of the sandpiper, or summer snipe, mingles with the pipe of the oyster-catcher and the fluting of the redshank. Not alone by day does the sandpiper call. Like the oyster-catcher, it is tireless, and in fine weather can be heard at almost any hour of the night.

During the early days of May the birch woods of the Dee resound with the plaintive, though tuneful, song of the willow-warbler, a small songster which, after wintering in Africa, flies north to the Dee to nest along its banks.

They are of a great charm these May mornings, when the dew is still thick on the young fresh grass, and when the grouse becks on his heathery knoll and the cuckoo calls huskily. By the Gaels the cuckoo was known as Eun Sith, or the Fairy Bird, for they affirmed that she mysteriously concealed herself at mid-summer during the space of fourteen days. The oyster-catcher by that same people is still known as Gille Brighid, or Saint Bride's Lad, from the fact that when the saint first visited the Long Island she carried an oyster-catcher in either hand. There is

an old Gaelic tradition that the oyster-catcher covered Christ with seaweed when His enemies appeared in hot pursuit. The bird was thus blessed, and still shows, as it flies, the form of a cross on its plumage.

All through May and June the salmon press upward. By now the lower reaches of the river are almost deserted, for in clear summer weather almost all the salmon entering the river from the sea are snapped up by the nets on the tidal waters.

About Braemar the salmon fishing in May and June is at its best. From daybreak till six o'clock of a morning and again from eight o'clock until dusk are the best fishing hours during these months when there is no real darkness on Deeside.

It is now that the last bird to nest on the Dee (the red-breasted merganser) chooses her nursery far down some rabbit burrow and here deposits her large clutch of olive-coloured eggs, numbering a dozen or even more. The goosander has already half-grown young to tend; the young oyster-catchers by now are active-running chicks, while the brood of the woodcock are as large as their parents.

Grilse are entering the Dee, and very fast do these small salmon run up the river. After June there comes a lull in the fishing. The autumn salmon do not, even in favourable seasons, enter the river until September, and after June the spring fish lose their condition, and are, besides, most difficult to catch. In September of last year I was fortunate enough to land a good 16-lb. salmon when fishing with a trout rod and without a gaff. It was not until the end of forty minutes that the fish was grassed.

By October birches are flaming along the banks of Dee. The heather is past its best, but golden birches and golden bracken have taken its place. And often the finest weather of the whole year comes to Deeside just before winter sets her seal upon the headwaters of the Dee.

SETON GORDON.

SONGS OF LABOUR

A VISITOR to public meetings held by the Labour Party will probably become the possessor of some leaflet of Socialist and Labour hymns. One is beside me as I write—a curious blend of poetry and bathos, idealism and nonsense, ranging from a translation of *The Marseillaise* to the egregious *Red Flag*, and winding up with an appeal in prose to join the Independent Labour Party 'for the propagation of Socialism.' It is good, perhaps, that such a cause should recognise that sentiment has a place in politics. It is good, too, that some few relics of pure emotion should be left to illumine propaganda now steeped in the crudest materialism.

The normal Labour speech of to-day is a plea for higher wages for less work. Everything is promised, from larger pensions and motherhood endowment to more lavish expenditure by the State on schools and on cheap houses for manual workers. Finance is never considered. If taxes and rates run to incredible figures, the capitalist will provide; a levy on capital will find the money. Perish the Empire; let India leave us; disband the Army and Navy. The effect of huge standing charges upon industry, the impossibility of competing in foreign markets if the cost of production is high, the dependence of Britain upon the importation of raw materials and foodstuffs from abroad, are deemed to be mere themes for economists and financiers with which the workers have no concern. A platform built on so many myths finds a congenial note in Connell's *Red Flag*:

> Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,
> The sturdy German chants its praise.
> In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
> Chicago swells the surging throng.

These are the lines with which Labour men seek to drown *God Save the King*. It is impossible to imagine *Rule Britannia* sung at a modern Labour meeting. Yet it was played by a band and sung by thousands of Lancashire working men on the fatal day of Peterloo.

There was a finer temper in the songs of Labour in its days of struggle against *laisser faire* principles which it is worth while

to recall. Forces were then at work on men's minds which are conducive to true poetry. There was peculiar poignancy in the sufferings of the poor in an age when wealth was fast accumulating in the hands of the employing class, and when the prevailing political philosophy doomed the weak to go to the wall. The Manchester school stung the workers into passionate revolt. It taught that distress was due wholly to trade fluctuations which no man could control. When labour was plentiful, wages were bound to be low. 'This is the law of Nature,' says the author of *A Short Address to Workmen on Combinations to Raise Wages* (1831) with Athanasian assurance, 'against which it is in vain to contend.' Energy and enterprise should be unfettered by the State. Pay, hours, and working conditions were simply matters of private contract. 'A Practical Manchester Man,' who wrote *An Earnest Appeal to the Working Classes on the Right Direction of the Mind for their Prosperity and Wealth* in 1854, showed that it was individualism alone which had made England the world's workshop and had transformed Market Street, Manchester, from a 'narrow lane' to 'a great artery.' (That, of course, is progress.) From the depths into which doctrinaire insistence on absolute *laisser faire* plunged the mass of the nation, from that welter of oppression and sweating, came a pamphlet and verse literature which no doubt was rude and primitive in its form and vague in its objectives, but which nevertheless had more heart and fire in it than has all the artificial rhetoric of twentieth-century agitators. It had the virtue of simplicity. *The Pioneer*, published in 1834 by the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union, had the motto 'The day of redemption draweth nigh,' and it put the case of the 'under-dog' plainly. Was 5*s*. 6*d*. a week a living wage for operative tailors? Were the Dorchester labourers seditious? Why had poor men, 'walking unarmed to solicit the King to do an act of mercy,' solicited him in vain? Again, in a tract of 1835, *Political Economy* v. *The Handloom Weavers*, one Jeremiah Dewhurst of Bradford stated that his aim was merely that his fellow-workers should 'again enjoy the smile of God, who is the patron of the poor and the avenger of the oppressed.'

Two poems of that iron era, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *The Cry of the Children* and Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, still stir the reader's soul, and must have moved the hearts of thousands far beyond the classes whose misery inspired them. A popular lay among the workers which called upon the same emotions was *The Oldham Weaver*. Written in the Lancashire dialect, it defies quotation, but Mrs. Gaskell describes it in *Mary Barton* as 'a powerfully pathetic song.' Samuel Bamford's *God Help the Poor* can still be appreciated, however, across the years that have intervened:

> God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell,
> Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow;
> Theirs is a story sad indeed to tell;
> Yet little cares the world, and less 'twould know
> About the toil and want men undergo.

Bamford was the author of *Passages in the Life of a Radical* (1842), which shows how remote from his vision was the later-day claim for universal equality in riches and comfort. He was no materialist:

> The manufacturer's lady must not deem it beneath her to sit basting a good Yorkshire pudding without a fire-screen, instead of perching on a screw stool, thrumming a piano.

Weavers should 'put up, as their grandfathers did, with jannocks and barley bread, and barm dumplings and brown ale.' There was wonderfully little class bitterness in such men's outlook on life. A contemporary Manchester song, quoted by Mrs. Gaskell, runs:

> How little can the rich man know
> Of what the poor man feels,
> When want, like some dark demon foe,
> Nearer and nearer steals!

This is always true. Sympathy can never be the same thing as experience. That the poor of early Victorian days should have almost universally looked askance at all projects of social revolution is a tribute to their sense of national solidarity which overrides class differences, to their religion, and to their patriotism. A generation without these qualities would have risen in revolt.

The Chartists included at least two leaders with some gift for verse—Thomas Cooper, whom Disraeli befriended in 1844 and whose *Truth is Growing* is still occasionally sung, and Ernest Jones, the first English politician of modern times to see the potentialities of a 'land campaign.' Mark Hovell, in his book *The Chartist Movement*, gives an excerpt from Jones' diary in 1846. 'I am pouring the tide of my songs over England, forming the tone of the mighty mind of the people. Wonderful!' In the end he was more successful as a barrister than as a poet. *Sic itur ad astra.*

The most effective poet of popular politics was Ebenezer Elliott, a Sheffield ironfounder. Free Trade was his first love. His Corn Law rhymes enjoyed a great vogue, and he believed that Free Trade inevitably diffuses plenty,

> And proclaims while the angels look down from above
> The marriage of labour and wealth.

But even in our own day there is no more stirring song for a public meeting than his poem *When wilt thou save thy People?*

When wilt thou save the People !
O God of mercy, when ?
The People, Lord, the People !
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
God save the People ! Thine they are,
Thy children, as thine angels fair ;
Save them from bondage and despair.
God save the People !

Second only to Elliott in popularity among prophets of ' the good time coming ' during the later Victorian Age was Edward Carpenter. In spite of its rather jolting metre, *England, Arise !* has an exhilarating swell, and its appeal reaches far beyond Fabian ranks :

Forth then, ye heroes, patriots and lovers,
Comrades of danger, poverty and scorn.

Its cardinal flaw lies in the assertion that

Over your face a web of lies is woven,
Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground.
Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,
On its bent back sits Idleness uncrowned.

These lines cannot stand analysis. They are only a graceful rendering of what is bad politics, based on false logic and a deficient knowledge of economy. William Morris's *March of the Workers* is equally an unthinking proclamation of war upon all employers, which even its tune (*John Brown's Body*) cannot endow with charm.

More characteristic of English working people were the songs sung by the countrymen who followed Joseph Arch in his task of organising the National Agricultural Labourers Union in the 'seventies. They make no pretence to literary polish, but they were written by workers for workers, and are in essentials truer to type. Arch's *Autobiography* (1898) pictures the men who used to sing them as ' white slaves of England, with the darkness all about them, like the children of Israel waiting for someone to lead them out of the land of Egypt.' The most popular ran :

Come lads and listen to my song, a song of honest toil—
'Tis of the English labourer, the tiller of the soil ;
I'll tell you all how he used to fare, and all the ills he bore,
Till he stood up in his manhood, resolved to bear no more—
This fine old English labourer, one of the present time.

The song itself is only a parody, but it served as a rallying call for rural labourers, whose average weekly wage in 1872 was 12*s*. in England as a whole, 8*s*. in Devonshire, and 7*s*. in Somerset. Can we wonder at its appeal ? There is an even more engaging simplicity in *Stand like the Brave :*

> Let hope then still cheer us, though long be the strife ;
> More comforts shall come to the workmen's home life,
> More food for our children ; demand it, then go
> And stand like the brave, with your face to the foe.

It is hard to understand now why such men were ever thought to be revolutionaries.

The growing strength of the extremist wing of the Labour Party has been reflected in recent times in the character of its propaganda. The temper is more bitter ; the aims are far more sordid ; patriotism is far less evident. No man can write a poem on the evils of capitalism and the desirability of civil war A hymn of hate is no hymn.

> Lo ! the trumpet call is ringing, and the sky is clear and bright,
> And your masters flee in terror at the coming of the light.

This is a couplet from another Labour hymn sheet, and it has a thousand echoes in the sinister leaflets of Socialist Sunday schools. Evil projects of Communism, wild dreams of subverting all that makes society civilised and stable, vague designs to drive England into chaos and misery, may afford subject-matter for rhetoric. They cannot inspire poetry.

It is all the pleasanter to look back upon what British workers contributed during their war of emancipation to the literature of pathos. Education was then far less accessible and infinitely more valued. The man who had to fight for knowledge fell in love with learning. He had few distractions, for organised sport was almost unknown and cheap amusements were in their infancy. Charles Kingsley did nothing bizarre in making Alton Locke a tailor and poet. In the free libraries, the mechanics' institutes, and the adult schools of the industrial North poor men gloried in voluntary research, helped neither by the guidance of the expert nor by the grudging grants of the ratepayer. The moderate trade unionists of the 'sixties, like George Potter and George Howell, had behind them not only men who could work and fight, but men who could dream dreams and see visions. Only an idealist could have chosen as the motto for the Amalgamated Society of Journeymen Tailors in 1866 ' Woe to him who is alone when he falleth, for he has no one to help him up.'

If the Labour movement of to-day cannot claim successors to those whose verse helped to gladden the pathfinders of social reform, it is because its hard and acrid tenets are irreconcilable with idealism. The idealists are still among us, but from these ranks they are banished. They have been caught up, happily for England, in the main current of national life, and they have enriched the country by talents which a century ago would have been exclusively at the service of one section of the people.

The faith, hope, and charity which ennobled the song of Labour in the earlier days of Queen Victoria illumined the song of the citizen soldier in the Great War. Much that he wrote was, no doubt, merely comic. Such is the English way in time of stress. Much, of course, was only ephemeral. But when one looks through the numbers of some trench periodical like *The Seventh Manchester Sentry*, written on active service mainly by working men, one sees how great are their gifts. The following verses were written on the Sinai Peninsula in 1916 by a boy (T. G. King), whose civil job had been in a jeweller's shop :

> Where the Red Sea kisses Egypt,
> On a sloping beach of shells,
> And the cobalt waves are dreaming
> And weaving magic spells,
> You can see the roofs of Suez
> Light and shade at fall of day,
> You can dream of ancient Egypt
> By the shore of Suez Bay.
>
> . . . . .
>
> When the moon unveils her beacon,
> And the night is cool and hush'd,
> And stars are falling riotous
> Like elves with revels flush'd,
> You can lie upon the desert,
> 'Neath the festive sky's array,
> You can watch the lights of shipping
> On the breast of Suez Bay.

A critic may ask what these verses have to do with 'the songs of Labour.' The answer is that the happy state of England has enabled her young men to reconcile love of freedom with love of country. Instead of writing odes to republicanism and sonnets to revolution, they can in fact at the same time serve the State and the muses. This is a blessing to our people, and incidentally it explains why the Labour Party is without a poet.

GERALD B. HURST.

FREDERIC HARRISON

Those that of late had fleeted far and fast
To touch all shores, now leaving to the skill
Of others their old craft seaworthy still,
Have charter'd this ; where, mindful of the past,
Our true co-mates regather round the mast ;
Of diverse tongue, but with a common will
Here, in this roaring moon of daffodil
And crocus, to put forth and brave the blast.

WITH these words (it was in the month of March 1877) Tennyson inaugurated a new literary enterprise—*The Nineteenth Century ;* and to the second issue of this periodical Frederic Harrison was a contributor. At intervals during nearly half a century his genius adorned its pages, and it seems fitting that they should now include a few words of appreciation and farewell.

In a former article [1] I attempted a short estimate of Mr. Harrison, based chiefly on his books ; there also I briefly examined his Positive System in its four important aspects: social, political, philosophical and religious ; but on this occasion I must endeavour to record my impressions of the man rather than of his published writings.

There are authors whom to know personally is a misfortune : too often the artist—the literary artist most of all—falls short of his achievement, and gains enormously by keeping out of sight. But with Frederic Harrison it was different : his was a personality that gave a fuller, perhaps even a loftier, meaning to authorship. And if with such a man the mere records of life and character throw light on his literary productions, it may happen that some measure of an actual personal intercourse may be yet more illuminating.

It was in the autumn of 1918 that Mr. Frederic Harrison paid me a visit. Some years before he had come to see me when I was ill ; but on this later occasion he stayed for a week, and during that week I learnt more of the subject of this article than I had gleaned or guessed from his books or his biography or even his letters. All these are something like the dumb show of the

[1] *The Nineteenth Century*, January 1921.

kinema, which to my thinking is a very imperfect substitute for the living and speaking actor.[2]

Let me begin with a brief note on the physical element in the personality of my guest, for this was almost as remarkable as his mentality. Though close upon eighty-seven years of age, he was still as active as a boy. 'I simply cannot be either grave or old,' he once assured me; and I question whether any man of his years had a heartier or more youthful laugh; the only sign I could detect of bodily decline was a slight shortness of breath, and I feel bound to add that even this may have been temporary.

But if he was young in body, he was still younger in mind; herein I seemed to discover increase rather than abatement of vigour; his mental faculties without any exception were keen and alert, and altogether unimpaired by a long and strenuous life. In fact, I am inclined to believe that he must have been one of the most remarkable examples on record of a man of ninety who retained to the very last such vigour and vitality, both physical and mental.

As another preliminary note, I may mention that some of the remarks on correspondence which will be found below must be referred to under this head of personal intercourse. In whatever I record, I trust to be guarded by the principles of respect (it might be of reverence), fairness and good taste. Further, I might even venture to plead that the interviewer of half an hour has a lighter task: he has little more to record than question and answer; but in any reproduction even of mere fragments of prolonged talk each of the interlocutors has to be represented. I can only hope for pardon if my share in the following scraps of conversation seems to be in the least degree lacking either in deference or modesty. Further, economy of space compels me to be content with descriptive notes rather than actual dialogue.

Coming as it did after so many years of correspondence, the intercourse I am attempting to describe was the more enlightening, and during these closely packed days we often returned to the subjects of former letters. This the more frequently because my epistolary replies to Mr. Harrison were, I fear, too often brief, inadequate, and unfinished.

I would next premise that it was never my good fortune to have any knowledge of Frederic Harrison as lecturer or speaker; but I can well understand that he would secure from his audience something more than mere attention; possibly his eloquence was attractive; it should certainly have been compelling. His

[2] I have no wish to underrate the wonder and the vivid portraiture of the kinematograph; but in the picture-house we miss the very essence of drama, the suiting of the action to the word and the word to the action; in short, we miss life. I would rather have (say, in *Othello*) three minutes of Irving on the stage than three hours of Irving on the screen.

resonant voice and forceful manner must have been valuable adjuncts to his public speaking. To hear him read aloud was always a great pleasure to me, and his rendering of poetry was at once intelligent and musical.

Without being over-fanciful, I may describe my guest as a harvest of anecdote, a mine of memories, and a bubbling spring of humour. He was a brilliant conversationalist and a keen, but chivalrous, controversialist. What I most enjoyed were his personal recollections of almost all the great Victorians; his reminiscences of Tennyson alone would more than fill a page of this article, and I wish that space might be found for them, and the same may be said of the many examples of his caustic humour.

But where so much might be reported, it is difficult to make a selection. However, a good deal of our conversation was suggested by the three subjects which at that particular time were occupying most of his attention: the Attic drama, Shakespeare, and an article he was then writing. To begin with the last of these. We discussed for hours its various leading topics, including some treated in former papers, such, for example, as the war, the doubtful League of Nations, the gloom of the future, whether near or distant. Of the latter subject I will speak first.

Old writers have included among our human habits a tendency to deplore life, to look back regretfully on the past, to despair of the future, and this was true in some slight measure of Frederic Harrison. But this also was his unfailing practice; sooner or later reflection would lift the rod to silence feeling, and after dwelling on the darkness and chaos of the near future he would dwell with a deeper earnestness on 'the glory of the sum of things.' Indeed, as to this particular topic he heartily approved when I referred to the words of Tennyson—

> Well roars the storm to those that hear
> A deeper voice across the storm;

and long before his visit was at an end I had heard enough to convince me that the stronger tendency of his thought was towards a reverent optimism rather than an arrogant pessimism.

But he did not so readily assent (perhaps I was but half in earnest) when I spoke of material dangers ahead. I have always dreaded to some extent the encroachments of science on natural law, and I had something to say about possible coming convulsions of this sure and firm-set earth of ours. 'I can imagine the time,' I ventured, 'and that not many years away, when this bubble of a globe will burst, or some miscreant (it may be with a suicidal bent) will press a button, and lo! universal darkness buries all.' 'Well,' he added, 'there is something in what

you anticipate, but political and social chaos are likely to come—and, let us hope, be followed by a better state of things—long before your final catastrophe.'

Nor did I quite share his interest in the modern developments of science, as may appear from the following fragments of our talk. Referring to the article in which he had written with enthusiasm of the new wonders of aviation, I asked him first whether he remembered Tennyson's magnificent forecast made about the year 1833, and I quoted from *Locksley Hall* the three well-known couplets. 'As to the moral aspect of the subject,' I continued, 'I was never disposed to glory in this conquest of the air; too often the inventions of science are utilised in the first instance, or it may be altogether, to create engines of destruction.' 'I seem to remember something to this effect,' he replied, 'in your poem about a balloon, and I am not inclined to dispute your sentiments; in fact, I am quite ready to confess that in regard to many of the recent discoveries of science apprehension does much to drive out our satisfaction.'

On another occasion our topic was the League of Nations. Once more I referred to the eloquent forecast in the same poem by Tennyson, and I heartily agreed with his own fearless and incontrovertible assertion: 'A general and peaceful League of Nations will never be formed until the conversion of mankind to a purer moral and religious form of life.' 'To assure you,' I added, 'how entirely I share your doctrine, I will show you an unfinished poem written two or three years ago on some moral aspects of the war,' and he read aloud a passage containing the lines that came nearest to his thought. 'The only difference between us,' I added, 'is that yours is excellent prose and mine execrable verse.'

I might here mention that he was as fond of reading aloud as I was of listening; sometimes he did me the honour of plodding through pages of my verse (and most of this in manuscript), and always with untiring and generous interest.

From the matter of his articles we passed on one occasion to the manner of his writing, and I ventured to praise the virility of his compositions. Then we discussed the subject of style generally, beginning with the development of rhythm. Under this head we first referred to something I had written on the subject.[3] Again he read aloud: 'Next we have, as a transition, what Cowper calls "the sweet music of speech"; this, still vague, still formless, may nevertheless be highly cultivated, as in oratory and the finer prose generally; but at this stage it has usually gained a grace from the more definite harmonies already created by metre.' 'Exactly,' he continued; 'that is the all-important point.' Then, recalling a letter he had written on the

[3] 'The Hybrid Art' (*Nineteenth Century*, September 1911).

subject, he added, 'Yes, poetry always preceded prose; I mean, of course, organic and formal prose that can be called style. This can be proved in all literatures; Herodotus came centuries after Homer, and Cicero after Ennius. Also, fine, really beautiful prose is much more difficult and rare than is even beautiful poetry.' 'If I may judge from my own experience,' I replied, 'whether in poetry or prose, the element of rhythm subdues all else to itself; ultimately everything is built to music, and, as you say, the subtler, more indefinite rhythms of prose are harder to manage, if only because they are indefinite.' 'Quite so,' he continued. 'I am sometimes inclined to think that there are very few in our day who can write really organic, harmonious, beautiful prose, though I well know I never do, and never could succeed.' 'This,' I interposed, 'is surely an excess of modesty.' 'No,' he answered, 'but I will put it in this way: the attempt delights me. I mean that when I set myself to express thoughts that deeply excite or enchant me I hear the accompaniment of music, of which you have been speaking, and it seems to force the irrepressible word, and to arrange the order of the cadence. But, unfortunately, before the words can have been written by the pen the music that it was to utter has died away, for no writing can keep pace with the unheard harmonies that chase each other to a *coda*, like a symphony of Beethoven.' Literary material was his chief pleasure, and it was drawn almost exclusively from poetical literature. 'In these cruel times,' he once said, 'you and I have at least one unfailing resource: in poetry.' And whether it were English, or Latin, or Greek, or French, or Italian, his knowledge and his judgments were alike remarkable.

At this time, as mentioned above, he spent much of his leisure in reading Greek tragedies, and frequently he would discuss with me the comparative merits of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. Sometimes he would treat them in the manner of an examiner, assigning marks, for instance, to their respective *Electras;* in this case the order would be—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides. Then he would compare them with Shakespeare, and not always to the advantage of the latter, who, he asserted, often failed to write real tragedy. He gave it as his opinion that Shakespeare too often imperilled or injured or actually destroyed the tragic intensity of his plays by allowing too much scope to his own sublime imagination. This, he added, to the best of his judgment, Sophocles never did, and he felt convinced that no Athenian audience would have tolerated it.

Of Shakespeare he further remarked, 'He is, of course, our very greatest, and I intend to write an essay on him some day, with especial regard to his rank as a tragic poet.' This article, I believe, he published soon after in *The Nineteenth Century*.

Some years before he had asked me to suggest a new course of reading, and I advised Shakespeare. As a result much of our conversation had the great poet dramatist for subject. But we did not neglect modern poets, and under this head our talk was mostly of Tennyson, whom he chiefly admired, and of whom he had more than once written with a wise appreciation. Here again was much that I could have repeated had space allowed, but I could hardly have found room merely to enumerate other poets of recent times and the kindred topics that were discussed during this delightful week, and I must pass on to a second division of this brief memoir.

. . . . .

Next to a personal knowledge of an author comes the intimacy that grows up from correspondence. The numerous letters that I received from Mr. Harrison of themselves constitute a biographical document of considerable interest. They are now, alas! to take their place as

> Those fallen leaves that keep their green,
> The noble letters of the dead.

And although, of course, the entire collection would best represent the entire man, even a selection based on the principles already mentioned of respect, fairness, and good taste generally must easily supersede a great amount of external biographical information. And here I may note one of the many interesting aspects of this correspondence: to the best of my judgment it reveals on the part of Mr. Harrison a gradual widening of sympathies till at times they reach beyond this world; year after year it gives evidence of a stouter optimism, a loftier tolerance, and a growing faith in what—especially in view of my next paragraph—I shall most conveniently designate by the word *Providence.* Some of this, of course, is traceable in his books, notably those of the last decade, and it is what we may not unreasonably expect of a great thinker at the close of a long period of authorship. Indeed, we are reminded of something not altogether unlike it in the close of Shakespeare's career as a writer: in *The Tempest* we meet with 'Providence Divine,' and such expressions as 'every third thought shall be my grave'; the seriousness and earnestness of these later reflections seem to interpret and uplift the writing of the years preceding.

As one instance of this aspect of the subject it may be mentioned that even in years separated by a single decade Mr. Harrison's conceptions of what we have termed *Providence* present a striking contrast; it is a change that may be fairly described as from the lower to the higher, from a narrower to a wider view. This, again, may be detected in his published

work,[4] but it is more clearly marked in his letters. These, once more, next to a personal acquaintance, supplement, if they do not supersede, the closest intimacy that can come of book and biography.

At this point I must briefly interpolate that most of us will recognise the right method of quoting the Bible or Shakespeare in support of this or that opinion; we must be careful to bring forward citations on both sides of the question. Then we can strike a balance, for it is the general drift we must seek to determine. So with passages from the letters of an author. He is placed at a disadvantage unless we recognise the foregoing principles of citation, even if we find it impossible to apply them as fully as might be wished. This was in my mind when, as above, I spoke of the intensely interesting biography that is to be read in an entire correspondence. 'Parts,' says Dr. Johnson, 'are not to be examined until the whole has been surveyed,' and in the instance before us, as I have suggested already, we constantly find that passages in an earlier letter are modified by one later in date. We all have our moods, sometimes, it may be, an excess of modesty; in one letter to me Mr. Harrison disclaims any pretensions to a prose style, but in another he devotes two or three pages to a most interesting analysis of his methods of composition.

This was touched upon on an earlier page of the present article, in connection with the subject of conversation; it is of still greater importance under this head.

For instance, I have received a copy of *The British Weekly* which contains a letter written by Mr. Frederic Harrison to a friend. In this letter (dated January 2, 1923) are such passages as the following:

> Every board in civilisation is cracking. Literature, drama, art, industry, government, peace, and order are all being swept over by a flood of democratic vulgarity. All public problems seem to me fated by ruin.
>
> There will be no real settlement of reparations and of Europe at Paris to-day—or any time.

As might be guessed from some preceding remarks in this paper, I am reluctant to accept the despondency we seem to discover in these extracts as being the last, or unqualified, or permanent outlook of this great mind, and, as the point is of

[4] 'A supreme Providence that rules our efforts towards good, one whom we can love, serve and adore' This is in striking contrast with 'that eternal Humanity from which he' (man) 'derives all that he has, and to which all that he can give is but justly due.' See the present writer's review of 'On Society' in the *Hibbert Journal*, April 1919.

considerable importance, I shall venture to quote from a letter written to myself some little time before :

> Gloomy hours they are, for I see nothing but bankruptcy, chaos, civil jar, ruin and famine before us now for a decade. It seems a pity the war is ended if the peoples of Europe are to commit suicide and starve themselves to death.

One significant addition in the above letter is conveyed by the phrase ' for a decade ' ; but we have to notice yet more carefully the words that follow, for the letter continues : ' But no more of these dismals.'

Yet another note on this important subject. In a letter of about a year ago, Mr. Harrison says of a contemporary author : ' He tries me much by his obstinate pessimism,' and again, a month later, he refers to the same writer as being ' monotonous in gloom.' All this would tend to remove any impression we might have received of general or permanent despondency in regard to Mr. Harrison, even if there were no such evidence as that brought forward on an earlier page of this article.

I may add that his letters abound with pertinent quotations ; there are extracts innumerable from half a dozen languages ; one letter is written entirely in Latin. Many give evidence of a love of nature, and reveal a faculty of description that I have not noticed in his published work. In one of these he fills as many as six pages with a picturesque account of the place from which the letter is dated.

. . . . .

Weekly in our churches we pray to be delivered from sudden death. Is this a relic of Roman Catholic belief and practice as embodied for us in the following :

> Ah no ! in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
> The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand ;
> Present the cross before my lifted eye ;
> Teach me at once—and learn of me—to die,

or again, as in a line or two of Shakespeare :

> Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ?

Whatever the explanation, we are many of us inclined, I believe, in our day to wish that our end may be sudden or unattended. Such is the desire expressed in one of the best known poems of Matthew Arnold ; and he was not frustrated of his desire. Not altogether unlike this was the passing of Frederic Harrison. ' I am waiting for the call,' he said to me more than once, and the remark was followed by a hope that when the summons came he might be permitted to give it a ready answer. This waiting and readiness are amplified in a letter that I venture

to regard as one of the noblest ever written; I shall quote only the words that apply strictly to the foregoing: 'Take me straight off to rest.'

. . . . .

It is possible that the great and striking personality I have attempted to describe, and whose removal by death is now universally mourned, will be remembered too little for his excursions into the domains of history, or *belles lettres*, or politics, or even social reform; it is just a little likely (but of this I am not sure) that his very universality as a writer will swamp a more definite and distinguished literary renown. Be this as it may, he was not only a maker of books: he had a voice of potent authority, and he probably wrote more pamphlets and occasional articles—invaluable most of them—than any other in his generation. And to this I am tempted to add: Might we not with some degree of seriousness speak of him as an unofficial Prose Laureate, the Prose Laureate of half a century? And what a half-century! None other, surely, has ever been in greater need of such a spokesman; one may say without risk of exaggeration that it has been more crowded with changes, discoveries, energies and agonies than almost any hundred years that went before.

But now, by way of a more general appreciation, let me add that, in my opinion, the writings of Frederic Harrison faithfully reflect his character: both have set truth above party, or class, or bigotry; in both we discern a wisdom that ripened during two generations; in neither is there any taint of a vulgar ambition, and I believe that both his books and his memory enshrine one noble endeavour: to say and do the right. I also believe that he now takes his place among those kings of thought 'who' (the eloquence is Shelley's) 'of the past are all that cannot pass away.' Further, he is the last, or nearly the last, of those great souls, not a few of them octogenarians or nearly such, who were the glory of our Victorian literature. I often contrast these veterans with the Elizabethans whom (if I am not too fanciful) the gods seem to have loved overmuch, since so many of them died young; and the same may be said with yet greater truth of the brilliant band of writers who appeared at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Frederic Harrison, on the other hand, was a familiar figure in English life and letters for more than fifty years, and, as we have seen, he entered almost every field of human mentality: religion, poetry, criticism, history, the law, politics, industry, sociology; and this list is far from being complete.

I have put religion at the head of my list, for, as I venture to believe, it is the mainspring whether of his life or his philosophy.

'Very few things—no good things—are possible without religion.' This is one of the most emphatic of his utterances, and there are others to the same effect. Surely we may say of Frederic Harrison that there has been more virtue and less vice through his writing, and as surely we may add, through his living; each, as I must repeat, seems to have been inspired throughout by noble endeavour, and few of us will deny to either some measure of lofty accomplishment. If he could not always lead, he at least pointed the way, and if I had to select a few words that should stand as the motto of his life and work (they might even serve for an inscription on his urn), they would be a line from the poet he was accustomed to rank so highly among his contemporaries:

Let be thy wail, and help thy fellow men.

MORTON LUCE.

P.S.—I should wish to offer my acknowledgments to any reviews from which I may have made quotations in the foregoing.

FALLACIES OF INDUSTRIALISM

How is the dry rot that has overtaken politics and industry to be explained? This is the sphinx riddle that presents itself to modern civilisation which we must answer or perish. The usual answer is that it is due to the love of money and power, and up to a certain point this is true. But it does not express the whole truth. For such an explanation fails to explain why a decline in the moral standards of politics and industry should coincide with a widespread moral revival in the community. In spite of appearances to the contrary, such a revival, I am persuaded, is taking place. In support of this contention I would urge that the Socialist movement is only to be understood on the assumption that it is a moral revival. The Socialist is a man in moral revolt against the corruption and inhumanities of our industrial system, and he accepts the economic theories of Socialism as convenient formulæ to embody his moral protests, rarely pausing to consider whether the formulæ are tenable in themselves or not. For intellectual comprehension of their own theories is rare among Socialists, most of them 'swallowing their theories without tasting them.' When they do taste them they spew them out. How else, except upon the assumption that Socialism is a moral revival, are we to explain the fact that the movement gathers strength in spite of the discrediting of its successive theories?

The recognition of this fact leads us to search for a more proximate cause than the love of money and power for the corruption and demoralisation that have overtaken politics and industry. In every period of history there have been men who worshipped money and power, but never since the Christian era began have they had things so entirely their own way as is the case to-day; for at other times there were always powerful influences to keep them in check. But this is so no longer, and the reason for this is, I think, to be found in the total loss with so many of religious and political faith on the one hand and of personal independence on the other. If men are to act with courage and decision, they must be possessed of religious or political convictions, and, except in rare instances, of some measure of personal independence. Each of these is in different

directions a rapidly declining quantity. There are few men to-day who are possessed of sufficient religious or political faith to be willing to make sacrifices for their principles, while the trend of economic development is entirely to undermine personal independence.

Let us consider this question of the decline of personal independence a little more closely; for it is accountable for much that is otherwise inexplicable. It is immediately to be ascribed to the spread of limited liability companies, the growth of monopolies of all kinds, the pressure of competition, and the break-up of small and local units. It is because of these things that it is, apart from exceptional circumstances, impossible for most men to set up in business on their own account. Upon this fact the whole question of personal independence ultimately turns; for unless circumstances are such that the average man can, if need be, set up in business on his own account, he is finally the slave of another, however skilfully the chains may be gilded. Living upon such terms, most men will be careful not to push their protests too far. Realising their personal dependence, they will not in general take up a very definite stand on a vital issue; for a false step would leave them entirely at the mercy of their enemies. And this evil, which is inherent in modern economic arrangements, is in no way balanced by the fact that some men enjoy a certain measure of personal independence because of the possession of private means, because it so happens that the possession of such means is apt to deny a man the vital experience upon which political and economic developments ultimately turn.

To connect the decline of personal independence with the spread of limited liability companies is to make sure of the immediate cause. But there is a deeper cause, for it is safe to say that the establishment of limited liability in 1855 and the Companies Act of 1862 would never have become law but for the industrial revolution, which, creating a demand for large capital, gradually broke down the old time opposition of business men to all kinds of joint-stock enterprise. We are led therefore to connect this decline of personal independence finally with the use of machinery, which our forefathers did not consider it necessary to control. In a sane and rational society it may be assumed that the use to which such a force of unknown potentialities as that of steam power and machinery should be put would have been a subject for serious deliberation. Its discovery would have been followed by a patient and exhaustive inquiry into its probable social and economic effects, and if its use was sanctioned it would in the first instance have only been sanctioned in specific instances for experimental purposes, while its con-

sequences would have been very carefully watched. For though the undoubted advantages of machinery would have been recognised, men would not have closed their eyes to the perils which might follow the liberation of such an unknown power. But though the advance of machinery appears in its early days to have been viewed with some suspicion and hostility by the workers, because it threatened to displace their labour, no such apprehensions of danger appear to have been felt by those in authority, who apparently from the start took the unrestricted use of machinery for granted. It was an age of economic individualism, and as there was plenty of money to be made by using machinery, no other consideration was allowed to stand in the way. And so it was that society plunged light-heartedly into the perils of industrialism without a thought for the future. The full consequences of this short-sightedness we are painfully realising to-day. Modern society is entirely in the grip of the machine. The machine has made slaves of us all. It dictates our domestic and foreign policies and drives us in and out of wars. The machine must be fed, though we starve. Because our forefathers refused to control it, it has come to control us. Woe be to him who refuses to bend his will to that of the machine.

That civilisation has reached an *impasse* we shall, I think, all be agreed, for the failure of statesmen and politicians since the war to exercise any control over the course of economic developments is making people conscious of the fact that modern civilisation is near to breaking up. But as to what is to be done to avert the catastrophe or to reconstruct society there is little agreement anywhere. The reason for this, I submit, is to be found in the fact that the greatest factor in the situation—the problem of machinery—is almost entirely ignored. Modern civilisation is the creation of our mechanical methods of production and transport. Apart from them it could not exist. Yet, strange to say, we are entirely without any definite body of teaching about the place of machinery in society, its unrestricted use being taken for granted both by orthodox economists and Socialists on the assumption that such evils as have followed its use are incidental and will disappear.

That such an attitude should be assumed by orthodox economists is not surprising; for the unrestricted use of machinery is a part of the tradition of that 'festering mass of assumptions' known as classical political economy. But it is surprising that the same attitude should be assumed by Socialist writers, in the first place because it is inconsistent for them to continue the *laissez-faire* attitude towards machinery and to abandon it in every other department of activity, and in the next because it so happens that it was to find a solution for the economic problem created by

the displacement of labour by machinery at the time of the Luddite riots that Robert Owen was first led to pursue those speculations which laid the basis of Socialist thought. The nationalisation of land, capital and the means of production, which until yesterday was the faith of the movement (belief in its practicability is nowadays breaking down), was first advanced as a means of adjusting society to the circumstances of machine production, and a recognition of the existence of a problem of machinery occupied a central position in Socialist theory down to the days of Marx. To this extent the Socialist movement of Chartist times had a grip on reality which the movement to-day has not, for it has, indeed, not merely forgotten, but actually denies, the very existence of the problem that it originally set out to solve. If, therefore, we are to recover the tradition of thought respecting the place of machinery in society, we must take it up at the point at which Marx left off, not only because Marx was the last economist to give any thought to the problem of machinery, but because to understand where Marx was right and where he was wrong will carry us a long way towards understanding the problem that confronts us to-day.

It is to be regretted that the association of the name of Marx with the doctrine of class warfare on the one hand and his obscurity on the other should have led to his neglect as a thinker; for there are things in Marx that are of vital importance to us all. In one important direction he has proved to be right where all other economists were wrong, and the whole strength of the Communist movement is to be found in this fact. He *did* foresee the economic deadlock that has overtaken industry, and that it would be accompanied by a large and insoluble unemployment problem, and, what is more important to us, he deduced it from the combined effect of our system of investments and the unrestricted use of machinery.

It will be convenient to approach this question from the side of investments. The accepted theory, to which an almost religious sanction has been given by political economists, is that money is never so usefully employed as when it is invested in some productive enterprise, while to the number of such enterprises it recognises no limit. Nearly all people with money nowadays accept this theory as axiomatic and consider themselves as doing a positive service to the community when they invest any spare money they may possess in some new productive enterprise. But Marx saw it otherwise. He maintained that the constant reinvestment of spare money in new productive enterprises would, by upsetting the balance between demand and supply, produce in the long run an economic deadlock; for it is obvious that such would be the case unless such increased production was accompanied by

a corresponding increase in consumption. Yet from the first employers set themselves against such increase of consumption as far as the working class was concerned, while they broke with the tradition of former times which led the wealthy to spend their yearly surplus upon architecture, the patronage of arts and letters, the endowment of religious, educational and charitable institutions and similar things. Is it not apparent that such expenditure was good because it kept money in circulation? It stimulated demand and created employment by maintaining a balance between supply and demand. Until a couple of generations ago this tradition of using money survived in the old Tory school, whose faith it was that such spending gave employment while bridging the gulf between rich and poor. What destroyed this excellent tradition, which is relatively, if not absolutely, true, was the introduction of machinery and the coming of the limited liability company, which opened up so many more channels of profitable investment that the aristocratic tradition of spending was obscured and forgotten. People lost sight of the fact that there is such a thing as a limit to the possibilities of compound interest, as the famous arithmetical calculation that a halfpenny put out to 5 per cent. compound interest on the first day of the Christian era would by now amount to more money than the earth could contain bears witness. The result has been that industry has become burdened with a load it cannot bear. For when more money is invested in any industry than is required for its proper conduct, its capital is watered, the pressure of competition is increased, and this increases the selling costs by encouraging the growth of the number of middle-men, who levy toll upon industry, and expenditure upon advertisements and other overhead charges. Thus we see the effect of the constant reinvestment of spare money is to upset the balance between supply and demand, resulting finally in the economic *impasse* in which we find ourselves. For, though the immediate cause of the deadlock is the aftermath of the war, it is not finally to be attributed to it; for we have been moving in this direction ever since the sixteenth century when the ban on usury was finally removed.

To make this economic process intelligible, I have presented it as dependent upon the human will, which appears to me the right presentation; but, instead of seeing it as the result of will, Marx saw it as economic necessity. He saw capitalists driven to act in the way they did by the pressure of competition—itself a result of the increased application of machinery, the unrestricted use of which he took for granted, though here again it is to be observed there is no reason apart from the human will why the use of machinery should not have been restricted. However, granted the unrestricted use of machinery which the modern world assumes,

Marx worked out its economic consequences to their logical conclusion. He saw that the economic process of development would be in the direction of increased centralisation and larger and larger organisations. The unrestricted use of machinery upset the wage system—that is, the distribution of purchasing power by means of payment for work done—by displacing labour. Therefore it followed that if labour was to be kept in employment, the volume of production would have to be increased with each new invention. Thus there arose the problem of surplus production: to find markets for which we should be driven further and further afield until a time came at last when there would be no new markets left to exploit. At this point a crisis would be precipitated. A large and insoluble unemployment problem would make its appearance, when, he prophesied, the workers, goaded by increasing misery, would rise and take possession of land, capital and the means of production and exchange, and organise society on a Communist basis. It was the only alternative to the wage system which machinery was destroying.

That Marx was right in foreseeing the catastrophic end towards which industry was moving is only too painfully obvious to-day. Yet his prediction that the workers will rise and take possession of industry has not been fulfilled, and I incline to the opinion that it never will be in any highly industrialised country. For though Marx was, as regards his main conclusions, right on the economic side, experience has proved him to be entirely wrong on the psychological side of things. He failed to see that the external process of centralisation that he traced would be accompanied by internal disintegration. And this is to be attributed to the fact that his attitude towards the problem of machinery was finally mistaken. Marx saw clearly that the unrestricted use of machinery was not only destructive of the economic order of society, but that it was equally destructive of every other tradition of society. On this point Marx and Ruskin were agreed. But while Ruskin maintained that machinery unregulated was entirely destructive, Marx maintained that it was creative as well as destructive. If it destroyed existing social and economic traditions it would create new ones to take their place. And in support of this contention he was led to formulate a materialist conception of history in which he sought to supplant the Christian conception of society which sees the heart and mind of man as the active creative principle in the centre, and the systems and institutions as its more visible expression, radiating from it and changing in obedience to the change in the motive power at the centre, by one which attributes all social phenomena ultimately to the blind working of the forces of production. Or, in other words, under the influence of productive work and its needs, men build up their forms of social organisation,

their religion, their arts, philosophy and science. The material production is the substructure or foundation, while the corresponding political, religious, æsthetic, philosophical and scientific systems are the upper storeys of society ; and they are so related that the superstructure is nothing more than the psychical reflex and effect.

This is the central idea of Marx, and it is important as supplying the sole rationale not only of Socialist activity, but of the industrial activities of the modern world. For if this theory of Marx is not true, if machinery is not creative as well as destructive, then any case for industrialism collapses ; for in that case the machine is disrupting society without being able to replace what it has destroyed.

Space will not permit me to bring together the evidence necessary to establish the fact that machinery is finally destructive and not creative, but on this fundamental issue, I submit, Ruskin has proved to be right, and Marx and the modern world wrong. There is no evidence whatsoever to prove that machinery is creating any new traditions to replace the ones it has destroyed, unless the cinema be considered a substitute for the stage, and the tin tabernacle a substitute for the cathedral. In other directions machinery is not creative, but imitative. Nothing but social and economic chaos follows in its wake. It has accomplished the greatest of all revolutions, replacing a society that was largely homogeneous by one which is a mere aggregation of atomic units, in which men are divorced alike from religion, art and nature, or, in other words, it has replaced the folk by the proletariat. Finally, it has turned upon the civilisation it has itself created ; for by its reactions on the activities of war it has revealed itself as an agent for the wholesale destruction of man and his works and the extinction of human culture. Yet in spite of all, in spite of the fact that mechanical power as at present used is most demonstrably tearing our civilisation to pieces, our social and political theorists consider it a subject they can afford to ignore ! Still the problem will have to be faced, if not by one means, then by another.

Meanwhile, it is to be observed, the tide has already begun to turn. In India, Russia and other parts of Eastern Europe, a reaction against industrialism has set in. Following the defeat of the Bolshevik *régime* in Russia, political power in Eastern Europe has passed into the hands of the peasants, and this has been followed everywhere by movements against industrialism, which apparently is so detested that the peasants express their abhorrence of it by crossing themselves three times whenever they speak of the town or the factory. This movement is bound to spread ; for elemental economic forces are at work in the world

to-day to restore the balance between man and the machine. It gives significance to the revival of the spinning wheel in India, suggesting that the time is not far distant when the problem of how to get machinery into subjection will become recognised as the central problem of the age.

Signs are not wanting that thought in this country is moving in this direction. What form the reaction will take it is difficult to say. We are all so much involved in industrialism that we cannot rise and destroy the machines like Samuel Butler's Erewhonians, because if we did we should simply starve. And yet we cannot afford to drift indefinitely; for it is equally certain that starvation will overtake the whole of us if we do, as it has already overtaken a section of our population. Our only hope, it would appear, is to think our way out. We must make up our minds that there is no solution for our problems apart from a return to simpler conditions of life and society, such as would reduce the complexity of our relationships to terms commensurate with the human understanding, and pursue a consistent policy with this end in view. This, it is to be observed, will take time; for a problem that has taken 150 years to create will not be solved in a day. The first steps are already clear. We must revive agriculture and promote emigration; for, as it is certain our foreign trade must shrink, we cannot support our present population. And, as other nations are involved in the same problem, we must seek their co-operation in our efforts to find a solution. Above all, we must return to Christianity; for it must remain finally impossible to bring machinery and materialism into subjection apart from a renewal of the spiritual vitality of mankind.

ARTHUR J PENTY.

THE TANGLE OF THE DISABLED

THE once tidy little village was a mass of rubbish; the church steeple reversed, its base protruding uncertainly from the ground of the village graveyard; a mess of iron beds hanging from broken windows, of piles of litter and ashes, of smashed farm machinery, and pots and pans and crockery—all the desolation of war. Such was the hamlet of Festubert in the early summer of 1915.

It was somewhere out in front of the village of Festubert. For over an hour the men had been lying on their stomachs in the mud at the bottom of the trench, whilst overhead rushed the scudding shells in the direction—fondly hoped—of the German front line. Our artillery was not certain of its aim, and pieces of shell came skidding back into the open roughly-made trench. So the order passed along, 'Lie still!' A piece of red-hot shell fell on the shoulder-strap of the corporal's tunic and burned a hole almost to his skin. He shrugged his shoulders, and one could see his lips moving as, with a malicious grin, he asked his neighbour for a cigarette. Impossible to hear in the midst of this continuous overhead thundering sound which stunned the ears. An acrid smell of lyddite fumes, and a sense of numbness and apathy; a feeling of the inutility of all the mighty forces without a soul created—by man.

Then the din ceased, as by a magic wand, and the broad sunlight burst on a line of tatterdemalion figures clambering over the low sandbag parapet. The first head barely showed over the irregular torn sandbags when there was a sip, sip, sip of German machine guns, and then a continuous crescendo of sound and a rush of lead through the air like the hail of some sudden widespread prairie storm. But the filthy khaki human outlines leaped over as one man—what was left—and ran across the open ground, their bayonets glistening white in the sun. Looking along that line, this man whirled backwards in a somersault, that one spun round like a teetotum. The nearest comrade dropped slowly—ah, so slowly!—to the ground, blood pouring from his broad white forehead. Still the muddied men of bronze and gold

kept on—ever in obedience to that magic wand of duty and glorious ambition.

There was a leaping of scattered barbed wire; a tearing of it aside with feet and hands and teeth. A last little rush and a leap into space. Cut and thrust and stab, the bayonets ran red with enemy blood, and nothing was heard but sharp intakes of the breath and impacts of rifle butt-ends on round grey caps. All was done in silence, and the unkempt, bloodstained khaki men sank in exhaustion where they stood. Just for an instant, because the German shells swished through the air like express trains, and every man—how few!—sweated and cursed and sang, unheard in the new inferno of sound, as he jerked the white cotton sand-bags from the German parapet and piled them up in front of the newly-won trench.

Were these men heroes?

Along the foggy crowded street comes a racing newsboy yelling 'The ex-Kaiser's wedding. Photos of the bride and bride-groom!' At the edge of the curb stands a dirty, repulsive individual; he holds his shattered hat against his chest, whilst with the other outstretched hand he proffers some boxes of matches to the passer-by. He has no medals, nor brilliant decorations—only a short black wooden stump in place of one leg below the knee. Nobody pays any attention to the proffered matches, nor wooden stump.

'Where were you in the war?'

'Me? I was with the 7th Division at Festubert when I got this'; and he points to his leg, or where his leg should have been, smiling with an oddly familiar, impish grin.

Yes; time works many changes. The man directly responsible for the death and butchery of twenty millions celebrates his second marriage, besieged only by reporters and photographers. He sells his stupid memoirs for thousands of pounds to American, French, and English publishers. Yet here is one of his victims who fought that 'here shall lie, dead and buried, the criminal pride of the German Empire, vanquished by the free people it pretended to enslave.' This man? He cannot sell a box of matches. Are these facts true? Ah! we are surrounded by foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell.

> To Labour is the lot of man below,
> And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

Would that the words of the Greek poet were understood by our governors! What solutions would they not give to our modern problems, and especially the problem of the 'disabled'—those men, to use a fine old term, broken in the war.

To-day there is a casting of brickbats, a re-digging of imma-

erial tomahawks that deserve to be entombed in the British Museum. The Ministry of Pensions is at fault. No; it is the Ministry of Health. No; it is the Ministry of Labour. As though hose Ministries mattered one iota in the solution of any problem. They sit in their mighty offices and megaphone the thunders, which only come from Almighty Jove. They are statuesque Mercuries from the land of living souls. To-day, as yesterday, there is one clear-minded man who sees aright, simply by the force of his sterling character. In peace as in war he commands the affections of his 'men,' and works as best he can in this war of peace. But what difficulties confront Marshal Haig! What impossibility to translate into action the words of Homer!

For that is the difficulty which besets us, look at it how we will—the difficulty to get employment for those broken men. No system of pensions and allowances is ever going to aid us. Only let us turn the million-power searchlight of our spirit on the Sphinxian riddle and cause it to dissolve in the moving sands of the Egyptian desert.

Our economists are largely spectacled 'high brows' who see things through a dismal mist of foggy book-learning and never get in contact with actual fluid life—life which changes, and wriggles and moves, with a speed impossible to formulate into what are called economic principles. No one knows what is a living wage, and probably no one ever shall know. Hence the impossibility of pensions.

Pensions are terrifying, intricate, marvellous works of art woven fantastically by the nice white hands of political economists and medical scientists. How does the living wage come in in regard to pensions? Ask the economists. How is a living wage determined in relation to mental and physical energy? Ask the doctors. On all hands the reply will be 'Chaos.'

The plain man wonders if both the economists and the doctors are not seizing the red-hot end of the poker.

It is contrary to the spirit of the British people for its individual members to ask for alms. Why are heroes of Festubert forced to sell matches on a London thoroughfare? Simply because of these economists and doctors and another race of men who have arisen called 'experts'—our old friends the supermen.

The economist does not know what is a 'living wage'; it may be a living wage for one individual and a less than existence wage for another. As a rule it is 'a less than existence'; because to help to solve his insolvable difficulty the economist took the military hierarchy as it stood and made military rank the measure of a living wage.

The doctor cannot estimate a man's physical or mental abilities exactly: he cannot prognosticate the future; and therein he is also humbugged by the state of the labour market.

The endeavours of these two scientific spirits have given us the present Ministry of Pensions. It is an immense organisation with a huge responsibility, which it can never adequately perform on its present lines. Why? Because its organisation is fundamentally wrong. It is fundamentally stupid because it tries to combine the principles of economists and doctors. Nothing is more impossible, more hopeless, and more futile than this hybrid mixture which is neither salt bacon nor salt cod.

What measures of mental or physical ability have we got as regards man? None. This tubercular individual with half a leg and a 100 per cent. temporary pension can yet be a genius in organisation or in literature. This other with the same misfortunes may be a hopeless invalid for life. That man has lost an arm and gets a 50 per cent. pension; he is absolutely useless for his trade, but he might succeed in some other walk of life. He does not, and takes to selling matches in the Strand.

The great Corneille says somewhere:

> Quelquefois l'un se brise où l'autre s'est sauvé,
> Et par où l'un perit, un autre est conservé.

That is often the opinion of the 'patient,' but still the duty of surgeons and physicians is eternally the same—to heal and to cure.

The political economist, with the usual card-index mind, insists that men's physical and mental defects must be measured periodically by medical boards and medical referees, under his regulations, and their pensions or retired pay reduced or raised to save money for the State. This same species of economist insists that pensions must be administered according to 'known' economic principles. The wife of a private soldier is only worth so much of an 'allowance' per annum. The colonel's wife gets more, but he has a child who was born so many months after his retirement notice appeared in the *London Gazette*. Ten days too late, and the child gets nothing! This officer has a 100 per cent. pension, and therefore is not entitled to a diet or treatment allowance—though he may have a wife and young family and be dying on his feet of consumption. These are a few of the queer ideas presented by the political economist—all to diminish the expenses of the national Exchequer, forsooth.

The pensioner is under this weird contraption of conflicting ideas called a Pensions Ministry. He lives in a nightmare maze of regulations and ordinances: a dream of 'applications' for this and 'expirations' of that—enough to fill the hospitals

with 'neurasthenic' patients. The pensioner has no rights; he must take what the Ministry of Pensions thinks he is entitled to—by regulation. After all, is this not the basis of any almsgiving organisation?

In a desultory sort of way disabled officers and men are trained for various occupations. Naturally when trained it is found there is no work, or they may have been trained for something for which they have no natural aptitude.

The whole paraphernalia of these insensate organisations—Pensions, Health, and Labour—fail to solve the problem. Let us leave it to Marshal Haig.

Any man or woman who has sacrificed something of his or her being in a victorious war is entitled to recognition by the State. The old maxim '*Ce qui tombe dans la fosse est pour le soldat*' has no force in modern 'civilised' war, however true it may have been in former days.

A State which says you take this award to-day, to-morrow it will be more or less—such a State is not giving a square deal to its defenders. It is only forming a Ministry of Pensions. The maimed defenders are entitled to a pension for life. This reasoning will bring the political economists to arms and alarm the 'experts.' But it is morally right, and morals and character are still at the back of civilisation, not economics.

If a disabled soldier or officer has been 'boarded' and 're-boarded' for a certain length of time, his approximate physical or mental condition must be known, even to doctors and economists. An estimate should be taken and that individual's award confirmed for life. What a terrible cost to the State! Rather, what a diminution of bureaucrats and bureaucratic expenses, and what a godsend to most of these broken men only to know exactly where they are! But this is the policy being pursued. Ah, yes! but the Armistice was four years ago, and some people think four years a long time—they did from 1914 to 1918.

Let the temporary pensions and allowances of these disabled officers and men be consolidated and paid through the Post Office and the Paymaster-General's Office. What remains to be done by the Ministry of Pensions? Something which it has been doing in a dreadful muddle and which it was not meant to do at all—arranging for the treatment and medical care of such officers and men. Fundamentally that should have belonged to the Ministry of Health, but of course the Ministry of Health was building houses for heroes. Why not persuade the Ministry of Health to leave the heroes to build their own homes whilst it takes over the medical care and treatment of the disabled officers and men?

The chief defect in the Ministry of Pensions' treatment and care of its charges is its centralisation, its want of actual contact with the local authorities, and with the individual concerned—the pensioner. The Ministry of Health looks after a lot of things which the mothers of England think should be their interest, but it is actually constituted and in touch with local authorities and individuals. Why should it not take charge of the work involved in the after-care and treatment of disabled officers and men? Is its function not more logically that than to oversee the building of houses? Or is it that both these Ministries are quivering with such a sense of duty and glorious ambition to heal and cure the aftermath of war that they cannot help overrunning each other's territory?

But it is not the question of pensions and allowances which makes the problem of the disabled difficult to solve It is the question of the employment of such officers and men The average pensioner is not going to be content with his pension; being a human being, he wants to aid in the world of after-war as much as is compatible with his physical and mental disabilities. Also the general average of pensions is so low that it is not fair to the pensioner to say, 'You take this amount per annum; you can live on it.' Most of them cannot. Ah, yes, they take to selling matches!

During the war these men were assured they were good boys. They were patted on the back and told by mighty voices, 'England will never fail you.' They all gained a knowledge of a mighty Britain, of a Britain beyond the seas. They fought for their heritage as valiant men. What was done for them? Pensions, charity, unemployment relief—the chance of work in the future. What has that got to do with their heritage?

Training! What is the good of training men when there is no work for them to do, or work which, as the Americans say, 'does not cut any ice'? Ye gods, no work to do! Have we not got an Empire to develop? Have we not still got the same hands and brains which won us the war? Why cannot they get together and win our Empire as they have won the war?

No disabled officer or man should be without work: even if he is a bed-ridden cripple he can tell us tales or darn our socks; he can do something to make his country worthy of her dead. Even this fallacious, illogical Ministry of Pensions admits that neurasthenic cases 'are improved by a little occupation.'

No disabled officer or man likes to be treated as a nuisance, or a humbug on a dole from charity. It is contrary to the spirit of the British people, and it is not in accordance with human nature, however it may seem reasonable to doctors and political economists.

What is the use of a Ministry of Labour? Absolutely useless as at present constituted. The true function of a Ministry of Labour is to guide labour into productive channels, not into a Dardanelles of unemployment relief, registration, and other marvellous political, economic bunkum. Where is labour more urgently needed at the present time—more than ever before? It is needed for the development and the building of our Empire. Leave it to the foreigner! Then, what is the good of our heritage?

The labouring man is told to think imperially. We have a poor, low conception of the labouring man's character, just as the Ministry of Pensions has a miserably low opinion of the character of the people entrusted to its care. The labouring man has been thinking 'imperially' for years, but his leaders are ages behind.

Ask the man in the street with his barrel organ if he'd like to go to Australia. 'God blimme, not arf!' He cannot pay his passage. He would be lost in Queensland for years if he did not have training and seek to develop a hinterland on modern lines with a number of his fellows. What has the Ministry of Labour done in the last four years about that question of overseas settlement? Want of funds? Again the Ministry of Pensions political economist with his *non possumus*—give him a dole. Any brain that reads and sees can tell that there is nothing more worthy of labour and more profitable to the nation and the Empire than the development of the heritage.

The British people is 'fed up' with Ministries for this and Departments for that, which in the end lead us into a Hampton Court maze. Most of these Ministries are illogical: they lack touch with actual moving life in the twentieth century. The useful work they do could be as well done under the pre-war system. The other work is only hindrance to individual and co-operative effort, and better left to the nation at large.

What causes wasteful national expenditure? All those conglomerate Ministries and Departments which lead nowhere, their literature which destroys whole forests in Newfoundland, their acts on a charity basis which sap the manhood of Britain—an everlasting slackness which defeats all worthy aspirations.

There is a dangerous spirit loose in the land, the spirit which complacently says, 'What a muddle we made during the war, one way and another! Yet here we are victorious!' Let us muddle. But

> The heaped hopper's ebbing still,
> And still the clap plays clatter.

The British Legion has to fight against a chaos of officialdom and bumbledom which does nothing save shut out the sun.

To get rid of that officialdom is one of the first things to do to hail the aurora.

The Ministry of Pensions should be wound up and its affairs handed over to the Paymaster-General, the Post Office, and the Ministry of Health; the Ministry of Health diminished to a size proportionate to the nation's needs. What real mother wants maternity benefits or other valueless things provided by a Ministry of Health? Do they not want their husbands employed at a decent wage? And would they not rather have houses and homes and be able to pay their own rent, doctor, and expenses? Houses are not going to be built by a Ministry of Health. Building costs are almost at rock-bottom. But what is the contractor going to do when he is tied by a thousand restrictions, taxed to death, and building for a nation living on unemployment doles and hope—Micawberlike? What a squandermania! Schools and education! *Give the fathers work and help make homes—if not in* England, then overseas: there is where the true education begins.

The Ministry of Labour is this other excrescence in the centralised political, economic firmament. It performs every kind of duty under the sun—somehow a sort of duty without any kind of glorious ambition. State insurance for unemployment to-day; State insurance against national suicide to-morrow. All is a set piece in this firmament, firm and logical as the dome of St. Paul's

All centres in the question of employment. But what futile efforts, akin to a mosquito trying to act Hamlet, do we make in that direction. One idea alone would solve the problem—develop the British Empire. There are others—heaps of others. What about damming the Severn for electric energy? What about developing aerial transport on a scale which no nation in Europe can reach? Even what about making our own agricultural England worth living in, and not damning it entirely? These are not things for a Ministry of Labour or any other Ministry. They want to be undertaken by living beings, who cannot undertake them till these Ministries are put in the melting-pot.

Set free the spirits of duty and ambition which actuated our men in the war. Then we shall have no problem of the disabled, and a little less of every other problem. Set Labour and Capital free, and taxation will rapidly decrease. Assuredly it will not decrease by feeding the labourer on unemployment pay and chasing capital out of the country by a capital levy. To shipwreck on Destruction Point we are steering with slack sheets. Let us starboard our helm, luff more up in the wind, and get into a fair seaway.

T. Kerr Ritchie

'WHY WE SHOULD CONCENTRATE ON THE EMPIRE'

AUSTRALIAN RESOURCES

THE conclusion of the war has again forced to the front the question of the economic organisation of the British Commonwealth, a subject often in the minds of British publicists since Mr. Joseph Chamberlain made his proposal for Imperial Preference. But the problem has now entered upon a somewhat different phase. We are beginning to realise that an economic reorganisation of the Empire cannot be entirely accomplished by a system of tariffs. This suggests itself forcibly to our minds when we consider the present distribution of the British race over its vast territories. The British Islands, with 120,000 square miles, contain over 47,000,000 inhabitants, while the 12,000,000 square miles of territory outside Britain accommodate less than 20,000,000 of European descent. The self-governing Dominions, with 7,444,000 square miles, accommodate but 16,500,000 people. The only inference that we can draw from these figures is that the most important step towards an economic reorganisation of the Empire and a full utilisation of its resources is the readjustment of this anomaly in the distribution of its population. For such a distribution is wrong in every way. From the point of view of Imperial defence it raises two complementary problems—an over-populated centre which cannot feed itself, and vast areas at the extremities which cannot be held by the scanty populations which now occupy them. From an economic point of view the position is equally indefensible. The unit of economic energy is the personality—the mind and body—of the human being. The only way to develop a territory is to place human beings there and to make them work it. It is true that the economic evolution of the nineteenth century and the first application of scientific discovery to transport and transmission led to a most extraordinary extension of the economic system of Europe. The outer world was progressively brought under the control of European nations. By an elaborate mechanism, controlled by the economic leaders of Europe, the produce of the uncivilised areas of the

world was secured from the occupiers, who knew little of its value, and was brought to Europe. Most of it came in the form of raw materials, which were converted into manufactured goods and then resold—largely to inhabitants of the outer world. It was on the margin between the cheap raw material obtained by Europe and the price at which it was able to sell that European economy was based.

The result was unfortunate. Western Europe had to be highly industrialised to meet the strain. A few Europeans manipulating the ignorant inhabitants were all that was thought necessary to organise the production of the outer world for European purposes. Such a system was bound to break down, because it did not treat the outer world as an end in itself, but as a mere factor in the economy of the Old World. The British Colonies and Dominions, of course, insisted almost from the first upon being treated as self-determining units, set up tariffs, and endeavoured to supply their own needs for manufactured goods. With small populations and huge territories their people were able to live at a much higher standard of comfort than the peoples at home. Even non-European peoples have obtained a higher conception of their worth and the value of what they produce and have developed a strong desire to increase their industrial potentialities. Raw materials are thus no longer cheap, whilst the outer world is beginning to build tariff walls and to compete against the manufactures of Europe, and the European worker insists on being treated as an end in himself. The costs of European industry have increased at the same time as the bases (raw materials of coal and iron) which first rendered European industry possible are beginning to become exhausted. In particular the costs of transport, upon which the world-wide economy I have described is very largely dependent, have very largely advanced. The shipping control is highly organised and directed by a few minds. The result is that the margin between the cost of raw materials and the selling price of manufactured goods on which Europe previously existed threatens to disappear. The fabric of world-wide economy envisaged by the economists of the nineteenth century may, therefore, prove a mere temporary structure quite unsound in the circumstances which have now developed. Within the British Empire the economic situation is related to the strategic situation. We have vast under-populated areas in which the problems of the pioneer are rendered more difficult by the scantiness of the population. Huge deposits of wealth cannot be exploited because the numbers available to capture or consume them are too small. At the centre of the Empire there are many millions dependent for the materials of existence on an elaborate artificial mechanism which may at any time be interrupted. The

reorganisation of which the Empire from an economic point of view is most in need is redistribution of population. The financial organisations of the centre at the present time may profit more from a continuance of the old methods, but the economic capacity of each citizen and the total wealth of the people would be immensely increased if a large proportion of the masses of the British Islands could be sent to reinforce the outposts. At present all are ineffective: those in England because they are circumscribed and restricted pawns in a vast economic machine; those in the outer Empire because they are often without the amenities of civilisation and are unable to create the organisation to realise their produce.

Immediately we look at Australia a new side of the question presents itself to our minds. Australia is mainly in the temperate zone. The coastal belts on the south-west and south-east of the continent, in area about seven times as large as the British Islands, and with a healthier climate, are well fitted to be a home for the British people. The race has been maintained pure. Social life and political institutions being inspired by British traditions, the surplus population of Great Britain can be placed there with a minimum of disturbance.

From the economic point of view the possibilities of the development of Australia through immigration are still more striking. Settlement of Australia has been accomplished in a curious way. The continent contains nearly 3,000,000 square miles, of which 1,000,000 have a rainfall of less than 10 inches, a considerable portion being absolutely desert. The other 2,000,000 square miles of the continent are occupied, and even a large part of the desert is held by wandering flocks. This phase of Australian settlement is not sufficiently understood in England. The dominant feature is its extensive character. In Europe all settlement is intensive. The areas held are small—the soil is tilled even if cattle are kept. The people are thus close together and live in settlements of some size. In Australia development was largely determined by the merino sheep, which succeeds best in dry areas on the native grasses. As long as water can be got for drinking and the flocks can be moved when the water gives out the pastoralist can take up land right into the distant interior. The wool industry is still by far the largest producer of wealth, and thus a very large proportion of production is derived from immense tracts of semi-arid country in the interior at a very low rate per acre of land, but at a very high rate per head of labour engaged and per 1*l*. of capital invested. This extension of settlement in Australia is unique. Gibbon Wakefield foresaw it, perceived its danger, and in the organisation of his settlement tried to prevent it. He was beaten by the merino sheep. But

such a method of settlement raises problems of the greatest difficulty. Psychologically the Australian has been made unfit for the problems of closer settlement. Broad acres and large vistas have alone any attraction for him. This makes the countryside a very lonely place. Towns and homes are far apart and amenities of life are insufficiently developed. The point is, however, that over a vast extent of territory the foundations of a productive economy have been laid. It is as if the pioneer had erected a framework in which all the elements of a very full economic system had their place. All that is left to the present generation is to complete it. The great problem, therefore, which remains to the Australian of the next generation and for the population which is to be brought to Australia during the next fifty years is to develop these beginnings and to exploit the soil in a more intensive and a more diverse way.

The most suitable area for this purpose is that part of the coastal fringe which, with a rainfall of from 15 to 30 inches, has, on the whole, a rich soil and a magnificent climate. There is no severe winter, and the multifarious fruits of the temperate and subtropical soils can be produced in profusion. Wines, fruit, timber, flax, sugar, cotton, and tobacco have all shown themselves suited to the climate and soil. But these are all products which require a high degree of skill and organisation, a much greater expense of production than either meat, wool or wheat, and, therefore, a better developed market than the scanty population can as yet afford. Improvements in refrigerated transport which enable butter, cheese, and bacon to reach Europe have led to a great expansion of the dairy industry, but it remains true in the main that the more specialised primary industries of the coastal fringe, the industries which could produce a greatly increased amount of wealth per acre, languish. Over-production is a constant fear, and the pioneers are from time to time overwhelmed with disaster because of lack of markets.

Efforts made up to the present indicate that all the conditions necessary for success, except population, exist. With population the experimental and precarious would immediately become prosperous and assured. The wealth that is now potential would be realised. As it is, these areas are thinly settled, much of them on a pastoral basis. An increase of population would articulate and integrate what is now scattered and feeble because separate, and reduce the pressure of every economic problem. The present railway system, built at immense difficulty and expense to serve a thin pastoral population, could accommodate one ten times as large, and would then become perhaps the cheapest system in the world. The same would hold with regard to the cost of government and the provision of all public utilities. Lastly

with increased population and primary production on an intensive scale not only would the difficulties of labour in primary industry disappear, but production of raw materials and the wealth thus obtained would be a stimulus to the secondary industries in the towns. The riches obtained from the three simple primary products of wool, meat, and wheat have sufficed to build up the large cities on the coast. The tendency of a more intensive settlement will be to create big inland centres; and, linked with primary production, there could be an immense industrial system. The black coal of New South Wales, the enormous lignite measures in Victoria (in some cases 700 feet thick), and the water power of Tasmania are sufficient for an industrial population of many millions.

This is not an article on immigration, and does not attempt to deal with the problems involved in the resettlement of large numbers of people in new lands. These problems diminish as the settlement progresses. A country with a large population, provided it has not reached the limits of its settlement, can absorb more immigrants than a very sparsely settled country deficient in capital. The slow rate of increase in Australia since the gold discoveries slackened is thus perfectly natural. But we have now reached the turning point. During the last twenty years there have been large accumulations of capital. The rate of interest has been low. Wealth has been evenly distributed. The workers own many millions in savings bank deposits. These factors have made the economic position of Australia more stable than that of any other part of the world. Between 1900 and 1914 Europe and America were convulsed by at least two financial crises which did not affect Australia at all. Australia paid over 400,000,000*l.* as her share of war cost. Apart from some fluctuations of exchange which did not affect our general welfare we have emerged from the war period more prosperous than ever before, with no urgent financial dangers, with balanced ledger, and practically no unemployment. The absorptive capacity of Australia for immigrations has thus vastly improved.

In the preceding pages I have endeavoured to indicate the essence of the economic position of Australia and on general lines the best way in which it should play its part in development of the British Commonwealth. It is now desirable to indicate more definitely the directions in which development is invited or likely to be successful, and how development will contribute to the economic stability and strength of the Empire. In this more detailed survey mineral wealth will not be very closely estimated. Gold played a crucial part in the early development of Australia, and enabled the rapid settlement of a large population in a few years. Australia is rich in all other minerals, but search for

precious metals is often a waste of human energy. Australia's wealth lies in her lands and primary industries. She has large deposits of the industrial metals—iron, aluminium, copper, lead, zinc; but in the case of the first two it does not seem as if they could supply any other than the Australian demand because of the expense involved. Taking, then, the potentialities for primary industry, Australian development may be classified as follows:

1. Possible pastoral development.
2. Development of wheat-growing areas.
3. Areas suitable for dairying development.
4. Areas suitable for intensive agriculture.

1. Pastoral life does not afford much opportunity for the new settler unless he is possessed of considerable means. In most States the limit of pastoral development has been reached. Flocks and herds are smaller than they were twenty-five years ago, though with improved efficiency their production and value are both much greater. Pastoral life is ideal for the type of the English country gentleman, is easily learnt, and is not exacting. Undoubtedly as the larger estates are approached by railway lines they tend to be subdivided. Smaller estates will probably make for better breeding, greater efficiency, more water conservation, and greater carrying capacity. This, however, will not settle many new settlers or add very much to the production of wealth. The only two areas which are capable of largely increased pastoral development are the north-west corners of Western Australia and the Northern Territory, which are perhaps the two most important reserves for meat raising in the world. Both need considerable expenditure on railway development before their potentiality can be realised.

2. Expansion of the wheat area. The area at present under all crops is about 13,000,000 acres. The wheat land is distributed between the State of New South Wales, 3,000,000 acres; Victoria, 2,295,000; Queensland, 175,750; South Australia, 2,163,646; Western Australia, 1,223,000. But wheat can be produced in all areas where there is a rainfall of 10 inches in the wheat-growing period April to October, and in areas of summer rainfall wheat can be grown by planting towards the end of summer. The area of land situate in the 10-inch rainfall area is 484,330 square miles, or nearly 310,000,000 acres, distributed approximately as follows: Western Australia, 93,500 square miles; South Australia, 47,000 square miles; Queensland, 80,000 square miles; New South Wales, 160,000 square miles; Victoria, 75,000 square miles; Tasmania, 26,215 square miles. It may be assumed that half of this land could be devoted to wheat.

In addition, by the selection of drought-resistant seed and

dry farming methods wheat can be successfully grown with a rainfall of 6 inches. This will add another 250,000 square miles of territory to the wheat area. This huge area for wheat is possibly the most impressive fact in the economy of Australia. Wheat growing is a relatively simple form of agriculture which can be learnt by the immigrant without much difficulty. There are enormous areas of this land in the south-west corner of Western Australia. South Australia is capable of very large development in the drier areas. Victoria is well settled, but the holdings are too large, and would be more efficient and more productive if held by double the number of farmers. The same is true of the southern part of New South Wales along the Murray Valley, but the area which offers most opportunities for cereal development is the western slope of the coastal mountain range from the latitude of Sydney as far as the tropic, and only cultivated now in patches. The soil is good, there is a high rainfall, and comparison with India suggests that it could produce many millions of bushels annually. The area involved is over 100,000 square miles.

3. Dairying has chiefly developed during the last thirty years owing to the improvement in refrigerated transport. It requires rich soil and a rainfall of from 20 to 40 inches. The total area with such rainfall is 732,000 square miles. Dairying is carried on in patches all along the coastal fringe. The western district of Victoria and the province of Gippsland are possibly the best developed. They are capable of extension, and, as the holdings are large, could easily hold two or three times the present population. In New South Wales the districts on the south and north coasts developed later. The Northern Rivers district of New South Wales is one of the most favoured, is extraordinarily rich, with noble rivers and ports, and has a heavy rainfall. It is suitable for many crops requiring a heavy rainfall, such as sugar, and sober people have stated that it could support twice the present population of Australia. Patches of similar country of extraordinary fertility occur in Queensland in the tablelands behind the escarpment of the coastal range, plateaux with a general elevation of about 2000 feet above sea level, where the climate is temperate. Lastly, there are many suitable patches in Tasmania and a very large dairying area in the south-western corner of Western Australia. In both of these the rainfall is over 40 inches and absolutely reliable.

4. In considering land in Australia capable of intense culture we have to realise that most of it has been alienated and very little of what is alienated is being used for intense culture. It is held for low-grade crops like wheat, oats or barley, which rarely return over 6*l.* per acre. Sometimes the very choicest land is used

for pastoral purposes. Owners hold such large areas that the low-grade use of it pays them though the interest on the capital value is small. Many projects for forcing this land into cultivation have been launched, such as single and progressive tax on land values; but these have in the main failed, partly because we have not had the courage to apply them to the logical limit, partly because, with the subdivision of pastoral estates, the farmers turn against the tax, and partly because there is no market at present for many of the products of intense culture. On the whole it is better to let the market factors operate. High prices for land stimulate production; low-price land easily relapses to a lower grade of culture.

The suitability of the land in the temperate zones for a large number of different types of crops is undoubted. Beet sugar and flax have been grown successfully in Victoria. Attempts to grow tobacco have been made for nearly thirty years, and in Queensland and Victoria they now promise success. Wine of good quality is most successfully grown in South Australia and Victoria. The climate of various parts of the coastal fringe is especially adapted for poultry raising. Australia holds the world's record for egg production, and when export is properly organised it will be large. Bee keeping is also profitable, and such smaller industries as silk culture, production of flower seeds, bulbs, and essences, oils and dyes are indicated as suited to the climate. For nearly all the industries in this section what is necessary is a larger population to supply and a larger amount of capital for organisation and to secure access to markets. As it is they are rather a trap, for under present conditions they are precarious, and available capital and *personnel* would be better employed in more certain avenues.

Finally, Australia could not only grow profitably the first soft timbers of the world, but in her native timbers has an entirely indigenous range, from soft woods to the fire-resistant hard woods and from beautiful furniture woods to the red gum and jarrah, which are everlasting in water or under ground. Scientific forestry and afforestation are both greatly needed.

(*a*) *Irrigation Possibilities.*—Irrigation affords, perhaps, the best chance of accommodating large populations in Australia, because it involves closer settlement, small blocks and communities. The immigrant will often take to this work better than the native born. Markets, however, are most important, because there is a constant danger of over-production. Even now one of the most prosperous settlements in Victoria, Mildura, is assisted by a duty on dried fruits which enables the grower to charge in the local market above the export price. If there were twenty-five to thirty million people in Australia this danger would very largely disappear, for the local consumption would stabilise

the market if it did not absorb the whole production. Irrigation generally spells fruit, which is either sold fresh as jam, canned, or dried. In the past too little attention has been paid to make-up of these preserved fruits, but the fruit itself is excellent, and the land of better and more even quality than the famous irrigation valleys of California.

The subject of irrigation leads us to the famous Murray Valley, which is the economic centre of Australia. A noble river of 1600 miles in length, it is bordered on each side by fertile land which cannot produce in ordinary times because of the scanty rainfall, but application of the river water brings abundant crops. The flow, however, is irregular. In the late spring the river overflows a vast area, whereas in late summer it can sometimes be crossed on foot. A gigantic scheme is in operation by which this will be regulated, navigation facilitated, and sufficient water made available to give about 1,000,000 acres of land 12 inches of water per acre.

All water rights in Victoria belong to the State and are administered by a separate Commission, the State Rivers and Water Supply Commission, which charges a rate only sufficient to pay its expenses. The result is that instead of water costing pounds, as in Egypt and America, it costs as little as 6*s.* per acre foot in parts of the Murray Valley. It only remains to say that a great deal of the best fruit of Australia—apples, pears, and oranges—is grown without irrigation. The export trade in the first named is on an assured basis, and the others have to be developed. All are hampered by excessive freights and by the vagaries of Covent Garden dealers.

(*b*) *Special Crops*.—In Australia every attempt has been made to vary the type of crop, and there seems to be an ambition, perhaps not altogether wise, to establish every primary industry which has any chance of success. One of the principal of these crops has been sugar, which has been grown with more or less success for forty years. It is now grown under white labour conditions along the north-east coast of Queensland, and it is the great factor in settling this beautiful tropical fringe with a thriving population. But we have practically reached the limit of our Australian market for sugar, and a large further extension would not be justified, as price forbids export. Lately, however, Australians have been encouraged by the best experts to believe that cotton has an immense future here—that Queensland can grow a far better cotton than the average American variety, while the Murray Valley can grow cotton of as good staple as the best Egyptian. The advantages claimed are a climate and a sun that develop fine qualities in all products, and freedom from the pests which have devastated American crops. Wages of labour would

certainly be a difficulty, but on small holdings it is thought that families could do the work. Owing to the devastations of the boll weevil the American production is down. It will take many years for prices to get to pre-war levels, and in the meantime the Governments are guaranteeing payable prices.

Such completes a rapid survey of Australian potentialities. It goes without saying that industrial products are not forgotten. Oil is sought earnestly, and Australians have no equals as searchers for minerals of all kinds. Power alcohol can be produced, and it is hoped that with cheap power from coal the production of nitrates and other industrial chemicals can be made extremely profitable. Small as it is, the Australian market is exceedingly good. Its people are well off, their purchasing power large, and it will pay British manufacturers to spend money here to produce for the Australian market alone.

The ideal of Imperial development described in this article is not one usually held by Imperialists in Britain, nor perhaps by those who inaugurated this series of articles. It differs essentially from the ideal of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who contemplated an economic hierarchy with the manufacturing interests of Great Britain at the head. The ideal here advocated is an economy based upon British men and women spread over the whole of the vast temperate areas of the British Commonwealth, living according to British customs and traditions, connected by the old political ties, but exploiting the resources of the soil on which they live, satisfying their primary needs and exchanging their surplus goods. It is a more productive economy because it assumes a more direct relation between the individual and the service of wealth, the means of production, and the control of the product. It is a sounder economy because it rids the economic system from control of financial and capitalist interests.

Mr. Chamberlain's system was the logical adaptation of the world-wide economy of the Manchester school to twentieth century conditions, and contemplated an array of middlemen who would have levied a toll on industry and depressed all effort. It is claimed here that if the Empire were developed through a more regular distribution of the British race over its surface there would be, in the first place, a better return to individual effort, and then a more profitable use of the capital wealth of the British people and a greater production of goods. There would also be a solution of the problems of Imperial defence, enabling the British Commonwealth to play a more pacific *rôle* in the world. Exchange would not be less, but would differ in character: it would be in the finer products, the more typical, indigenous and valuable products of each part. Britain at the world's centre would still control the Empire's trade in the finer products of

nanufacture and in articles depending on taste and quality, in which world markets are necessary.

Of course a process which requires a redistribution of popula-.on must cover some generations. Migrations of peoples involve evere difficulties in economic readjustment, and immigration often fails so badly in smaller countries that it is checked. The epopulation of Great Britain would involve problems of no rdinary magnitude. But if Great Britain and the Dominions vere looked upon as one whole, as the New Greater Britain—the rea on which the British race will attain a greater importance nd perform a more effective service to the human race than even n the glorious past—these difficulties would disappear. The great necessity of an immigration policy is capital. At present British apital is free to the world. The huge annual surplus available or investment abroad is too often considered as money with which o speculate. High rates of interest are sought in Argentina and Brazil, in Egypt, India, and China. It is often lost, or produces ttle of value to the British Commonwealth except dividends.

A striking change has, moreover, taken place during the last ew years. We have spent large sums on developing China; but apan is in a position to get the trade. Money was invested within the Empire in Egypt and India. But Egypt is now conomically free of the Empire ; in India the huge undertakings uilt with British money will be in the near future controlled by ndians in the interest of India. The Dominions no longer secure s immigrants the best and most enterprising men in Britain as n the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Immigrants are ather of the negative order—those without a settled purpose at ome. The wandering pioneer strains seem at times to have been vorked out. Able engineers, traders, miners, and railway men rom Britain go to foreign lands in Asia, Africa, and America, and he best university men are drafted to the Indian Civil Service, where they serve in a debilitating climate amid an unfriendly eople. Why cannot we concentrate brains and energy and apital on the Dominions ? In Australia, frankly, our *personnel* s not sufficient either in numbers or training for the stupendous roblems which face us. Our capital resources are not enough o receive a large addition of immigrants. In the Victorian nmigration scheme it is contemplated that each immigrant amily will cost 2000*l*. to settle on the land. One hundred housand families at this rate would cost 200,000,000*l*. Such a ost would be beyond the financial resources of a small country, et it must be realised that the expenditure would provide a ucleus of productive activity which would not only maintain he settler and his family, but call upon the services of many thers. From this point of view it may not be too much;

from the British angle what matters is that this large amount of capital must be demanded directly and indirectly from her wealth and will be supplied in the form of goods and transport services. A definite concentration on settlement in the Dominions would mean an immense stimulus to British industry and the profitable use of British capital. This would continue for many years while the vacant spaces filled, and then, as equilibrium resulted, the character of the economy of the Empire would change and exchange would be in surplus products.

In the process of resettlement, therefore, the productive activity of Britain would be taxed to the utmost. The problem should be studied in Great Britain as a scientific problem. Gibbon Wakefield did a great deal with his group and his Colonisation Society to smooth out the difficulties of early settlement, and now, after eighty years, we have experience which could be garnered by a similar circle of thinkers and the path of the statesman made easier. The necessity for group settlement by immigrants should be realised. Midura in Australia and places like Atascadero in California have brought the science of community settlement to a very high pitch. There is here scope for agricultural experts, road and water engineers, financial experts, architects, town planners. A more direct interest by sections of British people in particular schemes would attract interest. As concentration on the Empire would stimulate and enrich British thought and activity, redistribution of population would involve no diminution of British welfare and prestige. Great Britain would become the historic centre and political nucleus of a Commonwealth of mighty nations acting as one in regard to the rest of the world, but free, self-governing, secure through their inherent strength from all attack, and therefore pacific. The reasons why we should concentrate on the Empire are obvious. Is it selfish to ask why we should not concentrate on the self-governing Dominions, where men of British race can live according to British traditions ?

FREDERICK EGGLESTON.

PHOCION, A NEGLECTED HERO

HISTORICAL reputations are curious things. The laws which govern their growth and decay do not seem to be fully understood; indeed, chance appears to have as much to do with them as anything else. Once a person becomes an historical figure, it is often doubtful whether he will remain stereotyped in his greatness, a crystallised sample, like Sir Thomas More for instance, or whether he will become subject to all the fluctuations of public opinion, like Henry VIII., or Mary Queen of Scots. Let historians paint a man black enough, and some Froude is sure to arise to make him out grey, if not beautifully white. And, sure enough, we may be thankful to the man with the *parti pris*, for he always adds interest and rich colouring to the patchwork of history, and he reminds us that few men are either unmitigated saints or unadulterated rascals. Occasionally one wonders how it is that some names have escaped almost all notice in the list of great men,

The orator for certain has a decided pull over others in attaining notoriety, for when once a born speaker gets his audience, his fame is assured, and he becomes a prominent figure. He appeals to the dramatic instinct, though his actual words, gesture, and voice die with him. A Burke, a Mirabeau, or a Savonarola stamps himself upon his age with greater ease and quickness than a Newton or a Leonardo, and that is perhaps why Demosthenes looms so large in Greek history compared with his antagonist Phocion. In our youth we were all told the story of the sea shore and the pebbles, the practice in the cellar, and the despair at his ill success of Demosthenes when he attempted suicide in the waters of the Piræus, and some of us remember how, encouraged by his copybook virtue and perseverance, we plucked up courage at our first debating society.

But of his contemporary Phocion we were given no impression, save perhaps that he was an utterer of disagreeable truths, and certainly a most disagreeable person. The glitter of the brilliant Demosthenes and his striking eloquence seem to have distracted historians from considering the more sturdy character of this great Athenian. They have either damned him with faint praise, like Grote, or else, like Bishop Thirlwall, they have laid

stress on his 'repulsive exterior,' 'his pride and peevishness' in expressing his contempt for public opinion. Let us be thankful, therefore, to old Plutarch, who, though possibly inaccurate in some respects, has nevertheless preserved for all time a portrait of Phocion, dispassionate as a statue, and yet a little glorified, like a fly caught in amber.

A greater contrast than between Phocion and his popular antagonist can hardly be imagined. The one represented all that was solid and thoughtful in the Greek character; the other was typical of the democratic agitator, a venal scallywag with a rhetorical gift for anticipating and formulating the popular will in the noblest language. It is impossible to avoid this contrast in dealing with Phocion, as their lives were so closely associated, and in all probability their lifelong antagonism sharpened the distinction between the two. His whole mental attitude towards life in general, and politics in particular, was founded on the careful method of the philosophers; the truth—in his case nearly always the brutal truth—was arrived at by the exercise of the critical faculty. The lessons which he had learnt from Plato and Xenocrates in the Academy had been so engrained in his nature that his life became a standing example of Greek philosophy applied to action. 'Before you move,' it said, 'or embark on a policy, consider well that it be the right course, and do not act hastily or from sentiment. War is an evil to be avoided if possible, but if you are obliged to draw the sword, strike hard.' At least he interpreted it thus. The other attitude of mind was, 'Strike first, and argue afterwards. Catch your enemy napping, and the gods will never suffer the Greeks to be conquered.' Whether we agree with the warlike policy of Demosthenes or the more cautious international view of Phocion matters not. We may admire the noble eloquence which stirred up the Athenians to oppose Philip of Macedon, for it appeals to our patriotism; at the same time we may still feel that Phocion's strenuous advocacy of diplomatic methods was a wholesome check to hot-headed and precipitate action.

At that time Athens had attained a pride of race encouraged and intensified by a pure form of democracy which was unique. There were no Estates of the Realm, and no privileges of class: the butcher and the fruit-seller rubbed shoulders with the aristocrat and the philosopher; their votes counted the same. 'There is no tyrant here,' says Euripides. 'This is a free city, and when I say a free city, I mean one in which the whole people by turns takes part in the sovereignty, and the rich have no privilege as against the poor.'

Although as a people they had not long emerged from barbarism, and still clung tenaciously to their superstitions and

rustic rites, yet they were fully conscious of the strides in civilisation which had been made so rapidly by their beloved city. Even the butcher may have known that Anaxagoras, his former fellow-citizen, had discovered that the moon reflected the light of the sun, and had explained and foretold her wondrous darkening, and, as he wandered round the market-place in his leisure hours and overheard fragments of philosophy discussed by the students, even he may have picked up some dim notion of the value of Virtue, Wisdom, and Beauty. The humble fruit-seller too, when he raised his eyes to the Sacred Hill, must have thrilled with pride at the sight of temples and carvings which no other nation could produce, and maybe his latent historic sense was quickened by the thought that the bones of Theseus, their mythical and god-like king, brought home by pious hands from the Isle of Scyros, lay there at peace in their midst. Such common thoughts as these served to produce a solidarity and a spirit of cohesion which made Athens a more formidable opponent to outside nations than Sparta or Thebes, for she represented something more than mere military strength and discipline, and it is not surprising that the great barbarian kings should have desired to crush this impertinent and clever little city.

To appeal to a people bursting with national pride was a comparatively easy matter for Demosthenes, and the ready response doubtless stimulated him to the highest poetry of eloquence, but to recommend peace, delay, or diplomacy to so excitable a crowd, to reduce their patriotic flames to a more steady glow, was a difficult and almost heroic task. This, however, was always the *rôle* of Phocion. And, to do the Athenians justice, they commonly listened to him with respect, if not with admiration. Physically handicapped by his grim countenance, rugged exterior, and a frame hardened by exposure—for he commonly wore but one garment—he was not an engaging figure. When taunted with always frowning and thereby making the bystanders laugh at his appearance he retorted: 'My frown does you no harm, but the silly grin of flatterers is a thing to make you weep.' Not an ingratiating reply, but at least here was something real in Athens, something rare, an honest man—one who could be counted on to speak his mind without fear, who openly disregarded public opinion, whose gibes carried the greater sting in that they were true. He was the only man who could abstract the bottom bricks from the lofty edifices of Demosthenes' eloquence, so much so that the latter in a moment of candour one day exclaimed when Phocion rose to reply in the assembly: 'Here comes the hatchet to my speech.'

A man of deeds as well as of words, he had distinguished himself by his bravery in the battle of Naxos and other fights,

and could be depended upon as an able commander when the pinch came. How otherwise would he have been elected general of the forces no less than forty-four times? Was it not the fact that their allies along the coast were in the habit of closing their ports and preparing for war whenever any other general was chosen, because they never felt safe? And certainly it could never be said that he had run away from the face of the enemy as Demosthenes had in the battle against Philip. Therefore they might just as well listen to his counsels for peace, seeing that he always made the other side wince with his pithy shafts of criticism; then, with an ironical laugh at his wit, they could always outvote him in the end, elect him general, and force him to carry out a policy which he detested. His was the voice of one crying in the wilderness asking, so to speak, that his single dissent be recorded in the minutes.

'A man of austere character,' says Walter Bagehot, 'naturally tends towards an excessive party spirit, and to an extreme isolation,' and doubtless Phocion carried his peace-at-any-price policy to a length which appeared unpatriotic; it spelt caution and delay—ideas as yet foreign to a democratic assembly—but at least he was the first Greek statesman who seemed to have a glimmering of the value of an international policy and of the benefit of defensive alliances. The world as yet was not ripe for conferences and treaties. The word 'virtue' was commonly associated primarily with personal bravery, though philosophy had imported into its meaning other and deeper qualities which were stealing into human conduct under its label. With nations it was a case of a word and a blow, and more often than not the blow came first. The light of recent events in Europe disclosed a lamentable want of some military Phocion in the councils of Germany; indeed, it is not hard to recognise in her aggressive action a retrograde reversion to barbaric methods. In any case, Phocion may be regarded as the first great pioneer of diplomacy in ancient times.

Unpopular though he was with the multitude, and sometimes shouted down by the fire-eaters of the assembly, there was another reason, not quite so obvious, why his fellow-citizens could not choose but give ear to his advices. He carried with him the golden prestige of his personal character. The nature of a man stamps itself upon his exterior: the mystic veil of the human countenance is powerless to hide the true nature which lies within; the 'motto of our souls' becomes apparent by some indication dropped carelessly by the way. Behind the fierce gaze of the warrior and the knit brow of the debater there shone the divine light of goodness which made itself felt around him. While he scourged the public with sharp sayings, salutary, like bitter tonics

to weak constitutions, they all knew of his kindness and unfailing courtesy in private to friends and enemies alike, and it was perhaps because he possessed that peculiar compensating charm which is so often associated with extreme ugliness that he was so frequently chosen as envoy to foreign courts. If mercy, or some concession, was to be asked from some enemy he was always the mouthpiece of Athens. He had that about him sufficiently engaging to persuade Antipater to spare the banished Athenians when in jeopardy, and to induce Alexander to confine his warlike attentions to barbarians alone. Moreover, it is a striking testimony to his power of making friends that Alexander when writing to him always used the word χάριν, the gracious and intimate salutation between familiars.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, with the exception perhaps of Socrates, no man in Athens lived a more blameless and Christ-like life. He is a standing example of how much Greek philosophy could do as a practical guide to the conduct, not of a mere recluse, but of a public man who touched life in all its phases. He anticipated by some 300 years the precept 'Love your enemies.' No sooner was an adversary down in the dust or laid by the heels in prison than Phocion visited him in his distress. 'Honest men need no help' said he, prototypical of Christ's saying about physicians.

When Harpalus, a rich fugitive from Macedonia, was in the power of the Athenians, and many of those whose palms had been lined with his gold were loudest in favour of putting him to death, it was Phocion, the incorruptible, who stood forth and pleaded for mercy, and when that was unavailing took upon himself the care of Harpalus's daughter. With what feelings must he have regarded the conduct of Demosthenes in this matter, who, having been liberally bribed and urgently entreated by the unfortunate Harpalus to speak in his defence, pleaded a sore throat rather than say anything against popular clamour? We do not hear that Phocion spoke his mind on the subject, or that he triumphed over his fallen adversary when the truth came out and he was convicted of bribery; more likely he felt a profound pity.

Bribes and gifts were no temptation to him; indeed, his friend Alexander had tried to shower gifts on him without success. The offer of so large a sum as a hundred talents on the strange but flattering ground that he was the only honest man in Greece produced this answer: 'Let him give me leave to be that which I seem.' Again it was offered under threat of breaking their friendship, and the reply was a request for the release of some Greek prisoners at Sardis, which was done; then a city in Asia was laid at his feet, but all to no purpose. On the occasion of the first offer the messengers laden with the talents meet him on the

road, and accompany him to his threshold imploring him to accept their master's favour. Here they get a charming glimpse into his domestic life at the village of Melita. The door is open, and the interior is seen plainly 'set forth with plates of copper, but otherwise mean and without curiosity.' Two women within with bare arms besmeared with flour are busily at work kneading dough, for it is baking day. His wife and their only servant, a 'general,' must not be disturbed in this important business, so the philosopher proceeds to draw some water to wash the messengers' feet and his own. They are still instant with him to accept the talents. With a twinkle of humour in his eye he points out to them a ragged old man who is passing by and suggests that the money might be given him. 'He lives on less than I do, and yet he is content and hath enough.'

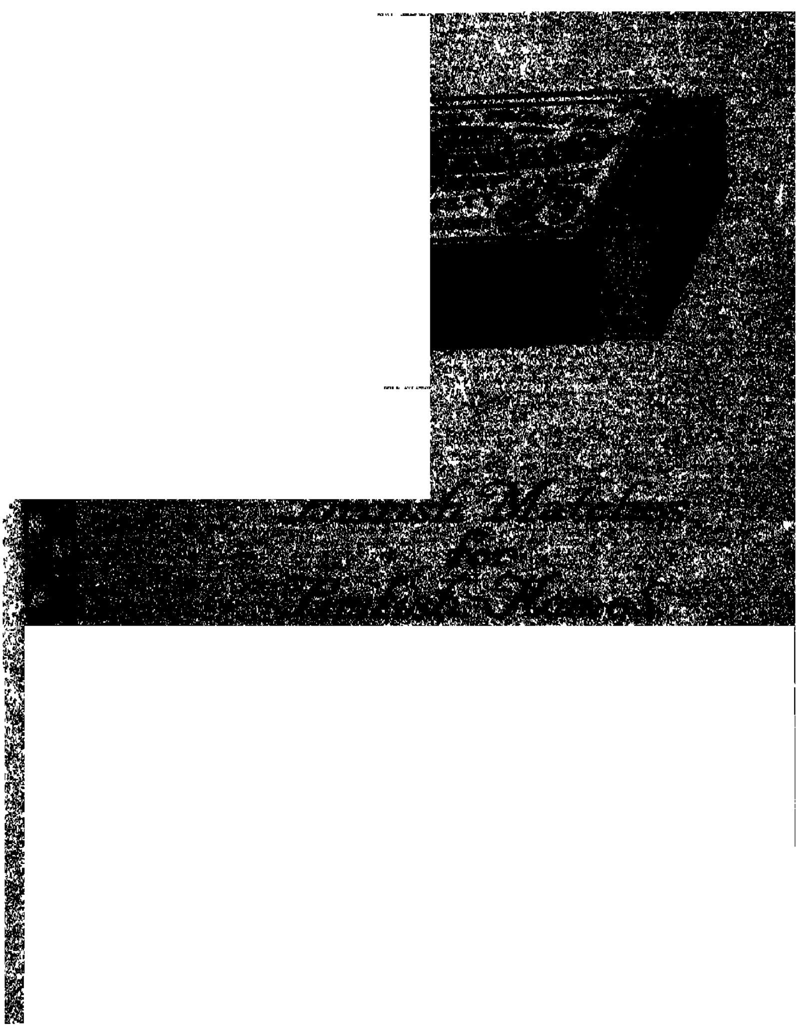
Demosthenes has left on record the popular view of the Greek wife which was strictly utilitarian. 'We have courtesans for pleasure, slaves for personal service, and wives to bear us lawful offspring, and be faithful guardians of our houses.' Reading between the lines of what we know, it is likely that a closer tie than that of mere convenience existed between Phocion and his wife, such a bond as is sometimes strengthened by simplicity of life and the sharing together of anxieties, aspirations, and triumphs. 'She was no less famous,' we are told, 'for her honesty and good housewifery than Phocion for his justice and equity.' Honesty, we may take it, meant something more than chastity and faithfulness, and included the element of deep personal affection. Had she not dearly loved him, she would hardly have been so proud of him, for, when an Ionian woman paid a call one day at the little house and began to display all her finery and jewels, her retort was this: 'My only wealth and jewel is my husband Phocion, who these twenty years together hath continually been chosen General of the Athenians.'

By one of those ironies of nature it chanced that this exemplary couple had a dissolute and scapegrace son. Naturally disappointment at the conduct of Phocus had the effect of souring his father, and there is just a suspicion that Phocion here fell short of the highest philosophy. Phocus may have been a handful on whom a sojourn at Sparta and a taste of its training had had no effect, but there is no getting away from the fact that his father was a kill-joy. After the youth had won a contest of agility, which consisted in alighting from and boarding chariots racing at full speed, his father reluctantly consented to be present at a feast given by a friend in honour of the occasion, and instead of being cheerful and jolly for once, he proceeded to deliver a diatribe against the expense. His virtue was of the kind that excluded cakes and ale. We cannot help suspecting that, if he

had judiciously relaxed his censorious attitude by an occasional display of sympathy, something might have been made of the young man, but as it was he turned out 'no great good man.' However, he had the spirit to avenge his father's death by slaying two of his three accusers, and in doing this he must have derived a grim and pious satisfaction in disobeying the last dying message sent to him from Phocion, 'Never to revenge the wrong the Athenians do me.' The ancient doctrine of revenge was too deeply ingrained in the Athenians for the new morality to take effect as yet; their public acts and their plays were full of the spirit of revenge, and therefore it redounds to the eternal glory of Phocion that the seeds of the doctrine of forgiveness, which grew so rapidly 300 years later, should have been found delicately sprouting at Athens, a presage of a mighty harvest. It was the undercurrent of his life, and came to the surface whenever occasion required. He could not abide rejoicing at the misfortunes of others, whoever they might be. When Philip of Macedon died the Athenians wished to celebrate the event with bonfires and sacrifices. 'It is a token of a base mind to rejoice at any man's death,' was his comment.

The story of his death, so poignant and sad, contains many elements in common with another and a diviner story, and it deserves to be recounted, however inadequately. The circumstances and incidents are so alike that one is led to suspect that Plutarch, who lived in the first century, may have known the facts of the Biblical narrative, and have had his mind drawn to the points of resemblance, for he enters into unusual detail in writing his account.

Accused by the Athenians of treason because he had trusted too much to the good faith of Nicanor, the governor of the foreign garrison in Salamis, Phocion withdrew with a number of his friends to the protection of Polysperchon, who was acting as bear-leader to Cassander, the young Macedonian king, then in Phocis. An embassy of Phocion's enemies was also sent hastily thither to accuse him. It could scarce be called a trial, for during the disorderly proceedings the aged leader was constantly interrupted in his defence, and refused a hearing. Some of his friends, not unlike certain disciples on another occasion, seeing what the result would be, muffled their faces and fled. The upshot of it was that Phocion and a few faithful ones were sent back to Athens in the custody of Clitus to be condemned by their countrymen, for the king's letter recited that he was guilty. Ignominiously paraded in a cart through the great street Ceramicus, the venerable commander, who had led them so often to victory, was taken to the theatre to await the sentence of his fellow-citizens. The nobles, believing in his guilt, wept and hid their faces on seeing



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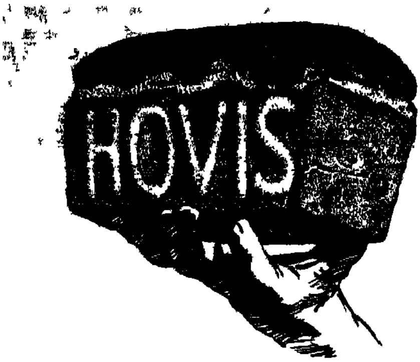
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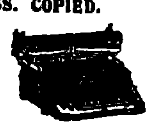
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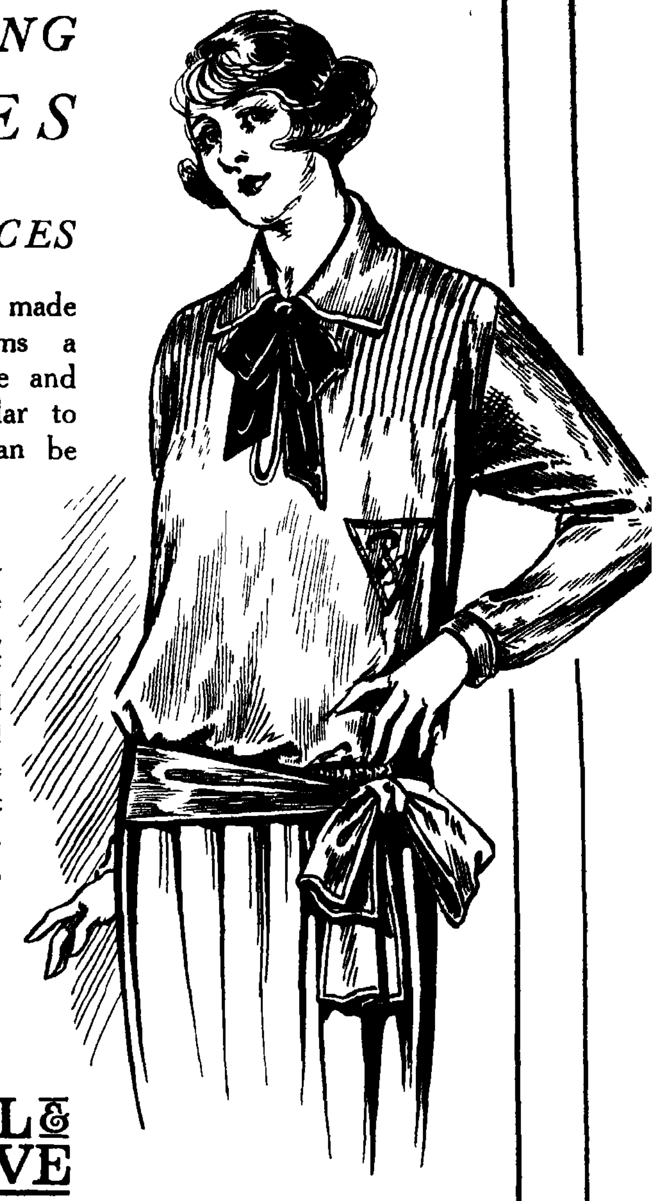
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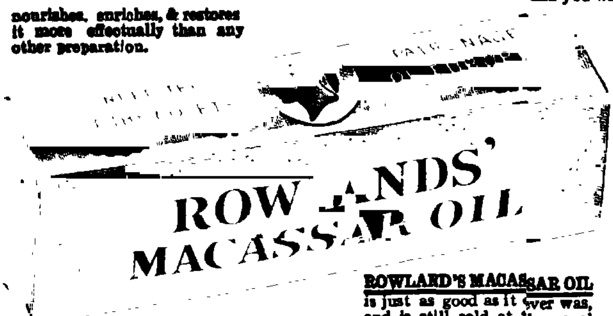
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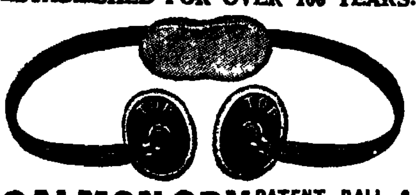
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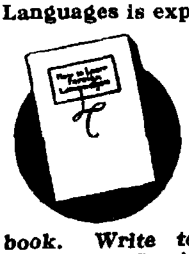
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THE
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No DLIV—April 1923

THE AFTERMATH OF IGNORANCE

In my old Staff College days a great stir was made by an American book called *The Valour of Ignorance*, the moral whereof was that it would be well for democracies if their Governments would study the nature and conduct of warfare, if only as an aid to avoiding it. Even the Great War has not sufficed to induce many people in Britain to take up seriously the study of warfare or of questions affected thereby, though there are indications tending in that direction in some of the Universities; but it is encouraging to meet, at the Institute of Historical Research in London, a certain number of American post-graduate students who are now devoting their time to research work in war history. Some day, perhaps, in both countries, a knowledge of this subject will be a *sine quâ non* for all aspirants for power or influence in their respective nations.

In his first public speech since he accepted the leadership of the Opposition in the House of Lords, Lord Grey of Fallodon said that 'never before had this country realised how close was the connection between a favourable course of the whole of foreign affairs and the trade prosperity of this country.' Nobody knows

better than Lord Grey that if all people, in all countries (including Germany), had had a working knowledge of the truth about foreign affairs in 1914, and about what war meant to all concerned therein, the great cataclysm might have been avoided. Let us hope that a desire for trade prosperity will incite, where other incentives have failed, a desire in all democracies to study war history, and to draw lessons therefrom for future guidance.

British military strategy in the late war must have been a great puzzle to all well-wishers in other countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations. For instance, our campaigns in Iraq and in Palestine must have looked like stark 'Imperialism,' as the Puerto Rico and Philippine expeditions did to some of America's unfriendly critics in 1898. The truth—though we can hardly expect it to be believed—is that our offensives in Turkey were not due to anything of the sort. They were due to ignorance. Exhaustive inquiries have been held into the origin and inception of the Mesopotamian and other campaigns in the East in 1915-18; it is obvious to anyone who reads these reports, and the evidence upon which they are based, that there was no question of 'Imperialism' at all. The campaigns were all launched by civilian politicians, who succeeded in enlisting only the 'half-hearted and hesitating support'[1] of naval and military experts for their schemes.

In democracies civilian statesmen are the masters; the soldiers are their servants, and would not have things otherwise. British public men pay little, if any, attention to the study of war, or to the warnings about its conduct which military history provides, but their sole object in 1914-18 was to win the war; their apparently inexplicable diversions of force for offensive operations were not attributable to Imperialism, but to ignorance. The aftermath of that ignorance may now be seen in ex-Turkish territories.

These notes about the origination of British Middle-East strategy in the Great War are based partly upon documents, and partly upon personal knowledge, acquired when serving in Whitehall. I was not serving there between September 1914 and the end of 1917, so conclusions about events during that period are based upon deduction from the best evidence available at second hand. My conclusions about the causes of the British difficulties which have arisen in the East out of the peace treaties are based upon knowledge gained personally, when I was serving in the offices of the War Cabinet in 1918 and 1919, while the war was being won, and 'peace' was being made.

In the autumn of 1918, when the issue of the war was no longer in doubt, I was keeping for the Cabinet an official record of all

[1] Dardanelles Commissioners' Reports.

peace proposals, and of the suggested terms that were being put forward in different countries, Allied and enemy. I was also the representative of the War Cabinet secretariat on the Propaganda Policy Committee, of which Lord Northcliffe was the Chairman. The chief object of that Committee was to ensure that the various authorities engaged upon British propaganda work in different countries should agree with each other, and that they should all represent truthfully the actual war aims of the British Government in the event of victory. A statement of British requirements was accordingly drawn up by the Propaganda Policy Committee, in consultation with the Foreign Office. There was nothing in that statement about any gains, or about any expansion of British territory, in the event of victory. No desire for any such gains was expressed, either publicly or privately, by any member of the War Cabinet. There was, on the other hand, a strong desire to avoid all territorial, and especially all military, commitments as the aftermath of the war. Proposals were drawn up for a League of Nations to prevent the victors in war from profiting in any way by their victory, thus removing one incentive from Powers likely to embark upon aggressive wars.

At about the same time a French officer came to visit me in my room, and asked me what the British war aims would be when it came to making peace; in other words what the British wanted to get out of the war. I told him that I was not in a position to speak for the War Cabinet, but if my personal opinion was of any use it was at his service. Britain would be sorry that any country likely to be hostile should retain or acquire, as the result of the war, big wireless stations distributed over the world, or harbours from which commerce raiders, surface or submarine, could prey upon the merchant ships upon which the British people depend not merely for prosperity, but for their existence. That was all. I am afraid that he thought me a diplomatist, but I believe that I represented the policy of the British Government of the day truly; I am quite sure that those were the views of the man in the street. (Incidentally, it is interesting, in the light of subsequent events, to recall that, in reply, he told me to bear in mind that, after Alsace-Lorraine, France wanted Syria and Morocco.)

Then came the Peace Conferences. Let us take the present Anglo-Turkish difficulties, and trace them to their origin. Before 1914 the possibility of being called upon to give military aid to France, in the event of an unprovoked attack by Germany, had been foreseen by the British Government. A plan for doing so had been drawn up in detail in time of peace, and when put into operation, that plan worked smoothly and efficiently.[2] A war against Turkey, in alliance with Germany, had not been foreseen,

[2] Lord Haldane's *Before the War* (Cassell) is of special interest in this connection.

and no plan at all had been drawn up to meet the conditions that arose. Germany, as we know, had plotted to bring Turkey into the war, and a treaty was signed in the early days of August 1914. It is doubtful, however, whether Turkey would have come in if it had not been for the escape of the *Goeben* up the Straits. We can accept the evidence of German authorities like Tirpitz and Ludendorff that the Turks, if they were still wavering, were forced into the war by the German naval officers who hoisted the Turkish flag on the *Goeben*, and under that flag commenced hostilities against Russian Black Sea ports. So far British politicians bear no responsibility for the aftermath, excepting in so far as they contributed to the escape of the *Goeben* by overwhelming the naval Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean with orders and counter-orders, instead of leaving him a free hand to sink her in his own way. It is, however, conspicuous that, until it was too late, no plan had been made for the co-operation of the French and British navies in the Mediterranean,[3] although every detail had been worked out for the co-operation of the Allied armies in France and Flanders.

The next event was the attack by the Turks, with German co-operation, upon the Suez Canal. This was repulsed without much difficulty. It would have ended in disaster for the Turks if they could have been followed up, or if their line of communication had been raided.

It was followed by the Dardanelles Expedition. The responsibility for attempting to force the Straits by ships without the aid of troops has never been definitely established. Public opinion, based upon public speeches, Press reports, and the information collected by the Dardanelles Commissioners, has laid the responsibility upon Mr. Winston Churchill, but it was definitely accepted in the House of Commons by Mr. Asquith as Prime Minister. The decision to send out troops was more momentous. Here again the responsibility has not been brought home to any individual. The Dardanelles Commissioners laid it upon some Ministers (not named) who met independently, behind the backs of the War Council (which contained naval and military experts as well as leading politicians). We know, from a subsequent speech by the Prime Minister (Mr. Asquith) in the House of Commons, that Lord Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War, was not one of the Ministers who met independently and came to their momentous decision, for which, as we are told by the Dardanelles Commissioners, only the 'half-hearted and hesitating support' of experts could be secured. We can, I think, accept the unbiased opinion of the late American Ambassador, Walter H. Page, who was in London at the time, and in a position to form a sound

[3] See Mr Churchill's disclosures in *The Times*.

judgment. He referred to 'the horrible tragedy of Gallipoli, where the best soldiers in the world were sacrificed to politicians' policies.'

The Dardanelles were eventually opened to the Allies as the result of Allenby's decisive victory over the Turkish armies in Palestine and Syria, of which more anon. The aftermath was that, much against our will, we were left with the responsibility for keeping the Straits open for all nations, and for providing the sea and land forces for the purpose. I write 'much against our will' because I know definitely that we did not want to accept the responsibility. We hoped, and we understood, that America would have accepted it, both for safeguarding the Straits and for protecting the proposed Armenian State. However, that was not to be. Having expended so great an effort, wisely or unwisely, in crushing Turkey, we were faced with the moral obligation of providing the military forces, necessitated by the terms offered to Turkey by the Allies, until settled conditions were obtained. To have made a separate and satisfactory peace with Turkey immediately after we had destroyed the Turkish armies would have been a simple matter for us. This was impossible, without contravening agreements made with Allies, but, while the resulting difficulties with the Turks in this area are mainly attributable to the interminable delay over the peace negotiations, which enabled them to raise a new army, we cannot ignore the influence upon the situation of the policy of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet, conducted in direct opposition to the advice of their responsible military adviser, the late Sir Henry Wilson, both in continuing the military occupation of Constantinople and also in encouraging the Greeks —or perhaps it would be fairer to say, on evidence hitherto published, in not discouraging them—in their hopeless military adventure in Asia Minor. Such has been the aftermath of the ignorance amongst the nation's leaders of military conditions, as affecting Constantinople and the Straits. We can treat Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine as one strategical problem.

When Turkey came into the war in November 1914, there were no French interests, essential for winning the war, that could be injured by Turkish troops. Russia had frontiers with Turkish territory, and these had to be guarded. With those exceptions, both French and Russian military activities could be devoted to the main issue, the defeat of the German and Austro-Hungarian armies. Britain was somewhat differently situated. There were two British interests which vitally affected resources for winning the war: the security of the Suez Canal and that of the Anglo-Persian oilfield, required for the oil fuel upon which the Navy depended.

The Sinai desert rendered the Suez Canal very difficult of access by a Turkish army, and with its aid, as we have seen, the

attack on the Canal in the winter of 1914-15 was easily repulsed. An Anglo-Indian army based on Basrah, and easily reinforced from sea, could, it appeared, have dealt with any army which the Turks were likely to be able to put into the field for an attack upon the oilfield in Southern Persia, especially in view of the military help that could be afforded in Persia, by the aid of Russians in the North, and British in the South, to maintain the integrity of Persian territory. Beyond providing for these two requisites, the security of the Canal and that of the Persian oilfields, there were no military reasons for use of British forces offensively against Turkey in these theatres of war. There was, on the other hand, an obvious need to use *minimum* forces for their protection, in view of the British unpreparedness to put large armies in the field on the Continental scale, the menace of the great armies of the Central Powers to their neighbours, and the advantages which they enjoyed through being on 'interior lines' against the Allies in East and West, and through having a network of strategic railways at their disposal. As matters turned out, the original defensive plans for holding Egypt and for protecting the Anglo-Persian oilfield gradually developed into an offensive plan to follow up and defeat the Turkish armies in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine. The military man-power of the British Empire devoted to this purpose reached approximately a total of 2,100,000, including about 960,000 non-combatants. The losses in battle casualties amounted to 156,000. Losses from wastage and disease were far more serious. They are difficult to estimate, but they may be inferred from the fact that, out of the total of 2,100,000, considerably less than half that number (980,000) represents the maximum total strength in these two theatres of war at any one time. With these figures before us, there can be no doubt that other than military considerations prompted the British strategy against the Turkish armies. The aftermath is to be seen in the present situation in Iraq, in Syria, and in Palestine.

The offensive operations in Iraq seem to have been launched originally by the Indian, and not by the British, Government. It was not until they seemed to be leading to disaster that their conduct was entrusted to the British ('Imperial') General Staff. Students interested in the reason for these offensive operations will perhaps seek for it in the report of the Commissioners who were assembled, by the direction of Parliament, to conduct an inquiry, but they will seek there in vain.[4] They will find nothing beyond the cryptic phrase that the 'scope of the objective,'

[4] 'The Commission blamed the late General Nixon, the others held responsible being the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief in India, the Secretary for War, the Secretary for India, and, lastly, the Cabinet' (Field Marshal Sir William Robertson in a recent lecture, *Morning Post* report).

whatever that may mean, was not sufficiently defined in advance. We gather from General Townshend's book on his campaign of 1915 that he would have liked to push on by water to Baghdad if he could have kept the Turks on the run after his victory over them at Kut-el-Amara, but, as that was not possible, he was opposed to going forward to Ctesiphon, whence he was obliged to fall back to Kut. He was besieged there, and his army was captured. We gather that he was sent on by the late General Nixon, but whether under instructions from higher military authority, for some political motive, we do not know. There was no military object, as we have noted, to be attained. When Kut fell, after several unsuccessful attempts to relieve Townshend, and the Dardanelles adventure had ended in disaster, there seems to have been some ground for the final advance on Baghdad, to regain lost prestige in the East, but 'prestige' is a will-o'-the-wisp objective for the strategy of field armies. The ultimate result was the occupation of practically the whole of what is now Iraq by Anglo-Indian forces, and the liberation of the Arab population from Turkish rule. The British Government, responsible for the use of armies to conquer the country, was then saddled with the responsibility for its well-being. The Arabs could not be left in a state of anarchy. That was the aftermath of military strategy adopted for reasons that were not military, and up to the present time obscure. In order to make quite clear the point that the reason, whatever it may have been, was not territorial aggrandisement, I give the following quotations from a paper in the brief of the British Empire Delegation at Versailles. That the views contained therein were pressed, and acted upon, may be seen by referring to the Covenant of the League of Nations, as embodied in all the Peace Treaties. The paper is dated December 16, 1918.

> Firstly, there shall be no annexation of any of these [Turkish] territories by any of the victorious States; and secondly, in the future government of these territories and peoples, the rule of self-determination, or the consent of the governed to their form of government, shall be fairly and reasonably applied. . . .
>
> Any authority, control, or administration which may be necessary in respect of these territories or peoples, other than their own self-determined authority, shall be the exclusive function of and shall be vested in the League of Nations and exercised by and on behalf of it. . . .
>
> It shall be lawful for the League of Nations to delegate its authority, control or administration in respect of any people or territory to some other State whom it may appoint as its agent or mandatory [the use of this term on December 16, 1918, is of interest in the light of subsequent events], but that, wherever possible, the agent or mandatory so appointed shall be nominated or approved by the autonomous people or territory. . . .
>
> The mandatory State shall in each case be bound to maintain the policy of the open door or equal economic opportunity for all, and shall form no military forces beyond the standard laid down by the League for purposes of internal policy. . . .

The use of 'mandatories' ('trustees' would have been a better expression) was only intended to be a temporary expedient, until the peoples concerned could stand by themselves.

Such was the mandatory system, introduced, apparently on the initiative of the British delegation, into the terms of the Peace Treaties. Under that system we accepted a 'mandate' for Mesopotamia (now Iraq), without, perhaps, counting the cost to ourselves, in blood and in money, for maintaining order and for defending the frontiers of the country against aggressive neighbours. The present situation, as an aftermath of our conquest of Mesopotamia (for which, let us remember, there was no military reason from the point of view of victory over the Central Powers), is that we have been involved in controversy, first with the Arabs about whether they wanted any 'mandatory,' and then with the Turks about the frontier of Iraq, and whether the Mosul vilayet should be included therein. War between Turkey and Iraq, involving our intervention on the side of King Feisal, can apparently only be averted by an agreement (not yet ratified) to refer the Mosul question to the League of Nations.

Passing to Palestine. When the Turks had been forced to fall back across their own frontier, after their attempts upon the Suez Canal, they took up a strong defensive position, extending from Gaza to Beersheba. They were driven out of that position by Allenby, and their armies were routed and cut to pieces in one of the most brilliant and decisive campaigns in British military history. The friendship of the King of the Hedjaz had been previously enlisted, and an Arab army under his son the Emir Feisal, now King of Iraq, did good service by raids on the Hedjaz railway, thereby interrupting supplies and cutting off large numbers of Turks. Allenby's force pushed on to Aleppo and the Baghdad railway, thereby cutting the communications of the Turkish army which had been operating in Mesopotamia. Turkey was compelled to sue for peace.

While the local military success was undeniable, the British were left here, as in Iraq, with post-war responsibilities which they would gladly have avoided. The point can be made that, against these responsibilities, may be set the greater security of the Suez Canal, but it is questionable whether, from a military point of view, any advantage is to be gained by holding a defence line on the other side of a wide desert which has already proved its value as an obstacle to attacking armies.

No historical documentary material is available to show the reason,[6] from the point of view of winning the war, why Allenby's

[6] 'The military opinion was that there must be a defensive *rôle* there. The Prime Minister . . . insisted that the armies should be given an offensive *rôle*' Sir William Robertson).

campaign in Palestine was launched at a time when, according to the evidence of General Tasker Bliss,[6] the British Prime Minister was urging upon America the vital importance of sending troops across the Atlantic to France, because the Allies there could hardly hold their own against the forthcoming attack by German troops set free from the Russian front. Such evidence as can be collected from various diaries, reminiscences, and disclosures, points to the British War Cabinet having thought that the war could be won by seizing that inopportune moment to knock out Turkey. The troops diverted for this purpose, if they had been in France, would have enabled the British Fifth and Third Armies to hold their front in March 1918 without giving much ground, and terrific casualties would thus have been inflicted upon the German troops in their massed attacks. Even making the fullest allowance for ignorance of the military art, it seems inconceivable that such views could have prevailed among British public men. They certainly did not prevail in the nation, which has a certain 'strategic sense.' We need not follow that up, as we are now charged with the aftermath of Allenby's successful campaign rather than with its inception.

When freed from Turkish rule, the Arab majority in Palestine and in Syria did not ask for any 'mandatory' at all to look after them. They would have preferred complete independence. They were confident that they could maintain it against any attempts by the Turks to regain sovereignty over them. As matters turned out, France, for sentimental reasons, having their origin in history, was glad to obtain a mandate for Syria, and Britain accepted a mandate for Palestine, *faute de mieux*. There was no other nation willing to take the responsibility off her shoulders, and the British, having taken the country from the Turks, could not leave it without establishing some form of settled government. A further serious military complication was introduced by promising the Jews a 'national home' there, with or without the concurrence of the population of the country. The discordant element so introduced into the problem of government must necessarily prolong the time during which an outside Power must hold the reins, and accept responsibility for keeping order and for defending frontiers.

To summarise. As the result of military strategy, by conducting extended offensive operations in Turkey in the late war, Britain is at present saddled with the responsibility (1) for keeping the Straits open for all Powers desiring access to the Black Sea, (2) for maintaining order in Iraq and Palestine and helping to defend the frontiers of those countries as delimited by the League of Nations, and (3) for establishing a national home for the

[6] See *Foreign Affairs*, New York, December 1922.

Jews in Palestine. Many millions of British money have already been expended on these objects (over 150,000,000*l*. in Iraq alone). The lives of thousands of British Empire soldiers have been sacrificed, and the loyalty of the Indian Army has been severely strained. Unrest has been caused in Egypt.

Taking the military operations in detail. The Dardanelles campaign might, perhaps, if successful, have contributed to victory in the war by opening up communication with Russia, but there was no hope of success, because the capture of Gallipoli was attempted with insufficient force, without preparation, and without any attempt at secrecy, a most vital factor.

The campaigns in Mesopotamia and in Palestine secured the Persian oilfields and the Suez Canal, contributing, to that extent, to the victory which was won on the Western Front, but the extended and costly offensive operations against the Turkish armies were launched with some unknown object,[7] neither military nor ' imperialistic,' either without consulting the responsible naval and military advisers of the British Government, or directly in conflict with their advice.

If it is agreed that the evidence leads to these conclusions, then a strong case has been made out for the study of war history as a part of the education of those who aspire to govern democratic nations in time of peace, and to determine the strategy of their armies in time of war. The present heavy burdens borne by the British in Turkish and ex-Turkish territories are the natural aftermath of ignorance. It is a case of ' Learn or perish,' but it is the people who perish when their leaders are unwilling to learn (excepting in Greece, where leaders are tried and executed for their shortcomings).

In the Rhine lands, and the Ruhr, the burden of responsibility for the aftermath of ignorance does not bear so heavily upon British shoulders. The conditions of the Armistice with Germany (November 11, 1918) provided for:

> Evacuation by the German armies of the districts on the left bank of the Rhine. These districts on the left bank of the Rhine shall be administered by the local authorities under the control of the Allied and United States Armies of Occupation.
>
> The occupation of these territories by Allied and United States troops will be assured by garrisons holding the principal crossings of the Rhine (Mainz, Coblentz, Cologne), together with bridgeheads at these points of a 30-kilometre (about 19 miles) radius on the right bank, and by garrisons similarly holding strategic points of the area.
>
> A neutral zone shall be reserved on the right bank of the Rhine, between the river and a line drawn parallel to the bridgeheads and to the river and 10 kilometres (6¼ miles) distant from them between the Dutch and the Swiss frontier.

[7] The suggestion has been made that the object was to influence the political situation in England.

The establishment of bridgeheads and zones, as will be seen, was a purely military measure, adapted to the requirements of the overwhelmingly strong Allied and Associated armies in order to admit of their most effective employment if there should be any further armed resistance, or an attempt at a counter-stroke by Germany. The extent of Germany's military collapse had not at that time been fully realised; she was credited with the will and the capacity to continue fighting, but the point is that the boundaries of the occupied areas were based solely upon military considerations. The economic factor was not taken into account. Had it been, there would have been no talk of 'bridgeheads'; the troops would have been concentrated in the most vital industrial areas, with their lines of communication, of course, properly secured and guarded. Such a policy was natural, as long as Germany was credited with the power to take military action. The boundaries and plan of occupation, being dependent upon military reasons, were determined by soldiers. Then came the Versailles Conference of civilian Ministers and the President of a great republic, representing the victorious countries. They demobilised the bulk of their armies, without which the military occupied areas became ineffective. Note again the term 'bridgehead.' A bridgehead is a defended place of assembly for an army, on the far side of a river, to enable that army to debouch into the country beyond, or it may be intended to deny to a hostile army all access to the crossing over the river which it covers. If economic pressure was the object in view, it was necessary rather to hold the sources of economic prosperity, and armies became merely accessories, incapable of themselves of attaining the object desired.

Armies are the agents of destruction in international relationship. What was required was construction, the creation of wealth, from which 'reparation' and 'restitution' could be obtained from Germany, and also some sure means of securing for the Allies a fair proportion of the wealth so created. A small concentrated Allied army in (say) the Ruhr district, or in control of commercial harbours, would have been far more effective in securing the economic object than would large armies scattered throughout the whole length of a scientific frontier, with its system of bridgeheads. Against what was security most required? Against the prospect of invasion of French and of Belgian territory by German armies? They had been heavily defeated, and had little fight left in them. Or against German trickery? 'Violence and cunning' were the ideals that were held before the German nation in their war-book. The violence had broken itself; the cunning might survive. (It appears to have done so.)

We now come to the peace terms as drawn up at Versailles. These were the articles affecting occupied areas:—

Article 428. As a guarantee for the execution of the present Treaty by Germany, the German territory situated to the west of the Rhine, together with the bridgeheads, will be occupied by Allied and Associated troops for a period of fifteen years from the coming into force of the present Treaty.

Article 429. If the conditions of the present Treaty are faithfully carried out by Germany, the occupation referred to in Article 428 will be successively restricted as follows: [Here follow clauses providing for the evacuation of the Cologne bridgehead and territory after five [8] years, the Coblenz bridgehead and territories after ten years, and the bridgeheads of Mainz, Kehl, and all occupied territory after fifteen years]. If at that date [after fifteen years] the guarantees against unprovoked aggression by Germany are not considered efficient by the Allied and Associated Governments, the evacuation of the occupying troops may be delayed to the extent regarded as necessary for the purpose of obtaining the required guarantees.

Article 430. In case either during the occupation or after the expiration of the fifteen years referred to above the Reparation Commission finds that Germany refuses to observe the whole or part of her obligations under the present Treaty with regard to reparation, the whole or part of the areas specified in Article 429 will be reoccupied immediately by the Allied and Associated forces.

Article 431. If before the expiration of a period of fifteen years Germany complies with all the undertakings resulting from the present Treaty, the occupying forces will be withdrawn immediately.

We can note incidentally the constant use of the words 'and Associated,' which remind us of the main reason for the present unsettlement and distress in the Old World, in Europe and in Asia. To revert to the main issue, it seems that whereas, in the British war strategy, other than military considerations dominated the policy that was adopted, when the time arrived to make peace military considerations overrode the consideration of effective economic control, upon which satisfactory guarantees for 'restitution and reparation' depended. All nations will suffer in due proportion from the aftermath of this error, now to be seen in the French action in the Ruhr. The proportion in which the suffering will be distributed depends, for each individual nation, upon its reliance upon outside sources for economic prosperity. Britain for this reason will probably be hit the hardest. The peace terms reduced the industrial productiveness of the winning nations in so far as they imposed upon them the need to maintain large standing armies, while relieving Germany of this obligation. At the same time, little provision was made for controlling the wealth produced by German labour. Under existing conditions, the winners do not seem likely to recover from Germany much more than the cost of the armies engaged in their enforcement, and the immediate effect of the French and Belgian action has been to revive in Germany a national spirit, without which there was no danger of military aggression.

[8] The temporary nature of the task allotted to the British Army of the Rhine has not, perhaps, been generally recognised.

It is too late to revise the mistakes made in British military strategy during the war. We must face their aftermath as best we can. Is it too late to revise the mistakes made by the Allied and Associated Powers at Versailles?

GEORGE ASTON.

NOTE.—No reference has been made in this article to the faulty strategy in keeping at Salonika an army too strong for defence and not strong enough for offence. Sir William Robertson, in a lecture delivered after the article was written, has laid stress on this error, which was due to a compromise between the British and French Governments.—G. A.

COMPETITION AND WAR

THE progress of human ingenuity, through barbaric, Homeric, chivalric and mechanical contests to modern war, grows more and more menacing. The duel was killed by ridicule and lethal weapons. It does not appear probable that war will be killed by either. Virgil, who was thinking of slave wars and civil wars and barbarian wars following upon the drama in three parts entitled *Delenda est Carthago*, complains that

> Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum,

and he goes on to compare the world to a charioteer who vainly tugs at the reins while his horses career furiously round the arena. Such is our case.

Is it possible to abolish competitive trials of strength? Bardolph swaggers on the stage till Fluellen (a great Welshman) trounces him. Bob Acres shivers piteously while Sir Lucius O'Trigger (a great Irishman) explains about snug lying in the Abbey. We laugh, and the duel gets discredited because—we dislike the idea of coffee and automatic pistols. That isn't fair competition. When competition leads to war, and war is so destructive that no one gets reparations, the spirit of jurisprudence retires in disgust. Then the strong man armed possesses his goods in peace, until the next war. We have reverted to the Border Law (for which both the English and the Scots were responsible).

> The good old rule, the simple plan;
> That he should take who hath the power,
> And he should keep who can.

In this paper we set out to discuss three questions:—

I. Is Competition of the essence of Society? Can Society in its modern sense cohere or hold together without it?

II. If there is uncontrolled or unregulated Competition, will it inevitably lead to War?

III. Can we regulate this sort of Competition? If by a relentless process it does lead to War, can we regulate it so as to limit or prevent wars?

I. Is Competition of the essence of Modern Society? In this new industrial and mechanical age it is necessary to define it. I

would define it as 'competition in material things,' as 'the measuring of the intellect and resources of a man, or of a group of individuals against those of another man or of another group, working in the same field of human endeavour, to create or produce or distribute what the world needs.' It presupposes co-operation among the different elements composing the competitive unit. Thus a single man must employ all his energies. No one ever excelled even in a game without doing that. A competitive group is composed of numerous individuals all of whom possess 'wealth,' potential or dynamic. If these forces work together harmoniously, their tendency is to displace other competitors, and thus supply with their products or services the consumer who pays for the thing he gets.

The aim, in theory, of each competitive unit, which is rarely attained, is to achieve a monopoly. If that happens, various services arise to regulate or destroy it. But, as a rule, the clash of competitive groups leads to further co-operation and produces what mankind requires and pays for by the elimination of inefficient competitors. In this way supply is always arising to satisfy demand.

This sort of thing is, I suppose, as old as Time, but in its modern form is leading towards acute danger, yet it is of the very essence of the human nature of each individual. In all the activities of a competitive unit the desire or necessity to gain a given object furnishes the incentive to work. This of course applies to each individual member of the unit. The necessity of eating and being housed and clothed is the primary compelling force in the case of each individual. The desire for marital relationship introduces the element of partnership, and spurs both members to earn the wherewithal to provide for the rising family. The pure tonic of love of work operates only in selected individuals dominated by constructive ideals. Thus Shakespeare, finding himself at twenty-one years of age the father of twins, was forced to go and hold horses at a theatre door through which he caught glimpses of a career involving world-wide fame and the lay-rectorship of Stratford Church. As he made progress with his associates, the practical part of him was buying houses and lands while his imagination ran riot in Italian romances. His distanced competitors railed at him as 'an upstart crow beautified with our feathers.' But he gave his public what they wanted. He could not have done so without the co-operation of Burbage, Hemming, Condell and others, and the competition of Ben Jonson and others. Publicity is another thing which, in our modern sense, he did not have. Think how much he owes to the Baconians!

Competition, therefore, originates in the individual, leads of necessity to co-operation, involves the use of the energies or

'wealth' of each member of the group, which are useless unless dynamically employed. Nor is every such venture successful. When it succeeds it is creative of further 'wealth,' which again must be used. No well-managed business distributes all its 'profits.' These have to be conserved for the sustenance and extension of the business, otherwise it is ruled out and is no longer competitive.

Between the associates in a competitive unit, though there is no true partnership in the legal sense of sharing money losses as well as profits, there is something like it, because the man who works physically or mechanically gives all he has to give, or should give it, and suffers acute loss through unemployment, of which he naturally has an intense fear. There is an equally intense fear on the part of those who finance and direct the business that unforeseen disaster may overwhelm them. All the associates, therefore, have a strong incentive to give their best work, and to provide reserves against times of trouble. These considerations operate towards efficiency in the never-ending process of competition.

The question now is, 'Can Society hold together without this sort of Competition ? ' Man is gregarious, and must be associated with others to form a unit. If he has undoubted gifts and is a real worker, he gathers his own unit and, by service, leads it. If he is forced by circumstances, or is less able and ambitious, he joins the group controlled and sustained by wills more forceful and far-sighted than his own, and serves in his own way. Each of the above persons may think he is acting according to his own interests, but each is impelled or restrained by other forces, and each man's interest is the interest of all.

Trade (without which no country can, in a civilised sense, exist) originates by the efforts of men persisting in the face of loss and discouragement, and without State aid. It develops by proving its fitness in the face of competition, and can only succeed if the associates keep faith with each other. 'Confidence in an unfaithful man is like a broken tooth or a foot out of joint.'

In the early days of iron ships two young Scotchmen sold a little grocery business and went to work on the Clyde. They introduced into India the first vessels operated by steam to trade round the coasts and to ply on the great rivers. As time went on business grew in indigo, tea, cotton, jute, and other merchandise. Mills were built, which give direct or indirect employment to millions, and distribute their output to millions. One of those men spared some of his energies for a railway in East Africa, and so helped to lay the foundations of further enterprise. That first steam vessel brought to India is now represented by the largest competitive combination of freight and passenger ships in the world. From the same little place in Scotland, in similar

circumstances of achievement of the impossible, came one of the largest packing businesses in the United States. The well-known case of Lord Strathcona, who spent a lifetime in the frozen solitudes of Hudson's Bay before he could emerge to take his part in the making of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which meant the making of Canada, is another instance. Achievements like these, and they are being accomplished everywhere to-day, are of the very spirit of competition. Most of the pioneers fall by the way, and others arise to face inertia, prejudice and active opposition, and in their turn go down without deriving any material benefit for themselves. They are the unsuccessful competitors who seem to say

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

As regards the money lost in unsuccessful ventures, nobody says anything about it. It has gone to supply services, furnish employment, and build up experience.

British trade has been compared to a giant crane with many arms, such as shipping, banking, insurance and other agencies, reaching out to the ends of the earth, and depending upon thrift, hard work, and commercial vision. This is a mechanical comparison, which with a little imagination gives us a glimpse of a mysterious shuttle, weaving the threads of international requirements, directed by innumerable competing interests, and controlled by economic laws which are only understood when they have worked out their consequences. The delicate mechanism of the crane and the activities of the shuttle may be easily wrecked.

England is a little country of 128,000 square miles and about forty-five millions of population, with one harbour for each day in the year, buying most of her food and all her raw materials from competing producers. Japan, with an area of 148,000 square miles and ten millions more of population, is in much the same position except as regards food production. Emigration is the crying need of both countries, and overseas trade the natural *métier* of both. England has to make her living on the sea and by means of the sea. Is it seriously contended by anybody that competition can be abolished ? Obviously it is of the essence of society everywhere on this globe.

But it will be said by some of our Eastern friends that the modern competitive industrial system is not applicable to the East. Mr. Ghandi has steadfastly maintained that, and he has many followers. The answer is given by the immense material benefits conferred in recent years upon the peoples of Eastern countries by the application of that system. Famines are combated. Means of communication give new opportunities to everyone. Industrial employment and the opening out of new markets for agricultural

produce help to improve the standard of living. These things could not have been done without competition.

The real difficulty arises in the transition from a state of society in which the Family is the unit to one in which the Individual, with new aspirations, becomes the unit. That process must necessarily be a slow one. It is to be hoped that it will not involve the destruction of that family life, and that universal benevolence towards the poor, of which Eastern countries may justly be proud.

For countless ages China was wrapt in profound studies. Japan, after a brief experience of Western civilisation, closed her doors for 300 years. No ship could be built with more than one mast. But the latter country, only seventy years ago, reversed this policy, and is now a civilised competitor. China in time will also be one. India, torn by internal conflicts, welcomed the merchant, and is now essaying the experiment of political government. With mills at Bombay and Ahmedabad, the great Tata ironworks, and other activities, owned and controlled by Indians, she is already a civilised competitor. The argument need not be developed with reference to Canada, Australasia, Africa, and the two Americas. *Res ipsa loquitur.*

II. Does Competition, if uncontrolled or unregulated, lead to Wars? As our modern industrial system is only a hundred years old it may be said that all the old wars ought to be ruled out of this discussion. If so, we are limited to the recent war, because competition in its modern acute form is very recent. But the inquiry is not without profit, as will presently be acknowledged.

On examining some of the wars of the past, we who stand on the perilous brink of future wars immediately discover that wars cannot be superficially described as dynastic or militarist, wars of autocrats and Condottieri, wars of religion and so forth, because they always had some underlying cause besides the personal wishes of rulers or the ambitions of generals.

It is quite clear that many of the old wars arose out of the necessity for originating and developing trade, the necessity for protecting commerce against depredations, that these were the main factors which induced peoples desirous of expansion to go to war, and that these factors repeat themselves in our own day.

> War's a bloody game
> Which, were their subjects wise, kings would not play at.

It is mere loose thinking to say that the people were always led into war by their rulers.

Another conclusion, equally plain, is that commerce in old days was preyed upon, sought protection from the great ones of the earth, and persistently aimed at a monopoly.

The story of Mediterranean trade seems clear enough. Cretans

and Phœnicians were engaged in it at a very early date. Possibly the Hebrews might have become sea traders had they gained the coast. It is now their privilege to trade everywhere. But the opportunity they lost when they left the corn of Egypt for the corn of Palestine was eagerly taken up by others, and resulted in the struggle for the corn and wine and oil of Sicily between Greek and Carthaginian, developing into the larger conflict for the world's trade between Carthage and Rome. This is the story of more than a thousand years. In the intervals of actual war the peoples of the competing countries appear to have traded together. The Phœnicians seem to have kept their trade routes secret as long as they could. The little Greek city states also regarded trade as a monopoly, constantly fought one another, and failed to co-operate against the common enemy. The Carthaginians, always pushing westward to open up new markets, felt at last that a stand must be made against the rising power of the Republic, and in the end Rome wiped Carthage out.

Under the strong hand of Rome, Mediterranean trade must have been fairly safe. None of her barbarian enemies were sea people. When the centre of power shifted to Byzantium, trade must have continued under predatory conditions, accentuated with the rise of the Saracen power.

In the Middle Ages trade was a privilege claimed by various cities and bodies of merchants, a monopoly protected by rulers, who collected taxes and with that money employed mercenaries. The seas were not safe. Thus the Barons of Ravello, from their crag above Amalfi, protected their commercial settlements in Palermo, Naples, and other harbour cities against the Saracens, obtained a monopoly of the dye trade, came to terms with the Normans, issued a maritime code known as the 'Tavole Amalfitane' regulating nautical affairs and the commerce of the Mediterranean, and finally succumbed to the armed competition of the great Italian commercial republics. These again, weakened by conflict with the Moslem, yielded the Eastern trade to the Portuguese and the Dutch, who in their turn gave place to the French and the British.

The Crusades, advertised as wars of religion, were successively undertaken to set up barriers against the penetration of Islam with its consequent domination of the Mediterranean and Eastern trade routes, and, as such, appealed to all Christian peoples. The blows dealt by Castile and Aragon to the Moors enabled Spain eventually to discover America, though, no doubt, such blows were struck in the name of the Cross. And similar blows were dealt, about the year 1571, against the waning power of the Crescent, when Don John of Austria, the last of the Crusaders, won his naval victory at Lepanto, and when the Turk was rolled back from the

gates of Vienna. The wars of Spain against the Low Countries were an assertion of her power to hold corsairs in check and to impose taxes upon an enterprising maritime nation which was capable of interfering with the profitable trade arising out of the discovery of America, which enriched the churches of Spain with priceless works of art. The Spanish war upon England, long averted by the diplomacy of Elizabeth and Burleigh, was waged against her most deadly competitor for the Admiralty of the Atlantic. The religious side of all these wars has been freely advertised, but their real nature, and the concurrence therein of the peoples concerned, cannot be doubted.

One cannot help thinking that the experience of individual merchants, who found their initiative checked and their enterprises ruined by the exactions of rulers and the depredations of corsairs, brought about the co-operation of consumers in all countries, and that the powerful aid of the Church was invoked to induce Governments to wage what were really commercial wars. Huguenots driven from their own country gave an object-lesson in the creation of new industries. Jacques of Tours, despoiled of all his possessions by a short-sighted ruler, fled to an island in the Mediterranean, and left his customers unsatisfied. Jews expelled from England transferred their activities to Spain. In this way a commercial sense was created, and people got to know the value of the undisturbed interchange of products, under the ægis of chambers of commerce, through the agency of bills of exchange then first used.

Coming nearer to our own time, Cromwell's victories over the Dutch gave us a chance to secure the carrying trade of the seas, and Job Charnock settled on the banks of the Hooghly, where for two centuries Portuguese, Danes, Dutch, and French had their factories. In the latter part of the eighteenth century English merchants, finding their trade with the West Indies incapable of expansion, turned definitely eastward. This is the time when the commercial laws of England were first put into shape by a great Chief Justice, Lord Mansfield, and one may read in *Douglas' Reports* his decisions on Banking, on Bills of Exchange, Insurance, Shipping, and other commercial contracts. The era of patents and inventions, of railways, of steam and electricity came afterwards. But there were those who knew what was coming, and Napoleon was one of them.

The Napoleonic Wars undoubtedly involved the ambition of the far-sighted Corsican to carve out, through Egypt, the way to India, which had then been lost to French enterprise owing to the poor support given to Dupleix and to Admiral Suresnes. Had his dream come true, Napoleon would have turned his attention to the lands of Louisiana, too easily bartered away, and to the lost Province of Quebec.

The American Civil War involved the underlying desire of the people to preserve unity, and Lincoln's inspired instinct led them to maintain Federation, preserve the energies of a great continent intact for the development of its immense natural resources under one Government, and thus avoid disruption with its weakening effects.

From these instances we may deduce the conclusion that competition, which is a part of our nature, becomes regulated as society moves on in the path of civilisation, and that the wars of the past, before our modern industrial system emerged, were mostly wars connected with commerce, and arose out of competitive commercial instincts deep seated in the peoples of those days.

The question to which this discussion leads up is whether competition in material things as defined above led to Germany's recent wars, and will, if uncontrolled or unregulated, lead to future wars. That question can only be answered in the affirmative. The Franco-Prussian War was undertaken for unity preparatory to commercial development, and involved, among other things, the control of valuable deposits of iron ore then known to exist. As regards the recent war, it was said by most Germans to have been undertaken to secure Germany's 'place in the sun.' That expression presupposes a favoured treatment for some people while others are to be at a disadvantage, and our sense of justice has never tolerated that idea. We have gone to undeveloped countries because they did not develop their resources—in fact could not. Once they can do so, we invite them to take their place in the comity of nations, but they will have to submit to the laws of competition like everybody else. Our work has been accomplished by individual incentive operating in lonely and discouraging fields. If the expression 'place in the sun' means a fair field and no favour, Germany had that. The war, in fact, was a predatory one, planned by a huge perfectly organised competitive unit. Not only the Junkers, but the mercantile, banking and agricultural communities, and a powerful Press, had their representatives in the Pan-German League, all co-operating in a spirit of unfair competition. Of such stuff wars are made.

III. Can we control Competition? Can we regulate it so as to prevent wars altogether, or check them in process of formation, or make them less likely to happen?

If competition is of the essence of human society, it follows that we must be careful how we interfere with it, otherwise we may be laying the axe to the tree of constructive effort.

If the competitive spirit has in the past played its part in driving nations into war, is there any means by which this spirit can be kept within the channels of constructive effort?

This subject should not be approached in a contentious spirit. Rather let us select material for argument which will allow impersonal discussion. Fluellen, O'Trigger, and the Border robbers did not object when we took away their characters. Let us make experiment with the reputation of one of Solomon's heroes, the husband of the virtuous woman.

He must have been a predatory patriarch, since it is said that he had 'no need of spoil' after his wife exhibited the true qualities of a competitive merchant. She rises while it is yet night, considers and buys a field, plants a vineyard, brings her food from afar. She has the human touch as well as the constructive vision. It can scarcely be supposed that such a paragon of service should not be well served.

It looks as if Trade has 'need of spoil,' becomes predatory and parasitic, and leads to wars, first industrial, then to those of nations, unless the constructive virtues are practised. Everyone may paraphrase Solomon in the way he likes best, but the above conclusions seem inevitable unless human nature greatly changes.

The first answer, then, must be that wars will come unless we try to prevent them. And we must make our efforts far more effectual than they have been in the past.

This must be the work of the individual added to the work of other individuals, together producing a collective and cumulative effort which mankind will find it impossible to resist. All the intellect and all the resources of every individual have to be enlisted in this cause, so as to form an irresistible group stronger than the predatory forces that make for war. The forces that make for peace have to compete with the forces that make for war and overcome them, not by spasmodic efforts, but by a continuous pursuit of the right ideals.

What are these ideals ?

1. Is not the disregard of economic laws one of the most fruitful sources of war, industrial war as well as wars of nations ?

2. Is not the faithful fulfilment of obligations one of the great safeguards against such wars ?

Firstly, as regards 'economic laws.' The true merchant, according to Solomon, looks well to the ways of the household, the laws of the house in which we have to live and on which our very existence depends. It will not avail us to talk vaguely of our moral responsibilities to society while each one of us relentlessly pursues what he wants according to his own notions of fair play and justice. We have also to consider how our actions and conduct will affect the position of other people. Economic laws override human plans. They are continually forcing themselves upon our attention after they have been disobeyed. Some of them will readily suggest themselves.

The confiscation of peoples' savings saps the development of business. Money readily transfers itself to other countries, and human enterprise follows its own star. A man will buy the best article he can in the cheapest market, but if he has no money he cannot buy, and if he is not producing he will have no money. All your acts have consequences and, if you destroy initiative and potential or dynamic 'wealth,' your competitor ousts you. If your environment does not suit you, you must adapt yourself to it or find another. No laws ever made trade; it makes or mars itself, and no State aid or interference can ever take the place of private effort. You cannot take a business out of the hands of those who know how to work it. Natural and industrial products seek their affinities. Willing production competes successfully against half-hearted production.

These are hard laws, but trade opportunities will not wait for a man to make up his mind. He competes successfully who

> Grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star.

The recent war was an attempt on the part of the aggressor to override all economic laws.

Secondly, as to 'obligations.' The idea of contractual obligations is at least 4000 years old, and is the basis of all civilised society. It occurs in an old code of the irrigated lands of Mesopotamia in a wonderfully modern form. The Roman law of contract was incorporated with the common law of Europe. What is a contract? When two or more parties agree upon the same thing in the same sense for a consideration, that gives rise to rights and obligations. It may be relieved against when fraud, mistake, or undue influence is shown. When broken it may in some cases be enforced; in others the injured party gets damages. Unless individuals and States fulfil their obligations the fabric of society crumbles away. Hugo Grotius, with personal experience of the Thirty Years' War, attempted to apply to sovereign States the laws which govern individuals. From this attempt came our modern international law. That did not prevent wars, nor did the later development of the Hague Tribunal, but both undoubtedly controlled and regulated wars.

There can be no doubt that competition, which is a part of our nature, becomes controlled and regulated by agreement as society moves on in the path of civilisation, but if the predatory and parasitic side of human nature gets the upper hand, then wars are inevitable. An immense majority of people in the world, if allowed to do so, will use its energies in the best kind of services. The machinery of proved laws and the Association of the League of

Nations, which competes with those forces and is by far the greatest constructive idea of our time, come to the aid of that majority, but if those forces run unchecked, then wars with all their consequences will continue.

> Sic omnia fatis
> In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri,
> Non aliter quam qui adverso flumine lembum
> Remigiis subigit, si brachia forte remisit
> Atque illum in praeceps prono rapit alveus amni.

It lies upon the conscience of each individual not to lay down his oars.

ARTHUR CASPERSZ.

THE WORKERS AND THE GREEK SPIRIT

THE Dean of St. Paul's, in an article contributed to *The Legacy of Greece*, has reminded us that

a . . . revolt is in progress among the *plebs urbana*, which does in truth threaten with destruction 'what we owe to Greece.' The industrial revolution has generated a new type of barbarism, with no roots in the past. For the second time in the history of Western Europe, continuity is in danger of being lost. Quite logically [he adds] the new spirit is in revolt against what it calls intellectualism, which means the application of the dry light of reason to the problems of human life. It wishes to substitute for reason what some of its philosophers call instinct, but which should rather be called sentiment and emotion. There is no reconciliation between this view of life and Hellenism. For science is the eldest and dearest child of the Greek spirit. One of the great battles of the future will be between science and its enemies. The misologists have numbers on their side; but 'Nature,' whom all the Greeks honoured and trusted, will be justified in her children.

Now whenever it comes to pass that sentiment and emotion are substituted for reason in the direction and governance of the British Empire its days are numbered. The fate of Russia is a warning. Clear thinking is the great need of the time. But you cannot suddenly by a word teach a people to think clearly. Only education, thorough and prolonged, can do that. Those who will be the men and women of fifteen years hence may be taught; the men and women of to-day are beyond the influence of schools. And one must admit sadly that, even if they had had a much sounder education than was given to them, it would still have been very difficult for men who by the million are out of work, underfed, and badly housed, and who see their wives and children suffering by no fault of theirs, to reflect quietly, without prejudice or bias, upon the social and economic problems of the day. They are up against the things that hurt. They are in pain, and they crave relief; but no relief comes. The orthodox advisers have no remedy to offer them, no remedy but patience. What can they do then but turn to the quack? After all, there is a chance there, and, at grips with a terrible disease, an untrained, unstored mind will certainly explore it. If it succeeds it is well; if it fails, from their point of view at any rate, things can hardly be much

worse. There is little about pain—pain of body and spirit—that Labour does not know by personal experience. Emotion and sentiment rise to its lips too naturally. It has not been taught to think; the dry light of reason is seldom visible above its dull horizon.

That, no doubt, in part explains why the workers distrust reason, and the intellectuals who proclaim its sovereign right. It seems to them that they are always being told that they must go on suffering in the dark. Their patience hitherto has been very wonderful, but we have no right to assume that it will last for ever.

The brilliant contributors to *The Legacy of Greece* do not in so many words tell us how, under such conditions, a *plebs urbana* is to be taught to think, and persuaded to take reason for its guide. One is, however, inclined to surmise that in their opinion more boys should learn Greek. Let us be quite clear at once. There is no hope that way. At best not 1 per cent. of our population could ever learn Greek, and if they did, not one-tenth of that 1 per cent. would ever attain thereby to that clear-eyed search for truth which Greece inspires, for they would not be able to read Greek books freely for the sake of what is in them. Not by one-tenth of 1 per cent. shall we be saved. It is the 99 per cent. whom, by some means, we must reach. If they are to know nothing for themselves about the Greek spirit and its legacy, be sure that they will have no faith in it as expounded by a small and privileged class.

But is it really so imperatively necessary that we should reach the ninety and nine? 'What on earth has the *plebs urbana* to do with the Greek spirit? What are we coming to?' one hears Sir Eric Geddes ask. Sir Eric has his eyes on certain millions sterling which should be saved annually at the expense of education. *To what purpose does he save them?* If the children in our schools to-day are to have no better or wider education than they get there now, when, some ten or fifteen years hence, they in their turn set their hands to affairs, they can very soon make those millions, and a hundred times those millions, worth no more than waste paper by their uninstructed folly. Surely we have had lessons enough of late to teach us that there is very little permanence about our institutions or possessions once a people dominated by sentiment and emotion gets loose among them.

All history tells the same tale. From the fall of Minoan Crete to the fall of Tsarist Russia how many chapters end with the wreck of an empire, the irruption of the barbarian, the disappearance of an old civilisation, and the slow emergence of its infant successor from the gipsy level of culture once again. That wheel has not stopped turning.

How utterly the painful gains of centuries may vanish let an example teach.

Hippocrates, the illustrious Greek who practised medicine and surgery at Cos and Athens in the fifth century B.C., was a true son of science. He pursued knowledge—which is truth—without prejudice or bias, observing, verifying, recording, with patient accuracy, generalising too where his experience justified him. His mental habits were those of the most enlightened men of science of to-day. It was he who summed up the whole duty of the medical profession in a splendid oath which the medical students in the classic age of Greece were required to take before they entered upon their life's work. The little treatise that contained that oath was still studied by Scottish medical students a generation ago, and may be found in use in some American Universities to-day. There is much in the writings of Hippocrates and his school—both clinical observations and surgical treatises—that is said not to have been surpassed until the nineteenth century. We know that no less an authority than Mr. Tristram Shandy himself calls him as an expert witness, whose word is final, to 'the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion.' So long a task it was to overtake him again when once his light was lost, and the scientific spirit done to death.

After the Roman Empire was wrecked by the barbarians the wisdom of Greece was lost to the West. For a thousand years such science as was practised was led in fetters by emotion and sentiment. It was never free. Medicine sank back into the depths. So Chaucer's 'Doctour of Phisik'

> was grounded in astronomye.
> He kepte his pacient a ful greet deel
> In houres, by his magyk natureel.

And Master John of Gaddesden, who was Court physician to King Edward II, could treat thus a patient who was suffering from the stone;

> At last I thought of collecting a good quantity of those beetles, which in summer are found in the dung of oxen, also of the crickets which sing in the fields. I cut off the heads and wings of the crickets, and put them with the beetles and common oil into a pot; I covered it and left it afterwards for a day and night in a bread oven I drew out the pot and heated it at a moderate fire. I pounded the whole and rubbed the sick parts; and in three days the pain disappeared.

Seventeen hundred years after Hippocrates we are back in the artless days of magic and the medicine of folklore; nor does science regain control till the Renaissance brings him back once more. Civilisation is indeed a fragile growth, and the light of reason is easily obscured. Stifle liberty of thought and science

dies. To make its doom the swifter and more certain, your Bolshevist, who has no love for truth (which damns his theories), is apt to kill professors to still their inconvenient tongues. Well did Dr. Johnson, with his usual solid sense, remind us that 'it is matter of very melancholy consideration that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good.'

We are within a measurable distance of the day when a Labour Ministry will be in office, when it, like all its predecessors, will have 'more power of doing evil than good,' and, for want of knowledge, may be more apt to do it. If Ministers are to lead wisely, they must find wisdom and patience and loyalty in their followers Those qualities they can never find unless all receive a liberal education. Labour must be educated before it governs. Heaven knows, it asks to be.

At present the young men of Labour are moved more by feeling than by reason ; and when, after years of hard work by day and close study by night, they go to a University or a Labour College for a short intensive course in economics, they go with their minds made up on questions that should be open. They have adopted a system, and their studies are directed to a search for arguments to fortify it. That is the method of a lawyer preparing a brief, not of a philosopher seeking truth. 'Those who would rightly judge of truth,' said Aristotle, 'must be arbitrators, not litigants.' If one would be a statesman and lead a nation, one must keep one's mind open to the truth and seek it by every means in one's power. To accept a system and then search for arguments to fortify it is to ask for trouble. That way Russia went, and the population of St. Petersburg is now about a quarter of what it was six years ago. Human society in Russia has taken a long step backwards. The Dark Ages, barbarism, have returned. The poor amenities of life have vanished. Culture has sunk to the gipsy level. That is what happens when the rulers and the people are careless of the truth, and shut their eyes to facts. Facts—facts of politics, of economics, of psychology—all facts, break you if you ignore them. You must study them and find their meaning. But unless he has had a liberal education, honest, patient, impartial study is beyond a man's power, beyond the range of his information.

'Not to know what has been transacted in former times is to continue always a child,' said Cicero 2000 years ago. Who would not be arrested by the sad verdict of Thucydides upon the consequences to Greece of the twenty-seven disastrous years of the Peloponnesian War, and the conflicts of class which it encouraged ?

> In every state there were conflicts of class, and the leaders of the respective parties now procured the intervention of the Athenians or the Lakedaimonians on their side. In peace-time they would have had neither the opportunity nor the inclination to call in the foreigner, but now there

was the war, and it was easy for any party of violence to get their opponents crushed and themselves into power by an alliance with one of the belligerents. This recrudescence of class war brought one calamity after another upon the States of Greece—*calamities that occurred and will continue to occur as long as human nature remains what it is*, however they may be modified or occasionally mitigated by changes of circumstance. Under the favourable conditions of peace-time communities and individuals . . . can act up to a higher standard. But war strips away all the margins of ordinary life and breaks in character to circumstance by its brutal training. . . .

So the class war plunged Greek society into every kind of moral evil, and honesty, which is the chief constituent of idealism, was laughed out of existence in the prevailing atmosphere of hostility and suspicion.

Like all the great Greeks, Thucydides searched with a single heart for the truth of things. He was an arbitrator, not a litigant. Much as he loved Athens, he showed no bias in his history. All personal considerations are ignored. Though he held a high command in the Peloponnesian War, and had the misfortune to lose an important strategic position, for which he was broken and exiled, he tells the story of those events, that meant so much to him, quietly, without comment, in the third person, as if he had no concern with them. That is the judicial, the scientific, way of treating facts. That Thucydides suffered had no bearing on them, nor even whether it was just that Thucydides should suffer. He knew that it was so, and said nothing. What an incomparable lesson for us, how unforgettable once read!

The ancient world is full of lessons. Must we study Greek and Latin to learn them? Surely not. Rather it is true that many spend years in the study of Latin and Greek and yet never learn them, never acquire the scientific spirit, or take reason for their guide. Only the few get far enough to read the books with ease and understanding, for the sake of what is in them. Most boys, when they leave school or University, joyously throw them away, and never open them again. That is not the way to use books. Let them be read in English, and they will make an immediate appeal. Let us have no nonsense about the inadequacy of translations, we, the people of a translated book, the Bible.

One day there will be a common education for all the people, and it will be founded on the mother tongue. Then Greek will make its full appeal to us. Many of those who have approached the Greek classics through English will want to read them in the original, and the number learning Greek, and really using what they learn, will be greater than it is to-day.

Labour often says that it has no time for culture. If it pushes culture on one side as unimportant, it will not attain to a sympathetic imagination, or learn how human nature works. Without imagination it is impossible to deal wisely with foreign or imperial affairs. He, for example, who would govern India, must under-

stand her; and he who would understand India must be able to think himself into another world of associations and ideas far away from Glasgow or Manchester or Birmingham, and the men and institutions and ways of thought with which he is familiar there. The stunted education which, in our folly, we offer to the children of the workers, the common text-books and the vain lecturing of half-educated teachers, will never wing them for such flights. Without imagination it is not possible so much as to begin the search for truth. Each man is sure that he has it here and now. Humility, a consciousness of ignorance, must precede enlightenment. Sympathetic imagination, the capacity to understand people and ideas hitherto unfamiliar to us, are a part of the legacy of Greece in which all men may have their share through the medium of a common education in the mother tongue. What a solvent of class differences, of suspicions, antipathies, and misunderstandings, such an education would prove itself! How inevitably they are perpetuated by the class education of to-day!

The scientific spirit, which always seeks the truth of things, is not fostered only or mainly, as perhaps there was a tendency at one time to suppose, by the study of science in the laboratory. The value of experimental science as a medium of education is probably even now greatly over-estimated. Unless we follow a more liberal course, we shall be in danger of looking on human nature as some chemical consistent in its reaction to a given stimulus, whereas its vagaries almost defy calculation. No two men are alike, and even the same man will change his views or his course of action as temper prompts; and temper has been known to wait on appetite. It needs a wise man to predict how a nation will receive his well-meant laws. The proper study of mankind is man, and he who would deal wisely with affairs must pursue it. If a man would get things done he must mark and humour the ways of those with whom he works and among whom he lives. Even wood cuts better one way than another. If we study the way of the grain in wood is it much to ask that we shall study it in man?

Those, for example, who advocate the nationalisation of industry and the suppression of individualism, would do well to study man and his story. They can make no progress till they face the facts. To rely upon theory and hope for the best is to commit national suicide. Man is very imperfect. It is our task to make him wiser, better, less selfish, more humane; but it is a hard task, and it will not be greatly advanced in one generation, nor perhaps in ten. Now man as he is will not work harder than other people unless he himself is to benefit by doing so, and he will not save unless what he saves is to be his own. But the wealth of the country is built up by the man who will work when others play, and save

when others spend; and if we check the accumulation of wealth at the source, what becomes of work and wages? We have Russia again. Clearly we must change men greatly before we can attain to our ideal and get rid of individualism. It is not a nice motive, and we cannot be proud of it, or of its works. It is responsible for many injustices and much suffering; but its roots are deep in the past, and its extirpation is a task that will call for long and patient study. The man who will cure our present ills must seek the truth and not hunt for arguments. His knowledge of man and his story must be wide, his methods those of the philosopher. He will attain neither to that knowledge nor to those methods if he goes no further than the eighteenth century and the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution. He cannot go too far or know too much.

Let our schools take up the task and put him on the road. That is the most that they can do; they cannot lead him to his goal. 'The whole art of teaching,' said M. Anatole France, 'is only the art of awakening the natural curiosity of young minds for the purpose of satisfying it afterwards.' And as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has finely put it: 'The secret—which is also the reward—of all learning lies in the passion for the search.' But do we, in our schools, awaken that natural curiosity, and inspire the passion for the search? Do we not go far to extinguish both in the majority of our pupils? Our methods are sadly at fault. Put the pupil to the book and cease to lecture. The lecture method is sound enough at a later age, if the lecturer is a man of learning, master of his subject; but it is most vicious when the pupils are young children, or the lecturer is at the limits of his knowledge, and perhaps beyond them. Because the elementary school for generations had no books, we have come to rely too much on what we call 'method,' and we think that training, rather than education, makes a teacher. Training tends to make him talk: it even aims to do so; and inspectors, as he knows, have learned to judge him by his ordered fluency. Perhaps a day will come when they will learn to judge him by his capacity to get hard work and clear thought out of his pupils with the least expenditure of words. The young teachers of to-day too often seem to fancy that by torrents of fluent speech they can do for their pupils what each pupil must do for himself. We have overtrained them. Let us rather teach them to be silent, and to put the pupil in the old fashion to his book.

H. W. Household.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT OF JOURNALIS

' Is it practicable,' asked somebody recently, ' to produce a run without loss a " popular " newspaper achieving a large s yet clean, spiritual, and free from degrading " stunts," a pa thoroughly decent and conscientious, and at the same t commercially sound ? '

Twenty, fifteen, or even ten years ago we used to hear a g deal about the degrading ' commercialism ' of the popular d Press. We do not hear so much about it to-day. It was a fa cry in so far as it contrasted the economic basis of the newspa of to-day with a suggested uneconomic basis of the Victor newspaper, for the latter always was, or was intended to be sound commercial proposition. All the greater journals in latter half of the nineteenth century—*The Times*, the *Morn Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News* (to name London papers alone)—were not mer highly informative, influential, and eminently respectable journ but all, in their heyday, were profitable, and brought wea as well as *kudos*, to their proprietors. At the opening of the n century they had fallen on leaner days. Some of them made virtue of necessity, and pointed to their poverty as a sign inward grace. But that was a fiction which could not be ma tained. It was idle to accuse the new halfpenny popular Pr of ' commercialism ' merely because it was winning the circulations and capturing the advertisements, for what it really proving was, not that journalism could be business—wh it always must be—but that it could be made into a new kinc business on a large modern scale, producing still bigger prof and exercising possibly a still vaster influence.

Nor do I think it could reasonably be maintained that commercialism was necessarily meaner or degrading. In Victorian Press there was a great deal of puffing and log-rolli such as is hardly possible in the popular Press to-day. No the limited available space is far too jealously watched to perr of frequent intrusions of this sort. And if our attention is dra quite properly, to the undue influence exercised by firms wh spend money in advertising, the answer is obvious : the m

successful a paper is, and the more effective its commercialism, so much the more is it disinclined to be influenced by individual advertisers; the more prosperous it is, the less it is worth its while to kow-tow to tradesmen who might seek to influence it by spending a paltry 100*l*. or 1000*l*. on advertisement space.

The journalist himself has learnt that his own freedom, his own self-respect, depend on the establishment of his profession on a sound business footing. A Press which lives upon subsidies is a dependent Press, existing for the sake of some special interest which the owners have in view—political, commercial, or social—interests which are not those of journalism proper. But a Press which pays its way depends not on the bounty of proprietors, but on the professional skill of the journalist. A paper in such a case is not a liability, but a property, and upon the journalist's skill the value of this property depends. In these circumstances excellence in the profession counts for more, and the whole status of the Press is raised; and journalists as a body, pointing to the success of their efforts, receive more consideration, and their technical experience cannot be ignored, save at the risk of destroying a property.

When journalism, then, takes the form of a highly successful kind of business, to that extent it is good for the journalist. To that extent he tends to become more indispensable, less dependent, and more self-respecting; and he has the opportunity—if he wants it—of being a better public servant.

So we may confidently accept the fact that no daily paper will be satisfactory unless commercially, in the long run, it can stand on its own legs. What, then, are the real charges that are brought against the modern popular Press? They are charges brought both against the capitalist who controls it and the journalist who works on it. Granted, it is said, that journalism ought to be in a position to pay its way like any other undertaking, and granted that it has to satisfy the wants of millions of modern readers, still it is a fact that a few powerful men use these great machines to sway public opinion in their own interests rather than in the interests of truth; and, in the second place, the brains of skilled journalists are employed to pander to the tastes of the largest majorities, and to appeal to what is most excitable, capricious and appetitive in the temper of the public. Thus at one and the same time, it is argued, you have the people misled by the oligarchs in the matter of opinion, and debauched by the journalists in the matter of taste.

This is a serious indictment. And in part it is true. Let us state it a little more fully. The Press has been regarded as an instrument without which a great democracy cannot be effective, but actually it has been used to make democracy absurd. History shows us how power has gradually been transferred from one

stratum of the community to another, passing by various stages from the hands of a monarch to an aristocracy, spiritual or secular, thence passing to the middle classes, and, finally, to the masses depending in all cases upon a certain minimum of consent or acquiescence. Elsewhere I have attempted to show how the exercise of this power depends upon the possession of effective information, whether it be through personal knowledge, as in a small city State, or, in a large State, through deputies or agents sending reports, through couriers carrying news or despatches, through the use of stage coaches, telephones, departmental reports, or what not. In every case the person or persons who have the best and latest information about all affairs of the State, like the commander of an army, have the greatest pull; and without excellent information there can be no effective exercise of power. The shifting of some measure of power from one class in the community to another has at all times been exactly proportional to the extent to which each class has access to information along with the necessary knowledge or understanding for using that information.

This is a hypothesis upon which the theory of democracy rests. Extend the franchise so that the masses can return representatives to Parliament; give them universal education so that they can have the understanding to use their votes intelligently; and the logical process would have been complete if the Press, instead of stepping in, as it actually did, merely to satisfy a new demand—a new demand for the printed word, a new appetite for the printed sensation—had actually become the instrument through which the emancipated masses were for the first time to be brought into partnership in the conscious and self-conscious life of the nation, finding through it the knowledge which is power, the information which would make them formidable.

That is how it ought to have worked. That is the theory upon which it is assumed that it does work. But does it 'pan out' in that way? Is it not rather the fact that those who shouted for a share in power in the early and middle parts of last century were for a time successfully fobbed off with precisely these appearances of concession—an education which taught them nothing but to read and add and a vote which gave them no more than a choice between the representatives of two or three closely connected and equally oligarchic political parties?

Often we hear still small voices declaring that democracy has been tried and has failed. That is an error. It has not yet in modern Europe been tried. The masses have been duped with the appearance of democracy, and it is this semblance only which has failed. (And do not let it be supposed that the arrival of a

'Labour' Government would solve the problem; that might only be the substitution of one oligarchy for another. The most oligarchic and undemocratic Government in Europe is that of Soviet Russia.) In matters of government a ridiculously small ruling class is supreme. With one hand it throws voting papers to the crowd, and with the other neutralises the effect by restricting its choice to two or three machine-made candidates. Even when you examine the power of the great trade unions, with their millions of members, you find that these millions are led by the nose by a few handfuls of Labour organisers at headquarters and agitators in the lodges.

'But when all is said and done,' you object, 'there is the power of popular feeling, the occasional manifestation of mass will, which in the last resort can turn any Government out of power, and can abolish any intolerable abuse.' Even to this argument the cynic has his reply. You employ a few penmen skilled in the language of persuasion, and through them you inflame the popular passion and create or direct what is called the will of the masses. 'What, after all,' we are asked, 'is this democracy but a stalking horse for the ambitious designs of a comparatively few men, the demagogues, for the new and inferior type of ruler who has superseded those who once influenced the few by fineness of knowledge, and employs his coarser gifts to persuade and delude the many?'

If this be our view of the so-called democracy, it has not emancipated the people, but only given them a change of masters. Through the machinery of the popular Press and other allied influences it has drugged or mesmerised the very mind and soul of the people, moulding them according to the ideals of some believer in 'stunts.' We begin to see the major part of the Press as an instrument of the new oligarchy, employed to amuse, distract, and ostensibly inform the public, doling out news as it thinks fit, creating sentiments by force of suggestion and repetition, pleasing in order to entice, mingling truth and half-truth to create any general impression that may be desired. Is it not in this way that the great public, while it believes that it leads, is led, and that in proportion as the people believe that they are exercising their own free will the indirect rule of the oligarchs is being the more firmly fastened on their necks? And are not the ruling classes themselves, continues the critic, inevitably deteriorating in so far as they habituate themselves to the deceitful language of the mob orator instead of the dignified language which persuades the well informed? Must not the character of the ruler himself be demeaned, and all the standards of public life be lowered?

These are some of the searching questions which we are called

upon, not perhaps to answer, but at least to face. I have said something about the owners of the Press, and I admit that, in stating a case from one aspect, I have pitched the argument on a high note. I admit that, whilst all these possibilities of abuse of power present themselves and are often exercised, the controllers of the Press have not always been actuated by inferior, or even in some cases any but the highest, motives. Oligarchy is not always distinguished from aristocracy. Human nature admits of the highest as well as the lowest, and often in the power which a few men exercise through the Press the nobler instincts and ideals have found magnificent, if not persistent, expression. But benevolent despotism is not to be counted upon, and in any case a despotism, however benevolent, which calls itself public opinion, is flying under false colours, and encouraging the lie in the soul.

So much, then, for the part taken by the oligarchs in directing and often misleading public opinion. But what about the other part of the charge—that in the matter of taste the public is being debauched by the journalists themselves ? What about the men whose business it is to fill the pages every day, to collect the 'news,' and make it palatable, to dress up the paper in such a manner as to make it an attractive and saleable article ? These men, in respect of their technique, are by no means merely the creatures of a few proprietors. Collectively they have co-operated to give currency to certain conceptions of 'what the public wants.' Many of the orders that come down from proprietors, managers, or editors, are only a restatement of the conclusions which the body of expert journalistic opinion has arrived at. The journalists themselves have made these opinions ; it is really they who have established the conventions which govern journalism ; the modern technique is theirs, and they cannot shirk the responsibility. If journalism is bright, vivacious, realistic, that is their doing ; if it is well informed, thorough, true, the credit is theirs ; if it is slovenly, tendencious, unclean, and the constant medium for 'stunts,' the journalists cannot wash their hands of all the discredit.

Their function, we are told, is to give the public what it wants. And in a certain sense that is quite right. It is not the least use for a newspaper to set out to give the public what it does not want. If it did that, it would very soon cease to exist. Of course, journalists constantly throw in a little that they know the public does not particularly want, for their own 'honour and dignity,' or for some more obscure reason. But, in the main, they are there to give as much satisfaction as they can to that section of the public which reads their paper.

But there is no reason to suppose that journalists know better than anyone else what the public really wants. It may even be

argued that their preconceptions on the subject sometimes blind them to what others see more clearly. All that they really do know is that certain methods, certain tricks of the trade, are the methods and tricks used by those who won large circulations; and they are led to the conclusion that these methods, therefore, must be the right methods, and do indicate what it is that the public wants. And so the papers with very large circulations are imitated by those with smaller circulations, and the methods they employ come to be established upon a firm conventional basis; and in time the public itself becomes so habituated to certain arbitrary forms of presentation that it expects them and looks for them.

I cannot, within the scope of this article, indicate the effects of the Press upon the popular mind, or its influence in the daily lives of the people. Sufficient to say that for the majority of British citizens, from the time when they leave school at fourteen to the day of their death, the popular Press is the principal educative influence in their lives. It is a solemn thought that the cheap cinema is entering into competition with it, but for the present it is still the newspaper which provides them with nearly all the information they are ever to acquire about the state of the world outside their parish, about the progress of contemporary history in the law courts, in the football field, in politics, war, literature and art. Their taste is being studied in each edition of every newspaper, and each edition of the newspaper is at the same time helping to mould their taste.

Well, that is a matter of profound importance to the social reformer; but the journalist may say, 'I am not here to be a social reformer: I am a journalist; I am giving the public what it wants.'

But is he? Is that quite certain? 'Look at the circulations,' is the reply. 'Look at the two millions of this paper, the one million of that, the eight hundred thousand of that, the seven hundred and fifty thousand of that! What more evidence do you want? And if that does not satisfy you, look at the advertisements! Would all these prosperous tradesmen spend so much money in advertising their wares if they did not know that these great popular journals were getting at the heart and at the desires of the public?'

But it is pertinent to ask, 'How long has popular daily journalism, as we know it to-day, been in existence?' Not 150 years, like the old staid journalism which was, and still is, addressed to the educated middle classes. Only a short quarter of a century, after all; only half a century of universal elementary education, which provided a universal lust for print, and twenty to thirty years of a popular daily Press which has ministered to those

desires. A very short, spasmodic struggle on the part of the masses to enter into the conscious life of the nation, with few to guide their first efforts but those whose business it was to exploit them.

And as for the first journalists of the popular daily Press, they were out, of course, for a success. They were thinking in terms of numbers, of enormous circulations, of the teeming proletariat whose millions were to become purchasers of newspapers. They addressed themselves, therefore, with confidence, to the most obvious interests, the most conspicuous desires, the most sensational flutterings of emotion. Who does not know that the majority of men are interested in murders and in football, and that all women are interested in frocks? To cater for the tastes of these newly-discovered millions was an immense experiment upon the unknown, but by studying mainly the more glaring weaknesses of the masses the unknown was avoided and the risks reduced to a minimum. The method was as obvious as that of carrying gin to Africa—it was sure to succeed. And you can cultivate a taste for this sort of thing; the more you give of it, the more it is wanted.

Now, journalists, like the rest of the world, are imitative in their activities. A success having been achieved by a group of popular papers twenty years ago, the rest of the popular papers set themselves to copy its methods. Not only did they imitate the broad, general policy which had produced such results, but they thought that there was some peculiar virtue in everything that was done by this group; the make-up, the paragraphing, the system of headlines, the features, the distribution of space, the technique of 'stunts'—all alike were slavishly copied by other newspapers in the belief that all the elements in a journalism which had proved successful must be meticulously reproduced in any other journal which was to win its way to the million. All the mistakes which this group ever committed were enshrined among the golden rules which sub-editors and reporters everywhere were brought up to respect. Anything that had ever been done on a large scale without disaster became a model for a whole generation of press-men.

One might have thought that exactly the opposite method would have been adopted. One paper having established itself firmly by a certain means, you would have thought that another paper wishing to compete with it would have assumed a different form, not choosing to fight the enemy on his own ground, but to attract the public which the other had failed to attract, to establish a distinctive character which would gather round it precisely those readers for whom hitherto no adequate provision had been made. But the risk—for such enterprise involved an

element of risk—has seldom been taken. The editors preferred to pursue the already beaten track, varying only to the extent of following some older traditions, in the provision, for example, of certain kinds of news—often excellent—or accepting some condition imposed from without, generally of a political nature, but for the rest conforming to the modern convention, some lagging a little behind in the interests of decorum, others attempting to go a little beyond in the efforts to please Demos, revelling in every kind of 'stunt,' from beauty competitions and mixed bathing to the more modest reform of the Deanery of St. Paul's.

I don't think we have any right to complain of the popular Press. Our complaint ought to be, not that this kind of popular Press exists—that was inevitable—but that it should hold the field so exclusively. No doubt it was bound to begin and develop in this way, and since it has continued in this way, what is most surprising is to find that papers which on the whole have so poor an opinion of their public should nevertheless be at so much pains to collect accurate news, and that the reporters working for them should make their investigations so scrupulously, and write not only with so much liveliness, which is demanded from them, but also with so much conscientious care, which is not always demanded. In spite of everything, journalists insist on making journalism a better thing than it sets out to be.

But still there is the fact, in the main the one type of popular daily journalism has held the field. Widely different types have seldom been attempted. The millions of people who in the last quarter of a century have been brought under its influence, have been the object so far of only one great experiment with innumerable minor modifications. In almost every case it was the largest majority of the people which was sought, and those tastes, in the main, were studied which were thought to be shared by all members of this majority. The popular paper required an immense circulation; it spurned minorities, and the interests of minorities. In some extraordinary way it overlooked the fact that an important minority divided between, say, two papers might afford a better circulation than a majority divided between all the papers. New-comers insisted on exploiting the fields that were already exploited, and left the fresh woods, with all their genial promise, unexplored.

That has been the tragedy of modern journalism, the snare of modern democracy.

When I express my own profound conviction that that way was not necessary, and that another, a more pleasant and dignified way, is possible, I do not do so with any exaggerated idea of the cultivation or 'high tone' of the great public. How could these millions of men and women who have been fed for a quarter of a

century on the sensational half-truths of the Press, and latterly upon the soporific inanities of the cinema, have developed any fine curiosity about the significant events of the world? I am fully alive to the fact that the majority of men and women have got the Press that they deserve. But I still maintain—and very many journalists agree with me—that there is a minority numbering millions who are either dissatisfied with what they get in the daily Press or would at least be delighted if they got something better.

The newspaper which would appeal to this public would not be a faddist or moralistic, still less a 'high-brow,' organ. It would aim at giving all the news of the day in the fullest sense of the term. It would not exclude those subjects which now gain undue prominence in the papers. It would report your murders and your famous boxing matches, for these are matters of news, and why should not everyone be informed about them? They would probably be placed in a less conspicuous position in the paper, and they would not be prefaced by personal appeals to the coarser and more flabbily sentimental instincts. But they would be there. The newspaper of which I am speaking would not so much exclude the news which appears in existing papers as include news which they at present neglect. It would not despise the tastes and intellect of its readers. It would assume that they are interested in England and in the growth and development of all sorts of activity in England, not merely politics. Politics would probably get no more actual space than it gets already in the papers; it is a subject dear to proprietors, and rooted in the traditions of journalism. Politics is very important, but it would not necessarily be regarded as the subject of first importance.

Science would have its place, for science is a matter of great moment in our epoch, and new experiments, new discoveries, new inventions, would be systematically recorded, and explained in the simplest language. Engineering would receive considerable attention, for half the men of the modern world are fascinated by things mechanical, which should be described and explained in their relationship to time-saving, to industry, to output, and in their more romantic and adventurous aspects. Architecture is changing the appearance of our world, and the events and movements in architecture would be recorded. Religion is still a spiritual experience for millions, and an immense, alluring possibility for other millions. Religion would receive such share of space as the notable activities of men in the religious world permit. Education, too, not merely when it is a matter for the politician, would again and again be treated in a vigorous and watchful spirit, for every day things are happening, or ought to be happening, in the schools, which are a matter of great

concern to every intelligent parent, and of lively interest to others.

And are not the English a musical nation, and is it not an established fact that the poorest of the people can easily be habituated to find delight even in rather severe 'classical' music? Our museums and art galleries are much used. And then there are books. Is the speech of a politician, thrown off at a moment's notice, of so much greater importance than the book of a thinker or imaginative writer, which may represent years of progressive and imaginative thought, that the one should be reported in two columns, and the other in ten lines? But, it is objected, the publishers will not pay the high advertisement rates which are necessary in the popular paper. In my paper I would not make publishers' advertisements a condition of printing the news about the best books. I should print it because it is news about the best books, and about the best thought of the time. But, all the same, I should get my publishers' advertisements. For they would gain such publicity as they had never had before in their lives. These columns devoted to books would be read by the scores of thousands who wanted, and got, disinterested accounts of contemporary literature. And publishers would at last learn the truth, and would pay the price for advertisement space. Necessarily, for an advertisement there would be more profitable to them than all their other advertisements put together.

There are endless possibilities for the popular, decent, vigorous, and not wholly unintellectual paper. It would have to be well edited and managed. It should not be 'high-brow.' It should not be didactic. It should never be 'æsthetic.' It should give the news—all the news which concerns a decent, energetic, interested, public-spirited, innately refined, but not stupidly squeamish, public. It would explore recesses of the heart of the great public which the 'stunt' Press never thought of exploring, and never dared to. And, by heavens! the six, or seven, or eight, or nine hundred thousand readers that it would get would be the men and women of calibre, the men and women who make things hum, who would stir the six, or seven, or eight, or nine million other readers still held by the existing papers, and make them dance to their tune. It is an opportunity which somebody soon will seize—someone more imaginative than believers in the 'stunt.'

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

PROPAGANDA, EVIL AND GOOD

If any excuse be needed for adverting to a subject so closely allied to that of my recent article on 'stunts,'[1] it must be found in the consideration of the supreme importance of that subject. So important is it, indeed, that its discussion can rarely be profitless; and whereas 'stunts' are only a means for securing publicity, which is the vehicle by which propaganda is brought to public notice, the whole subject of propaganda embraces much wider and more comprehensive issues.

'Propaganda' itself is a hideous word, the product of an age notable for etymological bastardy. It has a Latin tang about it, which impresses some; it is polysyllabic, thereby impressing others; while the thing which it describes impresses and governs and diverts and directs every one of us. And it is just because this is so, and because it has such power to compass great good or great ill for the world, that it is desirable for us all to give a little thought to it. It may be true that it is love that makes the world go round; it is certainly propaganda that governs the speed and direction of its whirlings.

I would define propaganda as the dissemination of interested information and opinion. No propaganda is disinterested, for special interest is of the essence of the word; and in deciding what propaganda is good, and what evil, we have to consider two points of view: firstly that of the propaganda expert and secondly that of the public.

With the first I am not so much concerned here. In this regard it may briefly be stated that the most successful propaganda is that which attracts an extraordinarily large degree of favourable attention at an extraordinarily small cost. The successful propagandist must be a skilful student of psychology. He must decide as to the public which is most likely to be, or to become, sympathetically disposed towards the interests which he represents; he must then select the aspects of these interests best calculated to appeal to the predilections of this public; and he must then present these aspects in an attractive manner. If he makes a mistake in any of these branches of his art he will fail. Appealing

[1] "The Lure of the Stunt," *Nineteenth Century and After*, January, 1923.

to the wrong public is expensive and fruitless; appealing to the right public in the wrong way is almost equally futile; and presenting the right aspects to the right people in the wrong way is hardly more profitable. However, these are details which do not affect more general questions; and it is my present endeavour to deal rather with the interests which employ propaganda than with the instruments who direct it.

I suppose that advertising must be considered as propaganda, if my definition be accepted. Advertising, however, is overt and recognisable as propaganda, and is therefore unlikely to do a very great deal of harm. It may mislead us, and cause us to spend money upon a worthless article; but it will not deceive us again, and before long the fall in sales and the huge cost of advertising will suppress the fraudulent advertiser. Furthermore, when we see an advertisement proclaiming that Mr. Smith's Tea is the Best, or Mr. Jones' Condensed Milk is Unequalled, we are not unduly impressed, because we know that these statements emanate from Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, who have paid large sums of money to put these ideas into our heads. Recognising the value of impartial opinion, however, advertisers sometimes solicit and publish the opinions of well-known persons, usually of theatrical fame, regarding their wares; but there is always a suspicion that these impartial opinions are given with an eye to reciprocal advantages in publicity, so that their value is doubtful except in so far as the wholly unsophisticated are concerned.

The only stone that can be thrown at advertising is that it tends to help the private monopolist. He is generally possessed of enormous money and credit resources, and, if any competitor appears and begins to look dangerous, he can buy so much space and develop so powerful an offensive in the province of propaganda that his opponent is almost invariably and quickly crushed, bludgeoned, by sixteen-sheet posters and full-page insertions, right out of the market. Viewed from the economic standpoint, of course, advertising is quite unjustifiable. It is both wasteful and unproductive. It encourages ingenuity and develops resource, and has indeed created a new race of specialists—very astute, enterprising and on the whole well-nourished parasites—but it has done nothing at all to contribute to the provision of the necessities of life.

However, economics are only invoked by really nice people in order to deal with trades unions and win elections, and never to initiate uncomfortable and evolutionary conceptions; and so, perhaps, this point had better be left alone. We can only say that advertising is a form, but a comparatively harmless form, of propaganda, and that it is an inevitable and necessarily ever-increasing concomitant of the system of ruthless competition under which at present we endeavour to live.

Turning now to the propaganda that evidences itself otherwise than on hoardings and in the advertisement columns of the Press, there are innumerable discoveries to be made. So many and so distressing are some of them that a study of them is bound to produce a certain cynicism. And if one discovers them too boldly and categorically to the world, one is haled, amid a chorus of printed execration, before the justiciary, charged with libel and mulcted in no small damages. One can therefore only consider some of the media through which propaganda is thrust upon us and hope that by their contemplation impartiality and interest may become a little more distinguishable than hitherto.

The Church, the cinema, the wireless telephone, the stage, and the Press are probably the best known of these media, and of these the Press is in most respects undoubtedly the most powerful. The wireless telephone will become indispensable in time, and it may prove the only well-balanced medium in existence. Every shade of opinion, every fact, every item of news, will find expression by its means, if only the paralysing hand of bureaucracy is kept from the control of the transmitting stations. Tory, Liberal, Socialist—all will be in direct communication with the world; England, America, France, Germany—all will be able to exchange points of view, opinions, and versions with a freedom and honesty unknown in these present days. The wireless telephone may become a great instrument in aiding democracy; it may be limited into a mere toy or manipulated into a sort of news factory, with editors controlled by sinister influences; but it is a factor with which the future will have to reckon and *to keep free and untainted at all costs.*

The cinema is perhaps the most disappointing of all media, because, as I have stated elsewhere, it appears entirely to lack any sense of responsibility. '*Ex California nunquam aliquid novi*' might well be the twentieth century adaptation of the famous old saw, for originality is a feature sadly lacking in the world of the scenario. We have new 'stunts' in profusion, but no new ideas beyond them, nothing essentially different. We have had many films that may be called great in execution; very few that have been great in conception.

I suppose that the censorship is principally responsible for the degree of aimlessness for which most plays are remarkable. The stage has had, and always will have, a great attraction for the public, and accordingly must be considered as an organ of propaganda. Shaw, I think, regards it as one of the most potentially powerful of all the media I have mentioned, and he has certainly tried to use it as such. He has, of course, had trouble with the censor; and until the censorship is removed or mitigated, or reconstructed upon the assumption that, even though they be in a

theatre, people still have their brains in their heads, a general futility will continue to pervade the stage Realism is almost unattainable. If the bad girl of the play fails to effect an inconceivable reformation and comes to a disgraceful—but quite normal—end, the censor steps in, and the play is suppressed; so that the principle upon which the censorship works is apparently this, that so long as immorality is successful to the point of becoming unnecessary it may be presented on the stage, whereas if—as most often happens in fact—it merely involves uncomfortable intrigues and a general demoralisation of all the parties concerned, it may not be presented. The apparently unobserved effect of this is to inculcate the idea that immorality and vice are frequently a successful means to a desirable end, and that when they have accomplished their purpose they can be discarded; the truth being, of course, that, although they do sometimes accomplish a purpose, they are exceedingly difficult to discard and frequently render the accomplishment itself an empty triumph.

Why plays should be censored and newspapers left alone it is difficult to see; but we continue to tolerate so many inconsistencies and absurdities that one more or less cannot matter very much. Nevertheless I am surprised that, in an age of slogans, 'Freedom of the Stage' has not taken its place beside 'Freedom of the Press,' 'Freedom of the Seas,' and similar cries of greater or less significance. Anyway, actors and playwrights are economically indefensible, so that I suppose it does not really matter what happens to them; but, limited as they are, it would, I feel, be a dull world without them.

The Church is almost as disappointing as the cinema. It has little, if any, more influence, and this in spite of the fact that, unlike the cinema, it is always consciously trying to exert influence. Again, unlike the cinema, it is losing its public; and altogether it must take serious and practical thought if it is not to decline to the condition of the Church in France.

The reasons for this unfortunate circumstance are not far to seek. There are no elements of surprise about the Church; no 'stunts'; no discussion, but merely unchallengeable assertion; a great dullness, ponderous and unchanging; and an ever-present, not always clamant, but persistent, appeal for funds. I do not for one moment suggest that it is *desirable* to introduce 'stunts' into the Church; but the Church must deal with people as they are, not as it thinks they ought to be. Certain parish priests do indulge in dignified 'stunts,' and their churches are filled while others are empty. Some revile these priests for 'pandering' to the public; but let us look facts in the face.

The Church is an instrument of propaganda, claiming Divine ordination to propagate the Gospel. If it succeeds in doing so,

then it is doing its duty; if not, then it is failing. There is no question of the worthiness of that which it wishes to propagate, but there is grave question as to the manner in which it is attempting to do this.

To my mind, the most immediate task before the Church is to get the people back into the churches, and this is what these 'stunting' priests are doing. At one time, indeed very recently, church-going was a habit with most people. Now it is not, and as it is clearly no use to preach to empty benches and no true propagation of the Gospel to deliver it constantly to the same people, it should be the endeavour of the Church to interest once again those who are now clearly uninterested. Too greatly, it seems, is the Church disposed to concern itself with the 'mission field'—a term which is now almost synonymous with 'coloured races'; too little with the great 'field' at home. The Church cannot withdraw from politics and sociology, and have no mind of its own in such matters, for so long as it does so it will fail to influence, to interest and to attract; and this is exactly what is happening at present. In consequence of this timidity—which may or may not arise out of the system which provides for the appointment of Anglican bishops by a Premier who may be a Presbyterian or a Jew or even a financier—the Church has to concern itself either with non-contentious matters or with theological technology; and public interest is centred in neither the one nor the other.

It is not for me to dictate a policy to the Church. This must concern the leaders of the Church themselves. But there is one aspect of this question of church-going upon which a layman is fully entitled to speak, and that is upon the frequent complaint of the Church that people generally are becoming ungodly and froward, and simply will not go to church. The Church bemoans the ungodliness of the times, as well it may; it has lost its flock and is distressed on that account. But if a sheep be lost, shall the master blame other than the shepherd? And shall the shepherd, seeking, cry with the voice of petulance, or that of contrition, for the lost to return to the fold?

There are other reasons why the power of the Church is waning in spite of the opportunities which surround it: its lack of unity, its concern with small matters, its terrible poverty, and many others. The lost sheep may well be puzzled by the diversity of the shepherds: Roman Catholic, Church of England, Plymouth Brother, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Primitive Methodist, etc.—all compete for him and lose, in competition, the power which, unified, might bring him again into the community of practising Christians.

This lack of unity and lack of policy and the narrow jealousies

which permeate Christendom—for what are they not responsible? What good, now undone, might have been accomplished for humanity? Surely the leaders of the Church must recognise the pertinence of such an inquiry! And yet the most salient result of a recent congress of the clergy was the abbreviation of the Decalogue! Truly the episcopalian mountain, labouring, has brought forth a liturgical and infinitesimal mouse.

In the period during which the Church has been losing its hold on the people, the Press has been gaining. I suggest no connection between these two facts. I merely state them. We were once practically governed by an unbridled Church, with tendencies towards coercion rather than persuasion; and we are now practically governed by a Press of much the same character.

It is in the Press that the most dangerous form of propaganda is to be found—the covert, unproclaimed type; apparently impartial, and therefore not recognisable as propaganda; actually interested.

The average layman has little knowledge of the Press. He knows that Fleet Street is 'the Street of Adventure'; he knows that journalists smoke large pipes and work in their shirt-sleeves; that they sleep principally in the day-time, like bats; and he knows that everything is done in a great hurry. Beyond this he has very little 'certain' knowledge, but he is always ready to learn the why and wherefore of things that puzzle him about the Press. He would, among other things, dearly like to know how the three o'clock edition of a newspaper contrives to appear at midday, and wishes he could do something of the sort, only backwards, with telegrams to his bookmaker. But of the sources of news, the means of its collation and presentation, and a hundred other highly important details he knows practically nothing, and the Press will not do anything that may help him to understand.

It is impossible to refer too specifically to details, because to do so might be considered libellous. But there is at any rate one point to which attention may be drawn, and that is the habit of some of the more vigorous of the younger newspapers to declare a policy upon this or that subject and pursue it to the exclusion of other matters. Newspaper policies may be disinterested; on the other hand, they may not. Editorial matter may be free from the influence of advertisers; but, again, it may not. These doubts must always be borne in mind if one is to gather anything like a true idea of the news of the day from these journals, and even if one reads two or three, these considerations must not be lost sight of.

With regard to newspaper policies, one would not object to these if their expression were limited to the space reserved for leading articles. The real objection to them is that they distort

the manner in which news is presented, and permeate all the news columns as well. Any item of news that appears to favour the policy of a newspaper is seized upon, written up and enlarged until letters from unsophisticated readers begin to pour in congratulating that paper upon the 'good' which it is doing. These are printed, and so it goes on until in due course a definite volume of public opinion is established, representing a certain number of thousands of votes. Thus statesmen are given pause, and national policy is affected.

These newspapers aver that they express public opinion, but this is a half-truth. They create it first, and then express what they have been implying and insinuating all the time, and that is the personal views of their proprietors. This would not matter so much if all their readers knew who these proprietors were, and why they had become proprietors, instead of living quiet and luxurious lives, which they could all afford to do. But this is just what their readers do not know, and that is why one sometimes finds large numbers of people, all very intelligent and clever in their own businesses, working themselves into a frenzy because the Government of the day persists in ignoring some peculiarly absurd policy for which their newspaper is screaming.

It is not by any means surprising that at times newspaper proprietors should urge mad policies upon us. This does not necessarily imply that they are either fools or knaves. It is accounted for by the fact that politics are not their subject. Think of the career of a newspaper magnate. Perhaps he started at the bottom of the ladder of commerce. By patience, concentration, perseverance and application he has mastered his business, and, after thirty or forty years of hard work, he finds himself very wealthy, and a great authority, even among experts, in his particular line. He is fawned upon by many, and treated with respect by all, and is naturally anxious, if he is an active man, to find other worlds to conquer, particularly any that will convert his wealth into power. Control of a newspaper is indicated, and after a while this is achieved.

What can be more fascinating than the control of a great newspaper? It is a many-faceted undertaking. There is the financial side, which is complicated enough to satisfy the most ardent business man, and the editorial side, through which power can be gained or lost. And the various subdivisions are all of more than ordinary interest: exhibitions, advertisements, circulation, news political, legal, financial, sporting and general. The whole field of human endeavour is covered, and the presentation of events in their proper proportion is a task requiring the exercise of quite transcendental ability.

To this task comes our wealthy business man. As a com-

mercial proposition it is simple to him. Questions of organisation present no great problems to one used to handling men, and, in point of fact, he generally interferes but little in these matters. He does interfere, however, in just the direction where his opinion is worth no more than that of the average man—that is to say, in the direction of editorial policy—and he thrusts this opinion upon his vast public in the manner and with the effect that I have described. He has had no experience whatever of politics, of economics, of sociology or, indeed, of anything, except in so far as these things have affected the one business which he really understands. If he has been a brewer, his paper will advocate the brewer's point of view ; if a soap manufacturer, that of a soap manufacturer ; if a journalist, that of a showman. If he is honest, that is. If he is dishonest, his paper will advocate anything that may redound to his personal advantage.

The public must realise that the printed word in a newspaper must not be accepted without due consideration. I do not refer here to the reports of railway accidents, fires, crimes and events generally of no underlying significance, for these are presented in accordance with the estimated tastes of the public, and without prejudice or any more editing than is necessary to adjust the reporter's account to the exigencies of space. I refer to political events in particular, for it is in the province of politics that the greatest degree of power is exercisable, and it is here that propaganda creeps in.

For it is propaganda that we imbibe from the news columns of most of these twentieth-century journals. It may sometimes be useful, and it may be good, propaganda, but it is not overt, and it is therefore in principle emphatically undesirable. It is like something put into a man's drink without his knowledge. It may be good for him, or it may be bad for him, but it is an improper practice. If a man knows that his drink has been tampered with, and has some idea of what has been put into it, he can decide whether or not to consume it ; if he does not know, and has no idea, his judgment is being anticipated, and his well-being possibly jeopardised. And if a man's judgment be confounded by covert propaganda, and his vote cast in accordance with his judgment, his well-being, and even that of the nation, may very easily be gravely and permanently endangered.

Some very wise people assert that advertisers have an enormous influence over editors, but this is not to any considerable extent true. Practically no individual advertiser obtains special and peculiar editorial privilege. If one secures favourable notice in one paper, his competitor secures it in another, or even in the same, journal, so that this is not a serious allegation. Furthermore, the interests affected are more private than public, whereas

propaganda masquerading as news often concerns the public interest.

Advertisers in bulk, however, do exert an influence over editorial policy on financial and economic matters, and this is one of the reasons why the Labour Party, with their capital levy project, were assailed by such a torrent of misrepresentation and abuse during the election. On the whole, though, it is doubtful whether advertisers were any more instrumental in directing this torrent than proprietors. Both belong to the propertied classes; and as the levy adversely affected the immediate interests of both, they could hardly be expected to commend it. I do not propose to discuss the capital levy here, but it is interesting to note that not one of the journals we have been considering troubled to point out the effect which the levy would have upon the income tax, or the fact that the transfer of capital to the State would be made in scrip rather than in cash. These papers, therefore, left in the minds of their readers the impression that the 3,000,000,000*l.* estimated to be produced by the levy would immediately be spent upon the dole while the income tax remained at five or six shillings in the pound, and that the collection of the capital sum would be accompanied, if not indeed precluded, by a 'bear' panic of the first magnitude. True, these papers did publish the Labour Party's manifesto; but owing to a really astonishing degree of ineptitude in drafting, this document merely mentioned the proposal and left it, without adequate explanation, in a form which rendered it quite extraordinarily susceptible to attack and very easily amenable to the most devastating misrepresentation.

Though it is not, in present circumstances, necessary for advertisers, as a whole, to exert pressure upon their media, on account of the community of interest between themselves and those who govern newspaper policy, they would most certainly fight against any newspaper proprietor who advocated a political programme inimical to their immediate and special interests. It is therefore vain to hope that any existing newspaper will ever truly represent the middle and working classes except where their interests, real or imagined, coincide with those of the rich, as, for example, on the subject of Prohibition. The Press need tell no lies about Labour, or about policies advocated by the Labour Party. It can counteract Labour propaganda very effectively by merely manipulating the allotment of space; and it can always, or nearly always, convict the Labour Party out of its own mouth, not because that party is itself inconsistent or wrong-headed, but because Labour propaganda is so badly conducted.

If I may digress here for a moment, I should like to comment upon the propaganda of the Labour Party in particular. In my opinion its whole tone is wrong. It is aggressive instead of

persuasive; it asserts, without elaboration or explanation, facts that appear very debatable; its general tone is minatory; and it appeals less to reason than to malice. It ignores the middle classes altogether—which is perhaps why it appears bitter, curt, threatening and vindictive to one of so *bourgeois* an intellect as myself—and in doing so it seems to me to be doing the cause of Labour a great disservice. The Labour Party appear to consider that the middle classes are not open to reason, and are therefore not worth wasting time and money upon. If indeed the middle classes are not open to reason, they are, of course, right; but I question very much whether the middle classes have ever had the Labour case presented sympathetically to them. I do not think that they have ever had a reasonable chance of considering, impartially and upon a full disclosure of evidence, the questions at issue between Capital and Labour and the remedies proposed by each for the amelioration of life as now lived. To disregard the middle classes on the ground of their lack of intellect is not, therefore, quite fair; and it is surely worth while appealing to them a little, taking some trouble with them, if only because they are voters? Their stupidity and impermeability to reason and justice are not yet proven, and I am personally convinced that a capable Press representative and director of propaganda, *who should be granted the right to be heard on questions of party policy*, could do much towards preventing misrepresentation and render great service in putting before the middle classes, in a reasonable way, the many Labour recommendations for the improvement of affairs.

Labour has an excellent case, for most of its principles are incontestable on any basis of equity or morality, and its real policy, though defective in one or two important details, is far more consistent than those of its opponents. Indeed, what play could be made out of the fact that several newspapers which condemn subsidies are themselves subsidised! How exquisite that the apostles of 'the application of rigid economic principles to modern industry' should themselves be uneconomic! Yet I have seen no use made of this point by Labour propagandists. If Labour ever succeeds in converting the middle classes it will do so more by ridiculing its opponents than by abusing them, for in this country ridicule will often succeed where abuse fails; and until it converts the middle classes its road to power will be thorny and its tenure of office brief and precarious.

All must regret the misdirection of Labour's propaganda. The great issues of the future will lie between the labour and the capitalist points of view in affairs both domestic and foreign, and if the nation is not well informed as to both sides of the case, it may make irretrievable mistakes For is it not better to have

knowledge and avoid pitfalls than to proceed in ignorance and 'muddle through' them?

It is, of course, impossible to do more than touch on the various forms of propaganda in the course of a single article. Propaganda is a great and never-ceasing force, operating not upon material things, but upon the malleable minds of men. Just as evil communications corrupt good manners, so does evil propaganda corrupt good citizens. Evil propaganda is that which, being interested, strives to appear disinterested; which influences, pretending merely to inform; which stultifies, claiming to educate; which is not overt, but accomplishes fell work secretly, as a thief. And indeed it is a thief, for it steals away our judgment and so confounds our conscience. And if we be conscienceless, what then are we? We are of no account, for conscience is of the soul. Can we right wrongs, if, being conscienceless, right and wrong are indistinguishable to us? Can we claim to be fashioned 'in the image of God'? Yes, in the image, but not of the spirit, and without the spirit the image is an hypocrisy and an aggravation. So let us guard our consciences; let us beware of evil propaganda, the modern intellectual poison, which can kill with greater certainty greater numbers than ever could the poison of the Borgias. Let us analyse it, learn to detect its manifestations, and avoid it fastidiously, lest it destroy us. Then we may know the peace that is born of a quiet conscience, and proceed steadfastly to the creation of a new and better world.

REYNELL J. R. G. WREFORD.

INDIA IN THE BALANCE

INDIA at the present day is in no sense of the term a popular proposition. Apart from the customary indifference which, despite his interests in the country, the average Britisher is wont to manifest in Indian affairs, the great dependency is no longer regarded as a particularly suitable field for investment or for a career. The reasons for this view are not limited to the introduction and the anticipated results of a radical change in the form of the Government in India, although this change constitutes an important factor in the position.

For a substantial period before the Great War, the announcement in 1917 of impending constitutional changes, and the application in 1921 of those changes, India had been subject to more or less chronic unrest. It has sometimes been stated by Indians that it was the partition of Bengal in 1905 which aroused their compatriots to a sense of the injustice of alien rule, to a realisation of the tyrannous nature of a Government which could (and, it was alleged, did) ignore strong expressions of popular feeling, and to a consciousness of national unity. But, to go no further back, the new era in unrest may be said to date from the establishment in Bombay about 1893 of certain organisations with avowedly religious objects and the launching of a strong agitation from the Brahman centre at Poona. That Presidency witnessed the murder of officers and of informers. Bengal was next thrown into a ferment by the agitation following upon the partition. The spectacle was presented of an able Lieutenant-Governor attacked by politicians, unsupported by superior authority and finally sacrificed; the assassination or attempted assassination of officers; a general loosening of the bonds of law and order. The Punjab then took up the tale. Sir Valentine Chirol has traced the cause of unrest in that province largely to a measure conferring full proprietary rights in land upon the ryot, and thus permitting him to mortgage both land and crops: 'The wretched landowner who found himself deprived of his land by legal process held our methods rather than his own extravagance responsible for his ruin, and, on the other hand, the pleaders and their clients, the money-lenders, who were generally Hindus,

resented equally our attempts to hamper a process so beneficial to themselves.' The malignant spirit spread and, like some confluent disease, became responsible for extensive conspiracies whose ramifications and phenomena were not confined to the provinces above mentioned. It is noticeable that these troubles sprang ostensibly from definite internal causes connected with administrative acts, and that the real or alleged occasions for dissatisfaction were well-meant, and in themselves beneficial, measures: the organised battle against plague, a territorial readjustment calculated to relieve an overburdened Administration and restore a downtrodden community, a piece of agrarian legislation which sought to free the ryot from certain restrictions in the disposal of his property. But behind these causes was the growing opposition, among a limited class, to foreign rule, an opposition encouraged by the success in a great naval and military struggle of a Power deemed Oriental against a power deemed Occidental.

Then came the war. Its effect on India was threefold. In the first place, India has suffered, as have all countries even remotely affected by that cataclysmic event, from the dislocation and the ruin brought about by a mighty upheaval. There has been general unsettlement, economic, financial, and, above all, mental, or, perhaps one should say, nervous. The collective mentality, or nerve system, of the peoples of India has been affected, just as other countries have suffered from the aftermath of the war. The collective faculty, its balance once disturbed, has been rendered peculiarly receptive to those abnormal oscillations which in ordinary times exercise but little effect. This is the heyday of the malcontent, the demagogue, the professional agitator, the idealist and the premature reformer. It is the time when, in the language of Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, the 'under-man,' whom the forces of civilisation ordinarily keep from mischief, is able to break his chains. If his leaders often appear in the garb of philanthropy, reform, lofty ideals, and even saintliness, it is because such revolts are frequently headed by 'misguided superiors,' who, 'exasperated by the shortcomings of the social system, seek short cuts to the millennium.' In the second place, the prolongation of the war and the very war-cries adopted by the Allies afforded an exceptional opportunity to Indian politicians of various classes—to the honest patriot, to the dreamer, to the fanatic, and to the self-seeker. In the opening and anxious stages, the politicians either held their tongues or uttered heartfelt expressions of dismay and loyalty. The vision of a world-shaking catastrophe, perhaps of the subversion of the British Empire gave them furiously to think of the fate of their own country, What if a victorious Germany claimed India as an item in her

list of reparations? What if Russia exacted a great extension of her Eastern possessions as the price of continued adherence to a cause sorely in need of her assistance? Better the frying-pan than the fire. But when it became apparent, on the one hand, that Britain and her allies had survived the first onslaught, and that their ultimate victory was at least a probability, and, on the other hand, that the struggle was bound to be a long and doleful one, then the awed silence of the politicians or their cries of dismay turned to loud demands. They were determined to make hay while the sun shone. Nor could they be blamed. The Allies themselves had forged the weapons which could effectively be used against them. The rights of oppressed peoples, the war of democracy, self-determination—such were the mottoes blazoned on the banners of Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, the United States, and other nations which opposed the Central Powers. Such mottoes, no matter what the difference of their application in the West and in the East, could not fail to appeal in their full sense to the intelligentsia of a land held in the thraldom, however light and beneficent, of a foreign race. Especially was this bound to be the case when that intelligentsia had been studiously taught for some generations to admire the history and literature of a nation pre-eminently endowed with capacity for self-government, and to venerate the ideas of independence, freedom and popular government. Now was the occasion to push for their rights, to win concessions, to see the children of the soil set in the places of authority—and of emolument—hitherto occupied by the foreigner And who could gainsay such claims? Had not the great dominant races of the West made them a present of that all-embracing watchword 'self-determination'? In the third place, India, like other portions of the Empire, was called upon to play her part in the war. The response was good. The armies which she recruited, equipped, trained and despatched into the field, did splendid service in various theatres of the war. The ruling princes, the great merchants, and the humbler classes contributed with enthusiasm. Imperial Service troops were placed at the disposal of the Government. Hospital ships, motor ambulances, launches, Red Cross comforts, were provided. One of the foremost, if not the foremost, of India's sons publicly deprecated the demand of any recompense But the politician did put forward demands, demands based on the great response of the soldier class, who are not politicians. It is a delicate task to appraise values in a vast concerted effort, particularly delicate when one is dealing with a people of high susceptibility. But the British newspaper reader was no doubt perplexed when he recently saw that an Indian politician had declared on a public platform that, but for the Indian forces in Northern France, the cause of the Allies had been lost.

Omitting for the moment the subject of the reforms, we come to two movements which have taken place during the incubation of that measure and since it was brought into effect. One of these is Mr. Gandhi's crusade of 'non-violent non-co-operation.' Mr. Gandhi is, again to use the phraseology of Mr. Stoddard, the typical 'superior leader' of an atavistic revolt. He might be described as a practical Tolstoi, or as an amiable Bolshevist. Bolshevism makes little appeal to the Indian temperament, but Mr. Gandhi does appeal. He appeals through a saintly asceticism, a negation of self and the gift of gentle, persuasive oratory. He has utilised the so-called 'Punjab atrocities' of 1919 and the fascination which a 'no rent' programme naturally exercises upon the mind of the agriculturist. He has cleverly directed his efforts less to the intelligentsia than to the lower classes. But in doing so he overlooked the fact that such incantations inevitably call up the spirits of darkness. Ignorance, fanaticism, greed, and the love of turbulence readily answer to that summons. Civil disorder, murder and massacre have dogged Mr. Gandhi's footsteps and have forced him periodically to bewail in sackcloth and ashes the imperfections of his own doctrine and of human nature. But misdirected zeal or the vanity which deification breeds even in noble natures forbade him to eschew the teaching which he has adopted as his own.

The other movement has become known as the Khilafat agitation. Mr. Gandhi has made his appeal to Hindus and Muslims alike. The Treaties of Versailles and of Sèvres afforded an opportunity of playing upon the feelings of the latter. The feeling underlying this agitation is neither new nor artificial. But the Muslim, though often fanatical, is slow to move. The agitation itself was worked up. Its commencement was not contemporary with the publication of the terms offered by the Allies to Turkey. The soil had to be sown; the Mullahs had to be stirred to the issue of *fatwas*. Yet this Muhammadan movement is of the highest importance, not only in India, but also in other lands. The failure to realise its danger was a serious blemish on Lloyd George's administration. But it is no uncommon thing for British statesmen to overlook, minimise or misunderstand our responsibilities in Oriental countries.

Then there are the reforms—the gift, as some would say, of a free people to a people emerging into freedom; the grudging concession, as others would say, made by a dominant race under stress of temporary weakness and fear to the clamant threats of a race too long kept in subjection. The key-note of the reforms is the system of dyarchy. It is said that a child in an English school, when asked the meaning of dyarchy, declared it to be a disease just now prevalent in India. Some who are not children

profess ignorance of the meaning of the word; others profess ignorance of its spelling. But the scheme, though complicated in detail, is comprehensible enough in outline. It sets up in each Province two authorities: an Executive Council, responsible to the Viceroy, the Secretary of State, and ultimately Parliament; a body of Ministers, themselves non-officials, responsible to the Provincial Legislature, which contains a non-official majority. Separate functions are assigned to the Executive Council and to the Ministers. The co-ordinating authority is the Governor, who acts both with his Executive Council and with his Ministers. The Executive Council can be defeated, but not unseated by the Provincial Legislature. A Minister must bow to the wishes of the Legislature, or his position becomes untenable. Thus the Governor is in the position of a driver directing the movements of two teams, harnessed to the car of State, but prone to run in opposite ways.

The Government of India Act visualises (if a legislative measure can be said to visualise anything) an arrangement under which this charioteering feat is regarded as possible. Omitting the smaller or less highly developed units of administration, such as the North-West Frontier Province, Baluchistan, Delhi, Ajmere-Merwara, Coorg, and the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, and omitting of course the Indian States which constitute one-third of the country's area, this arrangement divides India into eight (now, with the addition of Burma, nine) 'Governors' Provinces.' Above all is the Government of India. The head of the Administration is assisted (some would say impeded) by an Executive Council. The Government of India deals with a Legislature consisting of two Chambers. The Provincial Legislatures consist of one Chamber each. Administrative functions are divided as those pertaining to the Government of India, which are called 'central subjects,' and those pertaining to provincial Governments, which are called 'provincial subjects.' Provincial subjects are again divided into 'reserved subjects' and 'transferred subjects.' This division of subjects is the pivot of the whole scheme. While the Government of India is one and indivisible and deals by similar methods with all subjects classed as central, the Governor of a Province works in consultation with the two administrative agencies above mentioned. He and his Executive Council deal with reserved subjects. In addition, he may, and in practice must, appoint Ministers, by whose advice he shall be guided in relation to transferred subjects. A Minister must be, or after six months must become, an elected member of the Provincial Legislature, and is responsible to that Legislature for the conduct of the portfolio entrusted to his charge. The rules classifying administrative functions under these three heads,

'central,' 'provincial reserved' and 'provincial transferred,' are a parliamentary creation. Roughly speaking, those subjects are classed as central which concern India as a whole, notably the army, posts and telegraphs, State railways, relations with Indian States, the Imperial services, customs, port quarantine, etc. Provincial reserved subjects are generally those which ensure civil order, such as police, or which require expert administrative training. Provincial transferred subjects are those in which social progress is realisable, such as education, sanitation, medical relief and industrial development, or those in which the Indian Minister is likely to take special interest.

This brief outline is inadequate for indicating the enormous power which the constitutional change has suddenly thrown into the hands of Indians. The Legislatures contain solid non-official majorities. They direct legislation and control expenditure and taxation. In the Imperial Legislature the control of expenditure rests with the lower and more popular Chamber. The Executive Councils themselves are partially composed of Indians—a fact which, while in some ways it strengthens the administrative agency, is also calculated to create divided counsels and decisions based on compromise. The checks which have been devised for meeting possible obstruction, and for guiding the ship of State between the rocks and shoals of a new and unchartered sea, are worthy of special notice. In the sphere of executive action the Governor-General (*i.e.*, the Viceroy) or the Governor of a Province may override the decisions of his Executive Council, and act upon his own authority and responsibility in cases where the safety, tranquillity or interests of British India or of the Province are essentially affected. Moreover, even with regard to a transferred subject, a Governor may require action to be taken otherwise than in accordance with the advice of a Minister. In the sphere of legislation the power of the Legislatures is limited in certain respects. No law can be made traversing an Act of Parliament. Save with the sanction of the Governor-General, no measure can be introduced affecting the public debt or revenues, the religion of British subjects in India, the discipline or maintenance of the military forces, relations with foreign princes or States, etc. In regard to subjects on which legislation may be undertaken, the Governor-General can stop proceedings; he can refuse his assent to injudicious measures; or, if a measure fails to pass, he can certify it as necessary, whereupon, subject to its being laid before Parliament and receiving His Majesty's assent, it becomes law. Similarly, the Governor of a Province may (and in some cases must) reserve a Bill for consideration by the Governor-General, and possesses analogous powers of law-making. In the sphere of finance, again, the functions and powers of the Legislatures are

limited. No proposal for appropriation may be laid before the lower Chamber of the Imperial Legislature save on the recommendation of the Governor-General. Moreover, the Budget, as presented, is divided into 'voted' and 'non-voted' items. The latter are not, like the former, open to the vote, nor are they open to discussion unless the Governor-General so directs. Among these items are the salaries and pensions of persons appointed by, or with the approval of, His Majesty, or by the Secretary of State in Council, and the very large expenditure upon defence. Even where an item is 'voted' ('votable' would, perhaps, be a happier word), the Governor-General in Council may, if the appropriation is refused, act as if it had received the assent of the Chamber, and, in cases of emergency, may himself authorise expenditure which he deems necessary for the safety and tranquillity of the country. The checks in the case of Provincial Legislatures are similar, though here the replacement in the Budget of items of expenditure refused or reduced is limited to reserved subjects.

Above all these authorities stand the Secretary of State and, ultimately, Parliament. The Secretary of State, sometimes acting alone, sometimes acting with his Council, possesses powers of superintendence, direction, and control, powers of appointment, rule-making powers, financial and other powers. He may even suspend the Executive Council of a Governor's Province, the Governor meantime performing the functions of the Governor in Council. Parliament, in addition to the general control exercised over one of its responsible Ministers, possesses rule-making powers; 'certified' legislation and orders regarding the commencement of hostilities must be laid before it; and in other ways it can exercise its influence. More than all, the Government of India Act is an Act of Parliament; and any constitutional change will in future be made as the result of inquiry by a periodic Parliamentary Commission.

The cumulative effect of these happenings and of the constitutional changes has produced a feeling of pessimism among the public in general and among the services in particular. The order should perhaps be inverted, for in a matter of this kind public opinion is largely guided by service opinion. There are some thousands of Britishers serving in civil and military capacities in India. They write to their friends and relatives. They come home on leave. Some of them are now prematurely throwing up their appointments and returning on a system of proportionate pensions devised to meet the scruples of those who, finding the new order of things different from that which existed at the time of their appointment, deem themselves unable conscientiously to continue the discharge of their duties. These men bring back

gloomy tales: 'India has gone to the dogs. It is no longer a white man's country. The old amenities which tempered exile have vanished. The purchasing power of the rupee has decreased. There is no room for a career. Our sons shall not enter the Indian services.' The services have initiated this spirit of pessimism, which in turn has tinged public opinion.

This despondent attitude is partly due to a straitened Exchequer, both private and public. Though salaries have been raised all along the line, from the menial to the highly placed official (some of the topmost posts are an exception), the British officer finds it difficult to maintain himself and his family, to educate his children, to send his wife and offspring to the hills or home when health or other considerations require such a change. Furthermore, the zealous and conscientious officer likes to order his public administration on a reasonably generous scale, to press forward beneficial schemes, to leave his district, division, or department better equipped and more prosperous than when he took it over. But in many directions his zeal is thwarted because Government also is short of cash. Progress must mark time; promising schemes must be held in abeyance. These are potent factors in the present position.

But the officer's mind is also disturbed by his survey of the recent march of events, and by his apprehensions regarding the outcome of the reforms. He is filled with the following kind of forebodings.

He sees, or thinks he sees, the old, patriarchal system of rule breaking up. He must tolerate a certain amount of short-sightedness, folly, inefficiency and nepotism. The growing complexity of administration leaves him less time to move among his people, to know them, to win their confidence, respect and affection. Nay, he must often battle against malignant agitations and taste the bitterness of race hatred directed against the alien ruler Past examples have taught him that in the growing sea of troubles he cannot always count upon the support of superior authority.

Again, he sees an ever larger proportion of Indians entering the public service. They may be excellent fellows individually, gifted with intelligence and trained in British Universities. But he argues that East is East and West is West, and that intelligence is not necessarily accompanied by that devotion to duty and that scrupulous uprightness which should characterise a body of public servants; that the very connection of Indian officers with the people whom they are called upon to rule is likely to obstruct impartiality as between class and class. In a country where caste and aristocratic traditions prevail, the prestige of the service is bound to suffer if the governing class is recruited from mediocre or lowly sources. There cannot be the same homo-

geneity and *bonhomie* about a service formed out of such different elements as in one where the members have a common land of birth and have enjoyed a similar upbringing. Some officers, for various reasons, dislike working under Indians who have risen to high office. These reasons vary from pride to distrust of capacity. The Britisher also suspects that the tendency will in future be to give the Indian officer the preference in respect of high appointments ; already he sees a proportion of memberships of Executive Councils given, and for practical purposes permanently allocated, to Indians ; and Indians are freely appointed to the High Courts.

The future is full of doubt and anxiety. Violent and bloodthirsty outbreaks have recently been all too common. Fearless for his own personal safety, the officer in an isolated station may at times feel qualms about his family. And, apart from such sinister misgivings, what of his career ? What of the security of salary and pension on which he and his depend ? The average Indian politician of to-day indignantly answers that these are safe. But what will the Legislatures of 1924 say if, as is still just possible, the non-co-operator condescends to enter them ? What will happen if the movement initiated by the reforms accelerates, and there is a general landslide ? What if the withdrawal of effective British control should bring about a state of economic and financial confusion, in which the average politician is submerged or, if not submerged, is unable, notwithstanding his honest intentions, to meet commitments ? What if a practically autonomous Indian Government demands the removal of British officers ? What if a future British Parliament repudiates the responsibility for their maintenance ?

It is the advent of the reforms that, more than other portents, has filled the minds of officers with forebodings. Though they are loyally carrying out the intention of the reforms, there is many a one among them who considers that the scheme was introduced from above without adequate consideration of the views of himself and his colleagues, the very men whom experience in the everyday battle of administration best fitted to form a valid opinion. He believes that the scheme constitutes an all too sudden breach with the past. He fears that it is unworkable. For it has been imposed upon a community permanently lacking in the democratic tradition, temporarily lacking in the goodwill to co-operate, which are essential to its success. He observes with concern that the very authors of the report embodying the essential features of the new constitution realised the frail foundations on which they sought to build, and that the architects stand confessed of mistrust in an erection for the security of which they were constrained to devise so many and so complex checks.

Nor does it escape his notice that those checks lay an almost intolerable responsibility upon the personal shoulders of a few high officials, and that their frequent use would at once raise the cry that the whole scheme had been introduced only to be stultified. Already he has had evidence of the light-hearted temerity of Legislatures demanding a reduction in the ratio of European troops, the cessation of European recruitment, the abolition of all-India services, the immediate delivery of the goods of self-government when the initial process of their production, itself charged with momentous possibilities, has had but a brief testing.

Such, in their extreme form, are the fears which haunt the minds of many, and which, bruited about in various ways, deter the British youth from seeking an Indian career. The fears may be largely unfounded. But the officer believes that the old order is sinking around him. New paths are opening which lead he knows not whither. He cries, *Quo vadis ?* and imagines the worst

An attempt has been made briefly to review the trend of recent events in India, to outline the constitution lately conferred upon her, and to indicate (as just stated, in its extreme form) the effect produced by those events and that constitutional change in the minds of many officials and communicated by them to such sections of the public as are interested in these matters. The upshot is that there prevails a spirit of pessimism, and that it originates in a class of men who, if any, ought to be able to read the signs of the times. The question now is, ' Is that pessimism justified ? ' The answer is, ' Emphatically no.'

In view of the picture just attempted of the mental attitude of the average official, such a statement, even if the picture has been tinged with exaggerated gloom, may sound paradoxical.

Of course, the situation is full of anxiety. In what country is it not ? The situation in India is actually less highly charged with potential catastrophe than is that in many other countries. The main element of danger in India at present is the very existence of this pessimism among the services themselves. Such a feeling is contagious to people in Europe and to people in India ; it is calculated to check adequate recruitment ; it furnishes the worst possible armoury against the forces which work for destruction.

In order justly to appreciate the situation, it is necessary to regard it in the broadest aspects, discounting some of its features which, though not permanent or radical, yet, for obvious reasons, have assumed unreal proportions in the minds of those who are face to face with it.

First of all, there are the financial difficulties as they affect the individual. These, though personal, are of the utmost importance

in colouring the general outlook, and hence merit treatment. That the cost of living has increased cannot be denied. The war affected prices in India as elsewhere, and an enhanced customs tariff has tended further to raise the level for the European. But this difficulty is capable of remedy. Notwithstanding the financial stringency of the past few years, the rates of pay and the pensionary terms have been substantially raised. It may be necessary to raise them again. If so, the result will be the outcry which is wont to be made against the cost of a European *personnel* as against an Indian *personnel*. As a matter of fact, the difference of cost is in many services almost negligible. The actual pay is frequently the same; and the expedient of an additional 'overseas pay' has been devised to meet, in the case of officers not domiciled in India, the expenses incurred in the education of children, leave taken in the United Kingdom, and so forth. This is a reasonable device, and was recommended by one of the most eminent of Indian politicians some years before its introduction in practice. But it has been carried out in a half-hearted manner. The difference between the salary paid to the officer domiciled in India and to one whose domicile is in the United Kingdom is in no sense commensurate with the cost which non-Indian domicile imposes. The overseas pay bears but a meagre ratio to the substantive pay which the Britisher and the Indian alike draw in many services, whereas the subsistence allowance laid down by law for a Member of the Secretary of State's Council who at the time of his appointment was domiciled in India is equal to no less than half the substantive pay of the post. As a matter of fact, Indian officers in India have in many cases been granted overseas pay. The line pursued by a Government anxious to eliminate everything that savours of racial distinction has been to scale up the pay of the Indian to that deemed necessary for enabling the British officer to meet both his Indian and his home expenses—expenses heavy enough at all times but greatly increased since the war. There is every reason for increasing the overseas pay. There is also good reason for assisting officers to passage money for occasional leave, extensions of the concessions made in certain towns in view of high rents, more generous provision of quarters and furniture, and, in the case of some services, more adequate terms of pension. Still more necessary is some definite assurance —one might almost say insurance—of pay and pension. Some such improvements in the terms of service will, no doubt, be considered by the forthcoming Royal Commission and would go far to relieve the anxieties which too often harass and dishearten a class of officials some of whom are called to toil in circumstances already sufficiently depressing. These things can be done; and, if we are not going to jettison our responsibilities toward a country

the bulk of whose inhabitants have learned to look to British rule for tranquillity and justice, they have got to be done.

On the other hand, there are probably ways in which the domestic budget of a family in India can be reduced. There are certain forms of expenditure, relics of the days of cheapness, which, though not essential to happiness, have become customary and still survive. When these have been forgone, and when improvements, such as those just mentioned, have been effected, the Indian official will have no reason to complain of his lot from the financial point of view.

Let us pass on to a consideration of administrative difficulties It is a fact, quite apart from the reforms, that the character of the administration has been slowly changing through recent years. Time has passed since a gifted officer sang how,

> Chained to the desk the worn civilian now
> Clears his parched throat and wipes his weary brow ;
> Bound by his oath at every boor's behest
> To hear, examine, sift, record, attest,
> Recite the whole in dialect uncouth,
> And dive in wells of perjury for truth.

He sang of the passing of the old, easy, patriarchal rule, dealing out justice and 'understanded of the people.' He sang of the more modern methods, of reversals of judgments, of a High Court

> Where Rhadamanthus revels in a flaw
> And wreaks injustice while he teaches law.

He sang that the service had gone to the dogs. And yet—until to-day—the services continued to flourish. It were platitudinous to enlarge upon the theme that the conditions of a country change and that the methods of administration must adapt themselves to those changes. But it is not merely such changes that hamper the official. He has too often been made painfully aware of an ever-rising flood of agitation and unrest which obstructs his work and wastes his energies. It is important to observe that agitation and unrest are not new phenomena in India and that they are generally confined at any one time to certain portions of the country. They sweep over a Province which happens at the time to be ripe for trouble ; they pass away ; they visit another Province and pass away there also. India has undoubtedly during the last three years been in the throes of particularly widespread unrest. But so has the world at large. Mention has been made of the dual form which agitation has recently assumed. The socialistic (perhaps, one should say, anarchical) preachings of Mr. Gandhi have aroused response by reason of his extraordinary personality and of the tactics he has adopted. But communistic doctrines are unlikely to have any lasting effect upon a great agricultural community which has long tilled the soil in peace

under a carefully planned system of tenures; and the rule of a proletariat minority is not likely to appeal to the devotees of a religion which still firmly clings to caste traditions. As for the Muslims, they well know that their ultimate chances of advance ment depend upon the continued maintenance of British rule. The theoretical view held in India of the position of the Khalifa hardly squares with the actions of the Angora Government, though too much cannot be set upon the weight of such views when scaled against political considerations. Feeling in the Muhammadan community has not been unanimous as regards the duties imposed upon it by the development of the Turkish and Khilafat questions; dissentients from the general view are sufficiently numerous to have earned a generic term and have been euphoniously described in Indian journals as 'Anti-Khilafatites.' As for the declared union between the two great religious sections of the Indian population,

> ξυνώμοσαν γὰρ, ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρὶν,
> πῦρ καὶ θάλασσα.

Such oaths of concord have no lasting force. But we are solemnly assured that the people as a whole have lost faith in British rule. They had been sedulously taught that British rule was at an end, and that the rule of Gandhi-ji had begun. Yet when Mr. Gandhi was put into gaol not a hand was raised; on the contrary, everyone was much relieved, probably Mr. Gandhi not least of all.

There is no denying the fact that Indians are entering the services in ever larger numbers. But anyone who has watched the trend of affairs in India has known for years past that this must be. It is only right that it should be. A constant, gradually increasing stream of such recruitment can be absorbed and infused with the true traditions of the Civil Service. The danger lies in rapid swamping of the service by Indians imperfectly versed in those traditions. The very way to turn this danger into a certainty is the adoption of a tone which is bound to react prejudicially upon European recruitment. But, argues the officer, is it fair to the rising generation to hold out enticements to enter a service of which the prospects are gloomy and uncertain? This is undeniably a proper attitude. But are the premises sound on which it rests? Are we to suppose, as is sometimes stated, that the reforms will break down, that India will return to the conditions in which British traders and the early British administrators found her in the eighteenth century, and that the only career open to the European will be that of an eighteenth century adventurer? There are no signs that such a *débâcle* is likely. On the contrary, the bulk of the Indian population would be the last to desire such a relapse. The average Indian is peace-loving. He is gifted with common sense. He knows well (even those politicians who deny

it know well) that the Britisher is necessary. He will keep the Britisher at all costs, though things may grow more ominous before he consents to the cost. Nor should it be forgotten that one-third of the area of India is ruled by Indian princes and chiefs, whose loyalty to the suzerain Power is unswerving.

Fears bred by the introduction of the reforms have been aggravated by displays of irresponsibility on the part of some of the Legislatures. Such displays naturally attract an attention which they do not always deserve. When we consider the novelty of the system and the heady effects of newly acquired power, the wonder is that such displays have not been more frequent and more regrettable. On the whole, the work done by the Legislatures has been far from discreditable. They have acted with praiseworthy moderation in regard to various questions which it was confidently expected would arouse grave controversy. They have seldom sought to counteract the checks by the fulness of power which has been reposed in them. All this is the more satisfactory when we remember that the waters in which the reforms were launched boiled with disconcerting and dangerous currents. War sickness afflicted all classes; the country was a prey to particularly insidious forms of agitation; the paucity of funds hampered administration. This last fact alone endangered the reforms at once. For the position of the Ministers is greatly affected by their ability or inability to spend money on the beneficent objects which are their care. Yet the reforms were not driven upon the rocks.

But what, says the objector, of the future of those reforms? They can only lead, he urges, to an ever greater transfer of power from the hands of British officials into hands less experienced, less firm and less effective. It is admitted that there may be some loss of efficiency; the gain to be set against this loss is regarded as more important. It is recognised that the path to be trodden will lead eventually to self-government within the British Empire; but the path is going to be a long and arduous one, and it is idle to talk as if the goal were within sight. It is inevitable that the position of the European and the character of his work should change; but that is no reason why they should be abandoned. There is still an interesting career before the man who chooses an Indian service, different from, but to many temperaments even more interesting than, that which was open to his predecessor. There is still, as in the past, opening for a great career for those who are gifted with outstanding ability. There are still vast problems to be solved, problems by no means confined to the field of general administration. There is still a great national task to be accomplished before we can say *Nunc dimittis*.

After all, agitation, stress and strain are not new phenomena. There were troubles before the Mutiny; there have been troubles since. In 1879 it was deemed necessary to pass an Act controlling the Press. The early 'eighties saw the agitation over the Ilbert Bill and the commencement of the National Congress. There have been crises fraught with danger and depression. Fortitude and firm belief in the justice of our cause have piloted India through them. But, it will be argued, we witness to-day certain new phenomena—widespread pessimism among the services, resignations, failure to recruit for appointments which only recently were coveted. The answer is that we are witnessing to-day new phenomena in every walk of life, many of which are bound to pass away. No wonder that the official, confronted by these phenomena, feels dismay! He sees bewildering changes and, naturally wedded to the old ways (which were good ways in their season), fails to realise that this is an era of social dissolution, and that he has to adapt and reconstruct his ideals and his methods. He sees agitation on an unprecedented scale, and forgets that the human field is still tainted by the breath of war and readier to produce unwholesome tares than profitable grain. He sees financial difficulties paralysing the work of administration, and ignores the fact that the unremunerative portion of India's public debt is small, and that the rigidity of her revenue is in no small measure due to world-wide stagnation of trade. He is himself affected by the long suspense of the war, during which his burdens and anxieties were unintermitted; and subsequent troubles have allowed him no respite for recovery. The mental malady which still afflicts a great part of the world has had its effect in India upon both the ruled and the ruler. In the former it has produced aggravated agitation and a fever of irrational impatience; in the latter it has produced a sense of bewilderment and pessimism on which the shock of novel forces and changes has fallen with irresistible weight. Each tendency has reacted on the other, producing a vicious circle, weakening the will to patient perseverance, breeding extremism of view on both sides.

When we have considered and discounted these passing waves of tumult, we can with confidence discern the calmer waters beyond. India can reach those waters in safety if she is firmly and skilfully guided through the whirlpools of the present. But a continuance and a replenishment of the great services, whose work in the past has moved the world to admiration, are essentially necessary for that guidance. This was clearly perceived by the authors of the Report on Reforms and by the Joint Parliamentary Committee. The Indian, too, it must be repeated, clearly perceives it. India is ever liable to be torn by internal

factions. There are differences of race, of creed, of interest. The collective neurasthenia of to-day has intensified that danger. The United Provinces and Bihar have in recent years witnessed inter-religious outbreaks of a blood-curdling nature. The Moplah rebellion loosened a torrent of savagery which cost thousands of lives and rendered wide tracts temporarily desolate. Beyond her borders there are powers that would swoop down upon the plains of India were the strong watch removed. Never before did India so sorely need the firm hand upon her helm as now, and to these dangers is added the task of directing the reforms and adjusting the administrative machine to new circumstances. Truly did one of India's most enlightened politicians of the Liberal school, himself often in the past no sparing critic of Government, publicly declare the other day that India could not do without the assistance and guidance of British officials.

The only true ground for pessimism is the existence of pessimism. For pessimism is not the spirit in which the situation should be met. A firm, cheerful and confident outlook will give courage and force to official colleagues, and to that great mass of Indian opinion which is well disposed and awaits only clear guidance to make its influence felt. Whatever voices may now say to the contrary, the Britisher will continue to be welcomed, respected, and well treated. So far as his personal interests are concerned, there may be present disadvantages, but there is no need to despond of the future. But if the British connection is not firmly maintained, if the British official class vanishes, if the British merchant deserts the shores of the Hooghly, then the future of India is dark indeed. Even were attractions wanting in the Indian career (though they are not, and though the work of the Royal Commission should make them greater), even if India did not still present the most fascinating problems to the administrator, the educator, the engineer and the medical man, would it still be useless, even in a material age, to stress the fact that Britain lies in this matter under a heavy responsibility? She has undertaken in India a mighty task. She has carried it out in a manner which has moved foreign observers to wonder. She has conducted India to a highly critical stage in her political development. She has prepared a path and has set India's feet upon it. It is admittedly an arduous and involved path, the traveller in which needs the guidance of the hand that brought her to its commencement. Is that hand suddenly to be withdrawn? Is the task to be abandoned when its last and most difficult stage has just been entered? So sorry and tragic a close to a great endeavour is unthinkable. Let us be true to India and to ourselves.

HENRY SHARP

IRELAND TO-DAY.

THERE is a good deal of controversy as to the prospects of the Irish Free State. There is, of course, no dispute about the horror of its actual conditions. It is quite evident to those who read such newspapers as choose to report the happenings in Ireland, still more to those who have Irish connections, that these are worse than in any nation of Europe outside Russia. Than Russia they are not worse, because starvation has not yet been added to other miseries. But they are not to be matched elsewhere, nor probably, as regards security of life, even there. The controversy is between those, probably interested in their prophecies one way or the other, who declare they see a glimmer of light on the horizon, or who declare that the country is enwrapping itself in gloom deeper and deeper; that the only light is that of flames, which are no light, but rather darkness visible. The problem resolves itself into the question, Is there sign that the Government of Mr. Cosgrave is making progress in its task of pacification? It is on that that all turns. No good talking of the desires or the sentiments of the majority of Irish people! In a land where no public opinion has ever had force unless formed and directed from above, where public opinion is less effective than at any time in living memory—certainly not a tithe as effective as when the Truce was signed—the Government must win or Irish civilisation must lose. Are the Government and Irish civilisation winning, or even holding their ground?

The question is not easily answered. Basing one's verdict upon a general impression, one would at once answer it in the negative. Every day brings its new death, its new burning, its new tale of destruction. But a general impression from the perusal of such daily disasters may not be quite trustworthy. It is naturally the bad which appears in the Press, not the good. The papers give us an idea of the appalling chaos in the counties Sligo and Leitrim, for example, but they do not reveal the comparative order of Limerick and Meath. They tell us that whole districts of the south and west are cut off from the world, without communications, but they do not explain the astonishing fashion

in which the value of land, or at least good grazing land, is maintained. To reach a sound verdict, we want figures, and figures are extraordinarily difficult to obtain. As regards loss of life they are unobtainable; nor would any published, from what sources soever, be trustworthy. This has always been the case in Irish civil strife. In a raid upon a small Ulster village before the Truce, when the attackers were beaten off by the inhabitants, it was estimated that several of the former were killed. Then gradually it began to be noticed that So-and-so and So-and-so, of the neighbourhood, were no longer 'about the place.' It is pretty certain that they had been secretly buried. The same is true of many other cases. Nor are figures of other natures easily got. It happens, however, that a good many figures have been provided during the past few weeks in the Dail Eireann, and through the annual reports of the directors of the Irish railways. It may be interesting to examine some of them.

The figures that emerged from the debates in the Dail were by far the less precise and valuable of the two sets. But there was one interesting figure supplied by Mr. Cosgrave as an estimate. The subject of the debate in which he spoke was the Criminal and Malicious Injuries (Amendment) Bill. The President had to meet attacks in the Chamber and Press against alleged injustice in his scheme for compensation; and indeed there appeared to be some grounds for complaint. Under the scheme there is to be no compensation for loss of life or personal injuries, none for any form of 'consequential damage,' such as loss of livelihood or employment, none even for loss of cash stolen.

> If [said Mr. Cosgrave, defending this last provision] a person kept a huge sum of money, it was only an invitation to the irregulars to come along for what they could get. . . . When the keeping of it provided the irregulars with an excuse for continuing their methods, the person who did keep money in the house deserved to lose it (*Irish Times*, February 28).

The President's general line of opposition to these claims was sounder than this. He stated that it was simply beyond the power of the State to meet them. And then he produced his startling estimate of their amount. It was 40,000,000*l*.

That is, indeed, a serious figure, having regard to the small population of the Irish Free State, to the short period which it covers, and to the fact that every day it is growing at least as fast as at any time during that period. I have good reason for belief that it is considerably under, rather than over, the mark, because there is a great number of claims which have never been even whispered, nor can be under present conditions. In many cases those who have a right to make them hold it better to lose their money than to lose their lives and money too. However, as we

have gone to this authority for a figure, let us accept it.[1] It is, as I have said, a crushing burden of loss. Even then it does not take into account the very heavy and increasing expenditure of the Free State on armed forces, or the loss to agriculture and industry caused by half the young males of the population living under arms on one side or the other.

Another Bill which was at the same time being passed through Dail Eireann gave some idea of another category of loss, which would also have to be excluded from this estimate, but must already have attained huge proportions. The Government is seeking power to dissolve boards which refuse or neglect to perform their functions and to appoint in their stead vice-guardians or paid councillors. The Minister for Local Government could doubtless have given us some interesting figures here as to the losses sustained through these non-effective bodies. Perhaps he had good reason for refraining from so doing. But, in support of his measure, he gave one example of what is taking place. In the county Kerry the County Council has not sat since June last. Such administration as there has been was carried out by the officials; 74,000*l.* was outstanding for rates in respect of the financial years ending March 31, 1921 and 1922, while practically nothing at all had been collected for that ending March 31, 1923. Such conditions are not uncommon throughout the Free State. In the more disaffected counties they are the rule. And it is not the rates only which remain unpaid. It would be still more instructive to discover to what extent taxes are in arrear. It is common knowledge that over wide areas none are collected. I know personally one case of a man who declares that he has paid no taxes for two years, because, as he says, he has not been summoned to pay, his neighbours do not pay, and the amount which he owes to the State is considerably less than the rents from his property, which his tenants do not pay to him.

Let us turn to the reports of the railways, which have of late been filling dismal columns of the Irish Press. These reports show that no railway dividend would have been paid in Ireland but for heavy 'milking' of the 3,000,000*l.* paid to the Irish railways by the British Government under the 'Settlement of Claims Award.' Let us glance, first, at the case of the Great Northern. This is of the main railways that least affected by conditions in the Free State, since the greater part of its permanent way is in Northern Ireland. Moreover, one of its most important branches, that from

[1] An Ulster estimate, given to me on the very best authority available, is 'anything from fifteen to twenty times as great as that in Northern Ireland.' The northern claims from January to October 1922 amounted to nearly 3,000,000*l.*, largely due to the attacks of last May. The claims for May in Northern Ireland were nearly 800 000*l.* They are now down to about 8,000*l.* a month—a wonderful change.

Portadown to Enniskillen, though it does run into the Free State, runs in at a 'good' point, Clones, and has not suffered. Practically all the loss, then, has been suffered on the main Dublin-Belfast line, between Dublin and Dundalk. Its losses through wilful damage in the year 1922 amount to 39,000*l.* When it is added that the losses for 1923 *for the months of January and February alone* amount to practically the same sum, the tendency of events will become clearer. To pay dividends to the debenture-holders and 5 per cent. to ordinary shareholders, 115,000*l.* was drawn from the 'Settlement of Claims' fund. The Chairman of the Dublin and South-Eastern reported that, while up to December 31 last the claims under the Malicious Injuries Act amounted to 32,000*l.*, they had now reached the figure of 80,000*l.*—another startling increase in a very short period. This is a line which lives mainly on suburban traffic to Dublin, which is not affected. It had, in fact, over 1,000,000 more suburban passengers than last year, which is one of the few bright spots in all these reports. The decrease in merchandise was 20,000 tons. Its net profits were 6,000*l.*

At least it had a profit, which is more than could be said for some of the unfortunate minor railways. The gross revenue of the Derry and Lough Swilly Railway was short of gross expenditure by 22,000*l.* Few of the small railways in the south are running at all, and, indeed, from the directors' point of view, it is far more profitable that they should not.

Worst of all was the case of the Great Southern and Western, because, as the Chairman remarked, it was to territory served by this line that the civil war had been mainly confined. Sir William Goulding gave some figures of damages suffered.

Breakages in permanent way	467
Over-bridges damaged	55
Under-bridges damaged	236
Signal cabins destroyed or damaged	103
Buildings burnt	36
Engines destroyed	3
Engines damaged	86
Rolling stock destroyed	169
Rolling stock damaged	260

The company had a net loss of 41,000*l.* for its year's working, not, of course, taking into consideration the losses from this damage, which amount to 860,000*l.*, and by the time these lines are in print will certainly have exceeded the 1,000,000*l.* mark. To pay 3 per cent. on the ordinary shares, this railway, the greatest single business concern in Ireland, was obliged to draw over 500,000*l.* from its 800,000*l.* 'Settlement of Claims' fund.

While Sir William Goulding was delivering his speech a series

of messages were handed to him, and he read them out in conclusion:

Roscrea.—Driver, fireman and guard of 8 p.m. goods ex Nenagh arrived here 1 a.m., and reported their train stopped, set on fire, and derailed near 17½-mile post by armed men. Military left here at 12.30.

District Superintendent, Waterford.—Last night armed men crossed Barrow Bridge and entered cabin. Swung bridge open, removed handles and damaged slowing gear, leaving bridge open for navigation.

Kildangan.—Sixteen wagons derailed. Bagnalstown goods, between here and Cherriville Junction.

District Superintendent, Cork.—Little Island Station burned to ground last night. Agent's house only escaped.

'That,' said Sir William, 'is only the daily return we get, unfortunately.'

It should not be supposed that the Government makes no serious effort to combat these atrocities. In the *Irish Independent* of February 28, from which some of the above reports are taken, is a glowing account of the work carried out by the Railway Repairs and Maintenance Corps of the National Army. This corps, says the writer, works 'with rifle and pick' at repairing damage and defending its repairs when completed. He describes its task in restoring communication between Clonmel and Thurles:

Each man worked with his rifle in reach of his hand and slept beside it. Sometimes they would work for ten minutes, and then, as their outposts were driven back, all hands would have to drop their shovels and hammers, and pick up their rifles to repulse an attack. When that was beaten off they might barely get another ten minutes' work in before they were attacked again.

One important bridge was ten times destroyed and ten times rebuilt, but the Corps has succeeded in guarding many important bridges since their first restoration. It has beaten off attackers in 'scores of engagements,' and captured over 100 prisoners. It is divided into eight commands, each of which has its armoured train, composed of an armoured engine, two armoured wagons, a field kitchen, and ordinary wagons for supplies and tools. It has groups of 'posts,' usually blockhouses of railway sleepers and sandbags. When special danger is apprehended it supplies an armoured Lancia to precede the train on the rails as a pilot engine. In some parts of Cork, where there is a double line, an armoured train runs beside the passenger or goods train. A high tribute is paid to the courage, energy and *esprit de corps* of this body. Their colonel 'can proudly boast that his men have cheerfully endured hardships that even the troops in Flanders, under the iron discipline of the British Army, would have mutinied sooner than submit to'! If Colonel Russell, who apparently served in the Air Force, really said that, we may perhaps attribute this mild exaggeration to creditable enthusiasm, and to the fact

that Passchendaele and Poelcappelle probably took on a fairer guise from the clouds than when one abode in them. In any case we may wish him well. In another part of the same paper is an advertisement for recruits to the Maintenance Corps, already numbering 3500 officers and men. The rates of pay for privates are 3*s*. 6*d*. per day and maintenance, with dependants' allowance of 4*s*. per day for wife, 5*s*. 6*d*. for wife and one child, 6*s*. 6*d*. for wife and two children, and 9*d*. for each other child under fourteen years.

That, from the evidence available, represents the brighter aspect of the efforts made by authority. If all were on this level, one can scarcely doubt that the power of the rebellion would speedily be broken. There is clear evidence, unfortunately, that they are not. Over large areas the National Army is at best spiritless and unenterprising. At worst it lives in amity with its so-called opponents. In certain districts any energy there is in the business of fighting seems to be on the side of the Republicans. Their energies, it is true, are devoted rather to destruction than fighting, but the National forces show no disposition to seek them out and fight them. One of the worst scandals in this respect was the affair at Sligo at the beginning of this year, when several engines were coupled and driven right through the sea-wall of the railway station. English observers seem to have accepted this as one of the usual lightning raids on undefended points. But Sligo is a garrison town! There were troops in barracks when the work of destruction was done. It was done quite deliberately. And from first to last the National troops do not appear to have come in contact with the aggressors, described variously as 60, 100, and 150 youths of eighteen.

Another indication of slackness, to put it no lower, is the fashion in which local commands of the I.R.A. are permitted to play what may be described as an official part in public life. They circulate their orders to local bodies, these orders are obeyed, whether through terror or through friendliness it is not always easy to discover, and there seems to be no effort on the part of the constituted authority to get to the source of the orders, which must generally be obvious. I have before me the report of the session of a certain rural council. The chairman read a type-written message from the commandant of the neighbouring battalion I.R.A. All local bodies, it was declared, which did not sympathise with the executions carried out by the Government, must protest strongly against them, and must give earnest of their sentiments by refusing to have dealings with the Local Government Board. Otherwise they must be prepared to 'take the consequences.' Thereupon the chairman, not apparently prepared to go all the way, but ready to give some gage of his sympathies, moved 'That we call on the Government to cease

from all executions for political offences pending a settlement of the issues before the country.' To this helpful resolution one councillor had the temerity to move an amendment that a full board should be summoned to consider the question. He found no seconder. The resolution was then declared passed, the chairman inquiring of the bold councillor whether he was to be taken as dissenting, and receiving the reply, 'Oh, no!' One can understand his feelings. But is it possible to pretend that there was here no material upon which the intelligence branch of an army command, in a country under martial law, could obtain information, or its operations branch take action? Yet cases of this nature are of almost daily occurrence, and no account is demanded.

But let us continue our search for figures. It has just been announced that the expenditure of the Free State Government for the year ending March 31 has already (on March 10) exceeded the estimated revenue by 12,000,000*l*. When stating the amount of the deficit, the Government omitted to state that of the estimated revenue. I do not think it can exceed thrice the former amount. This represents an enormous deficit, and it is hard to see how it is to be made up. On what terms could the Free State float a loan of 12,000,000*l*. to-day? It is safe to say they would be most onerous, barring the possible assistance of wealthy American supporters, who might be prepared out of sympathy to risk their money in a desperate venture. On the same day it was announced from Belfast that the Northern Government, after a very difficult year, had a small surplus of revenue over expenditure.

On the artistic and historical side there have been losses that can never be estimated, infinitely greater than anyone unacquainted with Irish life could comprehend. Ireland is a country with a troubled history, and poor in urban architecture out of all comparison with England. But, dating mostly from Plantation or Cromwellian days, though some of the finest are far earlier, it had a number of noble and beautiful castles and mansions probably greater than in any country of its population in the world. At least a third of these are gone, and they continue to go at the rate of two or three a week. But it is their contents which represent the greatest artistic loss. They were off the dealer's track. From many of them not a piece of plate, not a picture, not a book, had been removed for 300 years. The native glass seen in this country, and here so highly prized, was trivial by comparison with the collections they contained. They had priceless documents which would some day have gone to the writing of Irish history in a country singularly poor hitherto in printed historical records. The documents in the Record Office were in themselves a mine from which not a fraction of the gold had been extracted. That mine is gone with the smaller ones.

Are there any brighter colours to lighten the gloom of this picture? There appear to be a few. Best of all is the sincerity and honesty with which Mr. Cosgrave, deplorably served by some of his departments, is facing the situation. He, at least, with a task of extraordinary difficulty upon his hands, has shown no sign of hesitation or of despair for the future. He goes on battling, and he wins certain successes. More rebels are being daily captured than was the case last year. The dumping of arms is credibly reported to be on the increase. Some districts appear to be more or less pacified. Donegal, for example, is said to be quieter and more habitable than at any time in the past two years. And it argues some confidence in the country's future when men are to be found who will pay for pasture the prices at which some farms in Louth and Meath have recently changed hands. The banks have continued to do well, and it is evident there is plenty of money in the country. There has been no dislocation of trade that could not be restored within a few weeks—the greater part of it, indeed, within a few days—if once the National Army were to win a real mastery of the situation, such as has been achieved in Northern Ireland by Sir James Craig's new constabulary with the aid of British regiments, and the country were to settle down.

And here we come to the heart of the question. The young Bolsheviks and hooligans who form the bulk of the I.R.A.'s rank and file are not to be beaten by oratory nor persuasion, nor even by excellent enactments in Dail Eireann. Their leaders may have varied motives and ideals. Some are driven by wounded vanity, some by real devotion to a free republic, some by the pure philosophy of anarchy. But they fight chiefly for devilment and for loot. To make them stop fighting, they must be taught that it involves risk to themselves as well as the wretched population whom they terrorise. That lesson can be administered by the National Army, and by none else. It can never be administered unless the National Army acquires, and speedily, a new way of fighting, a new way of living, and a new way of thinking.

Now the men who compose that army are chiefly those who, with vastly greater advantages, carried on against the British Army and the R.I.C. a campaign similar to that now being waged against them by the irregulars. They have been proclaimed, especially by their own leaders, the salt of the earth, the men who beat the men whom the Germans could not beat. They are the victors of 'the war,' by which in the Free State is meant the civil strife of 1920 and 1921. Their charmed ears have taken in so much of this nonsense that they have come to believe in it, the more easily since not 2 per cent. of them have any idea what war really means. The idea of betterment is unheard of among them, for how

can glory-bedecked invincibles better themselves? Says one of their official bards, a most talented writer, Mr. Daniel Corkery:

> You strike in here, chant your wild songs, and go;
> The chroniclers, with rushlights, stumble after:
> And ah! to see them blot the sunrise glow
> Of your bright deeds and dreams, your tears and laughter.[1]

That represents pretty well the atmosphere, the halo about their martial brows. The observer, however much a devotee of poetry he may be, is tempted to exclaim that if there were less chanting of wild songs and going, and a little more staying in soldierly silence, there would be more for the stumbling chroniclers, with their following rushlights, to discover among their present achievements. For they appear to have softened instead of stiffening. There are, for example, stories of drunkenness which contrast unfavourably with the evidence of every ex-officer of the Auxiliary Police that the old-time 'Shinner' was dangerous because his zeal kept him sober. Their discipline at best does not improve. But these are minor matters compared with the fact, which I have already noted, that their energy is often lacking and their loyalty sometimes suspect. They need a general stiffening and revivification, but there is no sign that their present commanders are capable of imparting it or that they themselves are prepared to suffer it.

That is the crux. There is no reason to suppose that the workmen, or at least the best of them, like Mr. Cosgrave, are not desirous of carrying out their tasks. With moderately good tools they are probably capable of it. But their main tool, the Army, is inefficient. Could it be improved, all might yet be well, even when the grievous losses, material, moral, and æsthetic, had been taken into account. Ireland was a rich country when the European war ended; not even the blows since dealt her by her own sons have ruined her. But the improvement must come speedily. Another year of anarchy such as the first three months of this have seen, and not only will the Free State Government be 'down and out,' but the country will have sunk into a slough from which fifty years of labour would scarce suffice to extricate her.

CYRIL FALLS.

[1] Dedication to *The Hounds of Banba*, a book of short stories dealing with the Rebellion, of considerable literary merit.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe is well-nigh forgotten in America to-day, for, although he has a secure place among the classics, he is relegated to the museum section and is regarded as a curio rather than a formative force. That he was a force, a formative force, in his day, and long after, is certain, and his countrymen would do well to cultivate a consciousness of his contribution to that literature of America which they are anxious to build, and which is in need both of co-ordination and of leadership. At the present time—as it appears to me—American writers neither know whence they came nor whither they are going.

Poe is the greatest lyrical poet that America has produced—if it can be said that America produced a poet who was born of English parents, who spent his childhood and part of his youth in Great Britain, and who owed his inspiration to English literature. In Poe's day there was not the same distinction between the life and thought of the two countries as exists to-day. The writers of the Boston school prided themselves upon maintaining their identity with British authors. Emerson was a worshipper of Carlyle, and Tennyson was the idol of the New England poets. As to Poe himself, he regarded Tennyson as 'the noblest poet that ever lived.' It is doubtful if any of these early American writers ever had the idea of producing what is called an American literature, except as a branch of English literature; indeed, it cannot be anything but that while Americans speak the English language.

This latter statement may be challenged, and probably requires qualification; but it raises an interesting question. The very fact that Poe is neglected in America may be cited by some as proof that a new and indigenous literature has sprung up in the United States. Poe was so essentially English that the average American scarcely recognises him, and present-day American writers have no kinship with him in either prose or poetry. The members of the new school of *vers librists* have so far removed themselves from the Poe tradition as to abandon all his ideals and principles of poetry.

The declension of his fame may have been due in part to the

Puritan prejudices of New England, which he ceaselessly attacked; but Walt Whitman was not of the Boston school, and he was less of a Puritan than Poe, yet his fame is secure. It might be contended from this that Whitman is more typically American than Poe, and that with Whitman began an indigenous American literature. It must be admitted that Whitman mirrored the expansive and intensive life of the United States in his poetry, that its very conglomerateness and outspokenness were distinctively American, yet Whitman, as a thinker and a dreamer, was, after all, merely a transplanted Englishman. The writers of England were the first to recognise and understand him, and it is doubtful if he is as much appreciated in America to-day as he is in Europe generally.

Whitman was a poetical revolutionist, and the immediate cause of his revolt was Poe. This is true not only in regard to verse form, but also to thought and feeling. Poe was the meticulous metrist—subjective, introspective and sedentary. Whitman was a rugged, wide-eyed man of the open road, who shouted rather than sang his message.

The free verse movement in the United States may be regarded as a revulsion from the fastidiously wrought lyricism of Poe's poetry. The warmest admirers of Poe must admit that there followed in his wake a glut of highly artificial verse which abounded in rhymes and repetitions, odd rhythms and alliterations. Newspapers and magazines were flooded with Poesque poetry until the revolt came. Whitman little realised into what emotional chaos and intellectual anarchy he was leading his countrymen. By way of contrast I will quote a verse from Poe's *Eulalie* and one from an American *vers librist*:

> I dwelt alone
> In a world of moan,
> And my soul was a stagnant tide,
> Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
> Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

That from Poe, and this from James Oppenheim:

> In a dream, gentlemen—
> For it would have been treasonable to think this by myself—
> I saw our venerable Statue of Liberty suddenly bowled over,
> Sprawling in the bay . . .
> I was startled, I can assure you,
> And glad to wake up and find it only a dream.

One could well imagine Poe having such a dream, but his telling of it would have been very dissimilar!

Poe is one of the most enigmatical personalities in modern literature. He was an enigma even to himself. He has always been looked upon as an uncanny poet, lurking in the shadows of

life, prying into the dark secrets of death; an associate of phantoms, a passionately importunate suitor of ethereal Beauty.

Although Poe was essentially English, he was at the same time peculiarly American. He had a double consciousness. For ever haunted with the memories of the Old World, he was faced with the problem of adapting his soul to the New. Had he remained in England he would probably have been just as contemplative and mystical, but his muse would have been quieter and less urgent. It is this urgency and breathless eagerness in Poe's work that is most characteristically American. He was an intellectual adventurer, a geological prospector in the spiritual world, exploring the secrets of the past for the purpose of creating a greater and happier future—not a Utopia, but an ethereal paradise of love and beauty.

Despairing for the most part, and haunted by *The Raven's* croak of 'Nevermore,' Poe was constitutionally incapable of scepticism. Mysticism and sentiment were the breath of his poetical life. He held tenaciously to a belief in the existence of a spiritual world. Angels and ghouls were commonplaces with him, and he liked to think of 'Angels whispering to one another.' What American poet to-day dare hint that he believed in the existence of such ethereal beings?—they have gone the way of the fairies. Strangely enough, Poe foresaw this, for in a sonnet written in his youth he thus addresses 'Science':

> Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
> And driven the Hamandryad from the wood
> To seek a shelter in some happier star?
> Hast thou not torn Naiad from her flood,
> The elfin from the green grass, and from me
> The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

Science has indeed robbed us of our myths, shattered the old world of fancy, dissipated many of our religious conceptions. But it is the office and the duty of our poets to build a new world of fancy, for there are some things that science has not touched, and even its discoveries have made the mystery of the universe and human life deeper than ever. Fairies and angels stood for something that is just as real to the soul to-day as it was to our grandfathers and grandmothers.

We are witnessing to-day an odd reaction among even men of science. Sir Oliver Lodge is a sort of scientific Poe, who sees the spirits of the dead every time he peers into the darkness; but Sir Oliver would organise the spirit world and rob it of its uncertainty and mystery. He is a cold and dispassionate wooer of angel presences, who says 'Don't get scared of the ghosts—they won't touch you!'

It is not science that kills the fairies; it is the scientific

attitude that destroys the sense of wonder and makes poetry impossible. It was the very uncertainty and impenetrableness of the mystery that made life and death so poetical to Poe. It was the conflict and the blending of faith and doubt that created *The Raven*, and its very cry of 'Nevermore' was to Poe a contradiction of his own intuition, for did he not cry out in impatience :

> Take thy beak from out my heart and thy form from off my door !

Poe has written about the 'Poetic Principle' in a rather dogmatic fashion, but, whatever was his theory of poetical composition, his practice was one of incantation. Like Keats, and unlike the *vers librists*, Poe believed in verbal magic. He revelled in euphonious phrases, and has been called 'an epicurean in words.' His poem *The Bells* is not merely a verbal triumph—it possesses that magical quality which is the hall-mark of true poetry, and which in an instant transforms the dull and ordinary of life into something extraordinary and arresting.

The composition of *The Bells* impresses with a sense of the miraculous ; it is supremely and ecstatically articulate ; its turns of thought and phrasing, rhyme and rhythm, are at once surprising and inevitable. Only those who have heard the sleigh-bells on a winter's night can fully appreciate this poem. It could have been written nowhere else but in America or Canada, and I believe that its music was suggested in the first place by the sledges and that the other bells were 'hitched up' to the sleigh-bell music, so to speak.

I read *The Bells* and heard it read many times in England, but it was not till I had crossed the Atlantic that I entered fully into the ecstasy of its music and recalled its marvellous descriptiveness. To catch the music of the sleigh-bells for the first time on a keen Canadian winter night, while the stars 'oversprinkle' a world of snow and silence, and the lights gleam from the windows of scattered houses, telling of warmth and maybe merriment within, this is an experience never to be forgotten, and it is immortalised for me in the magic poem :

> Hear the sledges with the bells—
> Silver Bells !
> What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
> How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
> In the icy air of night !
> While the stars that oversprinkle
> All the Heavens, seem to twinkle
> With a crystalline delight ;
> Keeping time, time, time,
> In a sort of Runic rhyme,
> To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
> From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
> Bells, bells, bells—
> From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Driving a sleigh in zero weather is an exhilarating experience, for one must keep one's wits, especially when snow banks and 'pitch-hole' have to be navigated. It is more than probable that Poe kept his feet and his heart warm to the tune of

> Keeping time, time, time,
> In a sort of Runic rhyme,
> To the throbbing of the bells—

Poe himself has let us into the secret of the composition of *The Raven*. I have always felt, however, that he told too much, and I doubt that it was done so deliberately and mechanically as he says. Indeed, he spoils the poem for me when he tells us that he first thought of using a parrot to recite the word 'nevermore!' Yet no poem in the English language ever before caught the ear and gripped the imagination of the general reader as did *The Raven*. Tennyson and Swinburne were captivated by it. Miss Elizabeth Barrett (afterwards Mrs. Browning), writing to Poe in 1846, stated:

> Your *Raven* has produced a sensation, a 'Fit horror' here in England. Some of my friends are taken with the fear of it and some by the music. I hear of persons haunted with the 'Nevermore,' and one acquaintance of mine who has the misfortune of possessing a 'Bust of Pallas' never can bear to look at it in the twilight. I think you will like to be told that our great poet Mr. Browning, the author of *Paracelsus* and the *Bells and Pomegranates*, was struck much by the rhythm of that poem.

It was not merely the magical rhythm of this poem that created the 'fit horror'; the theme was topical and followed hard upon Tennyson's elegaic poems, and particularly such lyrics as *Tears, idle Tears*, with its melodiously sad refrain, 'The days that are no more.' Tennyson's melancholy was wistful, and he was content with recording the sweet sensations of retrospective reflection and reverently discussing the question of immortality. With him it was

> Better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.

Poe's melancholy was passionate and impatient; he was not content to regard himself as 'an infant crying in the night'—he would press the question home and demand an answer. The black raven of despair was perched above his door and his soul dwelt for ever in its shadow.

Much of the poetry and preaching of that day, both in America and Britain, dealt with the question of the after-life and the possibility of recognition of the loved and lost. Poe gave urgent utterance to this question in these lines:

> By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
> Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
> It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore.

This melancholy misgiving is expressed or inferred in many other of his poems. Poe seemed to be obsessed with the evident triumph of death in all human affairs and in everything made with hands. In *The Conquering Worm* he vividly portrays the life of man as a tragedy:

> Out—out are the lights—out all!
> And, over each quivering form,
> The curtain, a funeral pall,
> Comes down with that rush of a storm,
> With the angels, all pallid and wan,
> Uprising, unveiling, affirm
> That the play is the tragedy, 'Man,'
> And its hero the 'conquering worm.'

Even that most beautiful of all his lyrics, *To One in Paradise*, is marred by the tragic shadow. No more melodious and moving lines have ever been written than these:

> Thou wast that all to me, love,
> For which my soul did pine—
> A green isle in the sea, love,
> A fountain and a shrine,
> All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
> And all the flowers were mine.

Yet he immediately smashed the golden music with this discordant verse:

> Ah, dream too bright to last!
> Ah! starry Hope that didst arise
> But to be overcast!
> A voice from out the future cries,
> 'On! on!' but o'er the Past
> (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
> Mute, motionless, aghast!

The discord is redeemed, however, in the following tender lines, with which he closes the poem:

> And all my days are trances,
> And all my nightly dreams
> Are where thy grey eye glances,
> And where thy footstep gleams—
> In what ethereal dances,
> By what eternal streams.

This poem is reminiscent of *Maud*, and I sometimes wonder whether Tennyson in this instance was influenced by Poe. In my volume of Tennyson *Maud* is dated 1856. As Poe died in 1849, there may be some basis for this supposition.

Poe had good reason for holding a grudge against fate, in that he was heartlessly thwarted in his first love affair by the parents of Miss Royston, who intercepted the letters he wrote to her from Virginia University. Miss Royston was married to another when

the young poet arrived home, and she created a scene in her household when she discovered that her lover's letters had been kept from her.

Notwithstanding his almost morbid curiosity and insistent questionings regarding mortality and immortality, Poe was a brave and undaunted seeker after truth, which was to him, as to Keats, synonymous with Beauty. To the last he pursued the glowing vision of 'Eldorado.' It was of himself that he wrote in the poem by that name:

> Gaily bedight,
> A gallant knight,
> In sunshine and in shadow,
> Had journeyed long,
> Singing a song,
> In search of Eldorado.

I have ventured the opinion that America needs co-ordination and leadership in literature. It would require too much space to deal fully with that subject in an article chiefly concerned with the work of one man. I would like, however, to point out one thing that has struck me while I have been reading Poe again—the fact that there is to-day no outstanding American poet.

Americans have made the mistake of regarding Whitman as a leader, whereas he was a revolutionary, and no revolutionary is a safe guide under normal conditions. Every revolution is in reality a reaction. Poe's work was the last thing in poetical artistry; he enslaved his followers with stringent laws of technique and artifice. Whitman reacted back to the liberty of barbarism—to what he described himself as a 'barbaric yarp.'

Like all revolutionists, Whitman is an interesting study, and he is undoubtedly an intellectual and temperamental tonic, but he is not a safe man to follow. He forewarned his would-be followers on this point when he wrote: 'I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me.'

Whitman carried free verse as far as it will ever go—this side of Chaos. The true and the normal standard for American poetry is neither Poe nor Whitman, but a happy and triumphant blending of the two, both in temperament and form. The only outstanding example of this happy mean that I have yet seen in the American poetry of to-day is the work of Vachel Lindsay, but he does not strike one as a great poet, although, of course, it is difficult to judge of greatness at close quarters.

J. Lewis Milligan.

RACINE AND SOME CRITICS

A FEW months ago a well-known English critic fluttered our literary dovecotes by reprinting an extremely judicious and sober estimate of Racine. He was actually trounced in some quarters as an ill-conditioned and insincere prig who wished to get a cheap reputation for cleverness by booming an absurd and exploded author. Whether the same harsh treatment would have been meted out by the same critics to a Frenchman writing in praise of the English national dramatist is a subject that need not now be discussed. What lies close to the purpose is that these same critics affirmed they could see no difference between the tragedies of Racine and those of Voltaire, with which they were contrasted. The technique is certainly the same, but it can hardly be necessary to discuss once more the value of the unities as such. The subject has been treated once and for all by Dryden in a magnificent essay and summed up again in felicitous terms by Mr. Strachey in his *History of French Literature*. It is surely by now evident that certain effects will be gained by an observance of the unities which will be unobtainable if they are disregarded, though other and different effects will be equally unobtainable if the unities are observed. It thus follows that if French critics have been mistaken for the last 250 years in supposing Racine to be a great writer, the fault must be with the author, not with the technique as such. The historical method of criticism has been much blown upon of late, but still it is a method which has its uses, and it may be not unprofitable to read a few of the criticisms directed against Racine by his contemporaries and immediate followers, among them by Voltaire, whose tragedies are almost indistinguishable from those of his great predecessor. By this method we may succeed in finding what is peculiar to Racine and why, after all, he is not as other men ; while, even if the critics are not convinced, they may at any rate be provided with arguments more intelligent than any they employ at present.

Therefore I suggest we should take a journey through *Bérénice*, remark on what may appear most noteworthy in it, and see what has been said about it by French critics of a former

day, who believed passionately in the principles of French tragedy.

Bérénice is not one of Racine's greatest plays, though it is one of the most interesting. The material is not adequate, and though the author displays almost superhuman skill in delaying the climax, the effort occasionally becomes apparent, and for this reason *Bérénice* cannot be placed on quite the same level of artistic perfection as, say, *Britannicus* or *Phèdre*, but the very simplicity of the plot will be of assistance to our present purpose. At the moment the play opens the scene is laid in an antechamber of the Imperial palace. The Emperor Titus has been living for five years with Bérénice, Queen of Palestine, whom he has promised to marry on the death of his father, Vespasian. Vespasian has just died, and Bérénice expects the fulfilment of his promise, but the new Emperor is persuaded by his advisers that the Roman people will never accept an Eastern queen as his consort. Poised between love and empire, Titus, after an internal struggle, which provides the theme of the play, decides, unlike Anthony, for power. There is also present at Rome Antiochus, King of Commagene, the undeclared lover of Bérénice. After the final decision of Titus these two leave Rome together for their respective kingdoms, the lives of all three being irremediably blighted.

The play is based on a passage of Suetonius—' *Titus, reginam Berenicam, cui etiam nuptias pollicitus ferebatur, statim ab urbe dimissit invitus invitam.*' On this hint Racine builds his whole tragedy, and states in the preface that the ' action is very famous in history, and I have found it very suitable for the theatre, on account of the violence of the passions it could excite.' After comparing the situation to the separation of Dido and Æneas, he continues, ' It is not necessary that there should be blood and death in a tragedy. It is sufficient that the passions be excited and that everything should breathe that majestic sadness which is the essence of tragedy.' But the whole preface is a long defence against the critics. The success of *Bérénice* was great among plain men, and Racine boasts that Corneille's rival drama, *Tite et Bérénice*, had to be withdrawn after the twenty-first performance, while the receipts were as good on the thirtieth as on the first night of *Bérénice*. It is vain, he says, to attack a play '*honoré de tant de larmes*,' wept over, that is to say, by the ordinary public.

The critics, however, were furious. According to the Abbé de Villars, the author had found it necessary ' to improve on the manner of Corneille and to write a play which from beginning to end is merely a *tissu galant* of madrigals and elegies, to please the ladies, the young people about the Court, and the compilers of sentimental anthologies.' The highly intelligent M. de Saint

Evremond observed that 'in the *Titus* of Racine we see despair where only sorrow is required. History merely states that Titus sent back Bérénice in order not to scandalise the Romans. There is no question of his being reduced to despair'; while the Abbé du Bos hypercritically suggests that, considering how long the *liaison* had already lasted, Titus was probably very pleased to be quit of the woman. Chapelle refused to express an opinion till implored to do so by the author, when he replied, 'What do I think of it? *Marion pleure; Marion crie; Marion veut qu'on la marie.*' The Italian buffoons hurriedly strung together an offensive parody, which was greatly appreciated by all the best people. Well might the tender Racine say in after-life, 'Although the plaudits I have received have greatly flattered me, the least criticism, however stupid, caused me more pain than all the praises have given me pleasure.'

Thus at the beginning the simple, sentimental public was delighted with the humanity of *Bérénice.* It was the high-brows of the period who were disgusted with its sloppiness. But now let us approach the play itself and observe the exasperation of its most distinguished commentator.

Act I., Scene I., shows Antiochus bewailing his fate and about to leave Rome and Bérénice for ever. Voltaire is down on Racine at once: 'A lover and his mistress separating are doubtless not a fit subject for tragedy. If anyone had suggested such a theme to Sophocles or Euripides, he would have been sent along to Aristophanes. Love which is only love, not a terrible and deadly passion, is only suitable for pastoral, comedy or eclogue.' Slightly later, when the wretched Antiochus, hoping for a last interview with his beloved, says with touching simplicity:

> *Après cinq ans d'amour et d'espoir superflus*
> *Je pars encore fidèle, où je n'espère plus.*
> *Au lieu de m'offenser, elle pourra me plaindre,*

the same critic heartlessly remarks, 'These faithful lovers, who neither succeed nor hope, are never interesting. Only the harmony of the poetry makes Antiochus tolerable.' Modern feeling will perhaps be with Racine. Antiochus at last gets his interview and confesses his love before parting. Bérénice, her head swollen by the vision of future glory, mercilessly snubs her unhappy lover:

> *Seigneur, je n'ai pas cru que dans une journée,*
> *Qui doit avec César unir ma destinée,*
> *Il fût quelque mortel qui pût impunément*
> *Se venir à mes yeux déclarer mon amant.*

'A noble and proper answer,' comments Voltaire, and Antiochus retires crushed, leaving Bérénice with her maid, Phénice, an extremely sensible woman of humble rank, far from

heartless, and an advocate of having two strings to one's bow. 'I pity him,' she remarks. 'Surely so much fidelity deserves a better reward. Do you not pity him?'

BÉRÉNICE. *Cette prompte retraite*
Me laisse, je l'avoue, une douleur secrète.
PHÉNICE. *Je l'aurais retenu.*
BÉRÉNICE. *Quoi! Moi, le retenir!*
PHÉNICE. *Titus n'a pas encore expliqué sa pensée;*
Rome vous voit, Madame, avec des yeux jaloux, etc.

This piece of healthy realism offends Voltaire: 'The taste is no longer refined and delicate. Phénice speaks too much like a *soubrette*. "*Je l'aurais retenu*" is still worse. What does it matter what Phénice would have done?' But Bérénice will not listen to reason, and in a speech of superb rhetoric she describes the apotheosis of Vespasian and her own immediate triumph and felicity. She ends with the ominous words:

Aussitôt sans l'attendre et sans être attendu
Je reviens le chercher et dans cette entrevue
Dire tout ce qu'aux cœurs l'un et l'autre contents
Inspirent des transports retenus si longtemps.

'These lines,' protests the tireless critic, 'are mere eclogue verses. The exit of Bérénice, who only goes away to come back and to say what "*les cœurs contents*" say, is without interest, art or dignity. Nothing is less like a tragedy. True, the idea she has of her own happiness is already contrasted with the misfortune we know is to overtake her. But none the less the end of the act is feeble.'

Act II., Scene I., introduces us to Titus, already anxious about the situation, and to his adviser Paulin. According to Voltaire, it begins even worse than Act I. ended: '"*J'y couru chez la reine*"—as if it was necessary to run far from one apartment to another . . . "*J'y suis couru,*" which is a solecism. This "*il suffit*" and "*que fait la reine Bérénice*" and "*la trop aimable princesse*"—all this is too slight, and its *naïveté* makes it easy to ridicule. The simple words of love are subjects for raillery when they are not heightened by force, passion or elegance of style. Thus they lent themselves to the parodies of the Italian actors.'

Paulin shakes the faith of Titus in the possibility of the Roman people accepting an Eastern queen as empress, and his magnificent oration gains the applause of Voltaire, whose admiration may be partly due to an *odium theologicum*: 'Paulin's answer is a masterpiece of reason and skill. He announces the disgrace of Bérénice. Racine and Corneille have both avoided making the contempt of the Romans for a Jewess too much felt. They could have expanded on the aversion this miserable nation has inspired in the breasts of all peoples. But both writers have

seen that the development of this truth would cheapen Bérénice to a degree that would destroy all interest in her.'

Paulin continues:

> *N'en doutez point, Seigneur : soit raison, soit caprice,*
> *Rome ne l'attend pas pour une impératrice.*
> *On sait qu'elle est charmante ; et de si belles mains*
> *Semblent vous demander l'empire des humains,*

on which Voltaire observes that '"*de si belles mains*" is unworthy of tragedy, but it is the only feeble verse in the tirade.' To modern taste they may well appear the only bearable words in the couplet. '*L'empire des humains*' is an intolerable phrase to our minds. Yet it is a favourite one with Racine, who evidently saw no pomposity in it; neither did Voltaire, or he would have been the first to have pointed it out: while as for the irritating rhyme '*mains . . . humains,*' which is also frequent in Racine, I can only refer the reader to M. Anatole France. 'Malherbe,' declared the author of *L'Art Poétique*, 'was not exempt from those defects with which he reproached his predecessor. Thus we sometimes find him using unexpected rhymes.' Such was the theory current in the great century. In order to be good, a rhyme had to be foreseen. Note that in Racine certain rhymes appear to us to be excellent, as, for instance,

> *Ah! qu'ils aiment, Phénix ; j'y consens qu'elle parte,*
> *Que, charmés l'un de l'autre, ils retournent à Sparte.*

But it was precisely these rhymes that his contemporaries considered bad, because they were unexpected. And he compares such blemishes with certain of Shakespeare's conceits, which we do not like, but accept as the inevitable outcome of the artist's *milieu.*[1] Here we see clearly the severe Voltaire letting pass what is to us intolerable while blaming that which we find sympathetic.

Act II., Scene II., is the nodal scene of the tragedy. Titus has realised the hopelessness of his position and decides to break with Bérénice. But the agony is to him insupportable. As he thinks on the woman he must put away he breaks into some of the most lovely lines in French poetry:

> *Enfin tout ce qu'amour a de nœuds plus puissants,*
> *Doux reproches, transports sans cesse renaissants,*
> *Soin de plaire sans art, crainte toujours nouvelle,*
> *Beauté, gloire, vertu, je trouve tout en elle*
> *Depuis cinq ans entiers chaque jour je la vois*
> *Et crois toujours la voir pour la première fois*

The mind turns at once to another Eastern queen:

> Age cannot wither, nor can custom stale
> Her infinite variety.

[1] Gsell: *Anatole France and his Circle* (English Translation), pp 89, 90, 91.

This time Voltaire is really moved, but remains on the defensive: 'These verses are known by nearly everyone. They have been applied a thousand times; they are natural and full of sentiment. But what makes them better is that they end a charming passage. It is certainly not the beauty of the *Electra* or the *Œdipus* of Sophocles. But let us put ourselves in the place of the author, let us try to make Titus speak in the fashion in which Racine was obliged to make him speak, and see if we could do better. The great merit of the passage consists in representing men and things as they are in Nature and in *la belle nature*. Raphael succeeds as well with graces as with furies.'

The reveries of Titus are broken by the entry of Bérénice, to whom he tries to break the truth, but fails:

TITUS. *Non, Madame, jamais, puis qu'il vous faut parler,*
Mon cœur de plus de feux ne se sentit brûler,
Mais . . .
BÉRÉNICE. *Achever!*
TITUS. *Helas!*
BÉRÉNICE. *Parlez!*
TITUS. *Rome! l'Empire!*
BÉRÉNICE. *Hé bien?*
TITUS. *Sortons, Paulin; je ne puis rien dire!*

Bérénice, reduced to the greatest agitation, consoles herself with the hope that Titus is jealous of Antiochus, and the act closes.

Act III. opens with Titus, having failed to communicate the situation with his mistress, deciding to hand the job over to Antiochus, of whose passion for Bérénice he is ignorant. He only knows him as a gallant ally during the Eastern campaigns, and requests him to add to his services by taking Bérénice away. The wretched Antiochus sees only too clearly the false position in which he will be placed and how all the discredit will reflect on him. His slower-witted servant, however, tries to persuade him that, the first anger over, he will profit by the changed situation. Still he dislikes his task intensely and (Scene III.) at first, like Titus, fails to fulfil it. Bérénice, humbled now and forgetful of the scorn with which she had treated his advances but a few hours before, appeals to him to let her know the worst.

BÉRÉNICE. *Vos cruels refus, loin d'épargner ma peine,*
Excitent ma douleur, ma colère, ma haine,
Seigneur, si mon repos vous est précieux,
Si moi-même jamais je fus chère à vos yeux,
Eclaircissez le trouble où vous voyez mon âme.
Que vous a dit Titus?
ANTIOCHUS. *Au nom des dieux, Madame!*
BÉRÉNICE. *Quoi, vous craignez si peu de me désobéir?*
ANTIOCHUS. *Je n'ai qu'à vous parler pour me faire haïr.*
BÉRÉNICE. *Je veux que vous me parliez.*

ANTIOCHUS. *Dieux! Quelle violence!*
Madame! Encore un coup (!); vous louerez mon silence.
BÉRÉNICE. *Prince, dès ce moment contentez mes souhaits,*
Ou soyez de ma haine assuré pour jamais!

Driven into an impossible position, he is compelled to blurt out the truth, and, as he foresaw, gains the reward of middle-men:

BÉRÉNICE. *Vous le souhaitez trop pour me persuader.*
Non, je ne vous crois point. Mais quoiqu'il puisse être
Pour jamais à mes yeux, gardez de paraître.

'Here,' remarks Voltaire, 'is the character of passion. Bérénice has just flattered Antiochus to obtain his secret. She has threatened him with her hatred if he keeps silent, and as soon as he speaks she orders him never to appear again. These flatteries and rages are very interesting in the mouth of a woman. In a man they would be less interesting. All these symptoms of love are the privileges of female lovers. Nearly all Racine's heroines display sentiments of tenderness, jealousy, anger and fury, sometimes full of submission, sometimes desperate. Rightly has Racine been called the poet of women. It is not real tragedy. But it has enough beauty for the subject.' The act closes on a quieter note, Antiochus being left to his melancholy reflections, and Voltaire roundly rates the author for not ending with an epigram, as real tragedy requires.

The fifth act is the weakest. Racine has so far shown enormous skill in postponing the climax. Now the skill is beginning to wear down, and the machinery becomes a little obvious. But the realism of the psychology reaches its extreme point. By Scene V. Titus can no longer avoid the inevitable interview, which he and the author have conspired to postpone, and we are treated to a raw exhibition of angry womanhood:

BÉRÉNICE. *Non, je n'écoute rien. Me voilà resolue,*
Je veux partir. Pourquoi vous montrer à ma vue?
Pourquoi venir encore aigrir mon désespoir?
N'êtes-vous pas content? Je ne peux plus vous voir
TITUS. *Mais de grâce écoutez!*
BÉRÉNICE. *Il n'est plus temps.*
TITUS. *Madame,*
Un mot!
BÉRÉNICE. *Non.*
TITUS. *Dans quelle trouble elle jette mon âme!*
Mais, Madame, d'où vient ce changement soudain?
BÉRÉNICE. *C'en est fait. Vous voulez que je parte demain.*
Et moi, j'ai resolu de partir tout à l'heure,
Et je pars!

We can almost see the stamping of her foot and the angry tossing of her head. It is true that after this the personages recover their temper, and at the close Titus, Bérénice and Antio-

chus all behave with becoming dignity. After all, there was no other course open. But Voltaire cannot let the matter rest without a parting shot. 'We cannot but be a little shocked,' he says, 'at the play finishing with a "*hélas*" (the last word of Antiochus). He must have been very sure of the heart of his spectators to dare finish so. This is, without fear of contradiction, the feeblest of those of Racine's tragedies which have held the stage. It is not a tragedy at all!'

The journey through *Bérénice* is over, and we can now see more clearly what the critics thought of it and the reasons for their dislike. They considered it undignified and sentimental (though that particular word was happily unknown to them). Perhaps the most enlightening remark is that of Voltaire: 'Love, to be worthy of tragedy, must be not merely love, but a terrible and deadly passion.' Racine thought otherwise, for he was, as Voltaire acidly remarks, the poet of women, that is to say the poet of the human heart. Human beings were good enough themes for his tragedies. It was otherwise with Voltaire. In his whole public and even private life the most generous, liberal and passionate of men, when writing tragedy he never for a moment shed his buskin. For him love was always 'a terrible and deadly passion.' His characters lived upon honour and died upon an epigram; they were never contented with remaining human beings. In his notes to *Bérénice*, Voltaire has written his epitaph as a dramatist. The living generation may always be mistaken in its estimate of contemporaries, but those that come after will never be deluded by the insincerities of yesterday. Hence the plays of Racine are, for all who will take the trouble to get used to the conventions and the vocabulary, as warm and palpitating as on the morrow of their performance, while the tragedies of Voltaire, like last year's fashions, are of interest to no one save students of history.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

BIRDS OF THE TUNISIAN SAHARA

DAWN! The soft rippling notes of Tristram's chat (*Saxicola mœsta*) fall gently on my ear as I awake from a refreshing slumber, the well-merited reward of a hard day's journey across the semi-desert wastes of the Tunisian Sahara.

Oglet-Zellès is the name of the district where I am encamped, a delightful spot on the western inland plains, far from any human dwelling or beaten track. An ideal site, too, for an encampment, its level patches of bright greensward affording admirable camping ground, while the sandy 'oued,' which threads its sinuous course below, provides a plenteous supply of good water, the desert traveller's greatest boon. In this land of peace and on these dry and healthy plains the tired wayfarer may freely camp and rest, fearing naught from man or beast; nor will his sleep even be disturbed by the fever-bearing mosquito, or other insect pests which make night horrible for man. Yes, that is certainly the sweet love-song of *Saxicola mœsta*, and the little songster must be close by, or I should not hear it, for its notes are very low and soft. Possibly its mate and nest are not far off, the latter in one of the numerous holes of that sand-hillock, covered with sweet-scented genista, near which I sat and smoked my pipe last evening.

The nest is generally placed deep down in the deserted burrow of some small rodent, and the eggs are of a delicate greenish-blue, slightly speckled with lake-coloured spots.

The Arabs have a pretty little legend regarding this bird and its song, which, so far as I can recall it, runs as follows:

An Arab chieftain of great renown had a beautiful wife, to whom he was deeply attached, and whom he loved *almost* as much as his *sloughia*, which is saying a good deal, for the *sloughi*, or native greyhound, is held in the highest esteem by the Arabs. This perhaps may appear strange, considering how Mahomedans despise dogs in general, the very word *kelb*, or dog, so often hurled at the unfortunate and unsuspecting giaour, being synonymous with opprobrium and reproach.

War breaking out between his tribe and another, the chief had to leave his home, but before doing so he called his wife, and commended his *sloughia* to her particular care and attention.

Time passed, but no husband returned from the war, and finally came the news of his death on the battlefield. His widow, who had at first strictly complied with her lord's injunction respecting the dogs, now

gradually relaxed her solicitude for their welfare, and eventually left her home and remarried!

In course of time death came to her also, and on entering another world she was welcomed by her first husband, the Arab chief, who immediately inquired after his *sloughia*. Obliged to confess her fault, the beautiful wife was ordered to return to Mother Earth in the shape of a bird, and she has ever since been wandering over the desert plains under the form of *Saxicola mæsta*, bewailing her lot, and vainly whistling for the lost *sloughia*.

The soft melody lulls me to sleep again; but hark! A louder, though yet far-off, sound is in the air. It is the cry of the coronetted sand-grouse (*Pterocles coronatus*), which visits this spot regularly of a morning in search of water, as I know from past experience. Leaping from my camp bed, and hastily throwing open the door flaps of my tent, I look up in the direction whence proceeds the unmistakable though still distant cry, plainly audible through the clear, still atmosphere. The sound comes nearer and nearer, and presently the birds themselves come into view, rapidly approaching their goal, the white, glistening 'oued,' close by. Circling round once or twice to scan the underlying country and see that no danger is to be apprehended, they finally alight on the sandy bed and, running to the water, greedily quench their thirst. Flock after flock appears in rapid succession, and the air is soon filled with a chorus of many hundreds of clamorous bird voices, producing a babel of sound more curious than musical or pleasing to the ear, though none the less interesting owing to its novelty.

Another species of sand-grouse, the larger and better known black-bellied sand-grouse (*P. arenarius*), is also present, though in lesser numbers, but I fail to distinguish two other members of the family, the pin-tailed (*P. alchata*) and the Senegal sand-grouse (*P. senegallus*), both of which are to be met in South Tunisia.

The sun is now well up in the heavens, and the sand-grouse have nearly all departed, leaving the 'oued' deserted, save by the few Arabs who come to water their flocks and herds. We ourselves have long ere this taken the precaution of filling our water-skins and other receptacles with the precious liquid, as the wells, which are mere holes scraped out of the sandy river bed, will for the remainder of the day contain more or less 'troubled waters.'

The hour is still early, however, and I have time before breakfast to take a short stroll and enjoy the delicious fresh air, bracing and crisp, almost as with a frost, and to admire the glorious view on every side. Far away before us, to the north, bordering the vast plain where we are camped, lies a fine chain of mountains, the southernmost range of the Eastern Atlas; behind us, to the south, are the lower hills overlooking the desert, with the oases of Tozer and Nefta in the far distance; while eastward and west-

ward the plain stretches away for miles as far as the eye can reach. The colouring of the landscape in the soft morning light is exquisite, the more distant mountains a violet-blue, the nearer hills a warm rosy-lilac, and the gently undulating country around us a delicate cream colour, relieved by patches of green here and there. A sense of peace and repose pervades the atmosphere; and a stillness, broken only by the occasional note of some bird or the humming of an insect, reigns supreme. Far from any town or village, no 'muezzin' here calls the faithful to prayers in chanting monotone, nor does the din of Arab 'fantasia' ever disturb the tranquil silence of this restful spot. No white domed building here stands out in bold relief, marking the tomb or last resting-place of some departed 'marabout,' nor does any sign of human habitation meet the eye save our own encampment and the dark-coloured camel-hair tents of a small party of nomad Arabs halting, like ourselves, by the 'oued' side.

The aspect of the country is typical of the upper Saharan region, the Tunisian and Algerian Sahara, so called to distinguish it from the more sandy desert, the Great Sahara, further south. The rolling plains trending southwards from the Atlas, in terraces as it were, gradually decreasing in altitude as they approach the true desert, are slightly undulating and in places much broken, the soil chiefly gravel—sandy in some parts stony in others—and dotted over with patches of halfa-grass, dwarf shrubs, and low-growing herbage. Among the shrubs the white broom and wild jujube are most in evidence, the former now coming into flower, while the brilliant *statices* and other salsolaceous plants cover the ground in some spots.

Numerous 'oueds,' or watercourses, dry throughout the greater portion of the year, intersect the country at intervals, and by their banks and in their sandy beds flourish straggling clumps of tamarisk and oleander bushes.

Further south in this region are to be found the chotts and sebkas, or salt marshes, natural depressions in the land, some actually below the level of the sea, where water collects in winter after copious rains, but which are more or less dry at other seasons and covered with a coating of crystallised salt, white and glistening like sparkling water in the mirage-laden atmosphere.

During my walk I meet with several birds of interest, among others the desert chat (*S. deserti*), the Western black-eared chat (*S. caterinæ*), and the Western black-throated chat (*S. occidentalis*), as well as the tiny desert wren-warbler (*Scotocerca saharæ*), and the pretty little desert bullfinch (*Erythrospiza githaginea*), often called the trumpeter bullfinch on account of its trumpet-like note. The plumage of this little bird is a most delicate rose colour of varying shades. Sober-coloured crested larks of two species

are plentiful, as are also short-toed larks, both *Calandrella brachydactyla* and *Calandrella minor*, and the tawny pipit may be seen running like a lark over the sandy wastes it loves so dearly. Further on I catch a glimpse of another sand-loving bird, the large bifasciated lark (*Alæmon alaudipes*), which immediately runs off on my approach and hides itself among the scanty herbage. Another closely-allied species, the rare Dupont's lark (*Chersophilus duponti*), is also to be found on these semi-desert plains, but owing to its excessive shyness and disinclination to make use of its wings it is seldom seen, though its soft whistling note may often be heard close by.

In some spots the ground is literally honeycombed with the holes of gerbilles and other small rodents, and I halt for a few minutes to watch some of these little animals gambolling and chasing each other in the bright sunshine. One of Tristram's chats is near them searching for coleoptera in the sandy soil, and bird and rodents appear to be on good terms. One of the latter little creatures, however, tired at last with the sport, leaves its companions and approaches the chat, now busily occupied with its morning meal, but, not a little to my surprise, is immediately driven off by the bird and retires in haste. Lizards of various sizes dart across my path at every step, and I catch a glimpse of an 'ourane,' the giant lizard of the desert, only to be found in these arid wastes, and of which stuffed specimens, decorated with gaudy tinsel necklets, are sold to Europeans in the Biskra market. The 'ourane,' though resembling a diminutive crocodile in appearance, is perfectly harmless, as is also the somewhat repulsive-looking 'gekko,' which is here of a pale yellowish sand colour, instead of dark grey as in more northen countries.

All the small mammals and lizards, like most of the birds, in these desert districts are of a sandy hue, their coloration harmonising admirably with that of their environment, and offering excellent examples of protective colouring. Nowhere, indeed, can a better illustration of Nature's providential dispositions for the preservation of her species be found than in the Saharan region. This adaptative modification of colour, moreover, is not confined to animals alone, but extends also to the vegetable kingdom ; thus we here find that charming little wild flower the Pheasant's eye (*Adonis æstivalis*), of a distinct yellow colour, instead of being of a deep crimson as in Europe and Northern Tunisia, or of an orange colour as in Central Tunisia. On my homeward way I observe a large flight of bee-eaters circling high overhead, the bright metallic colours of the birds' plumage shining like burnished copper in the sun's rays. The bee-eaters are passing by on their way north, and do not stay long here, or descend from the heights at which they usually travel. In some of the oasis towns, such as

Gafsa (the ancient *Capsa*), for instance, they may be seen actually in the streets, hawking for flies and other winged insects like swallows. At times they venture into the Arab houses where beehives are kept and cause great havoc. An Arab urchin once brought me a score of the birds which he had caught by simply closing the door of one of these houses on a marauding flock. The boy seemed much surprised when I liberated his captives.

The spring migration is in full swing, and I notice several other summer visitors beside bee-eaters, the most conspicuous among them being the beautifully plumaged roller and the hoopoe. One of the latter birds flits by within a few yards of me, its strikingly marked plumage standing out well in the strong sunlight. The legend of the king's daughter transformed into a bird with a crown of gold, afterwards changed into one of feathers on account of the persecution it entailed on its wearer, can hardly have originated in this peaceful land, where, indeed, the hoopoe is regarded with a feeling akin to reverence and, owing to its supposed healing powers, goes by the name of *el Taib*, or the Doctor.

Near the 'oued' banks a small flock of brightly coloured North African greenfinches scurry out of a bush, and yellow wagtails may be seen chasing flies by the water's edge. A pair of ravens rise from under the bank and flap heavily away to safer quarters, uttering their harsh croak of protest against the intrusion. Out of a small patch of sedges I put up a little crake, and from the waterside a green sandpiper dashes off swiftly, sounding its shrill alarm note.

Water birds and waders are naturally scarce in these arid districts, and comparatively few of these species are ever to be seen.

Returning to camp I find breakfast awaiting me, and I am thankful for the shade of my tent, for the sun's rays are now powerful, though tempered by the pleasant breeze which is blowing, and by opening each end of the tent one obtains a delightful current of air.

During my meal a pale grey shrike comes and perches on the topmost bough of a thorn-bush not far from our camp, remaining there motionless and distrustfully watching the movements of the invaders of its privacy. An inspection of the bush later on reveals the cause of the bird's anxiety, for it contains a nest with five eggs, placed in the very heart of the strong shrub. The nest is a bulky structure composed of rough grasses and small twigs, lined plentifully with the dry cotton-like flowers of composite plants, and a few bits of blue rag, picked up, no doubt, near some Arab encampment. The eggs are of a greenish-white colour, spotted with violet-grey and olive-brown.

While writing up my diary after breakfast I hear the guttural voices of some Bedouins near my tent, and, looking out, see two

Arabs with birds' nests and eggs in their hands. Among the eggs are those of the African buzzard and stone-curlew, the remainder being of larks and chats. The Arabs have but few names for birds, and make one name do duty for several different species. By dint of signs, however, I succeed in obtaining sufficient information to enable me to determine the particular species of 'gobah' and 'mukka,' or larks and chats, to which the eggs brought me belong. Having been relieved of the nests and eggs, one of the Arabs produces from the depths of his 'burnous' a live chameleon, which he had caught on his way here. These creatures are not as common in this neighbourhood as they are a little further north in the Regency.

Later on another Bedouin approaches our camp and offers to conduct me to a spot, about half a mile distant, where he had found three eggs of the houbara bustard. I lose no time in availing myself of this offer, and, guided by the man, soon reach the nest—or rather the eggs, for this bird makes no nest, but deposits its eggs on the bare ground. This fine bustard is extremely shy and wary and most difficult to approach, but the natives sometimes snare the poor bird by surrounding its eggs with a low wall of pebbles, leaving an aperture on one side with a running noose carefully set at the opening. The device is generally successful. The houbara's eggs are of a deep olive-green colour, splashed and blotched with grey and brown.

In days gone by, when falconry used to be generally practised among the Arabs and formed the principal amusement of the more wealthy chieftains, the houbara bustard was a favourite quarry, but of recent years, owing probably to the greater facilities of sport afforded by the modern breech-loading gun, the 'noble mysterie' has been much abandoned by the Arabs, and the houbara, like the falcon, has ceased to be the highly prized bird of former days.

To-day our march is to be but a short one, and as we do not start until midday we avail ourselves of the leisure hours to attend to various little matters, among others the repairing of our tents, which suffered much from the gale of a few nights ago. I also embrace this opportunity of looking over recently collected natural history specimens, and of taking a few snapshots with my 'Kodak,' including some of our native visitors, who are all typical 'children of the desert,' tall, lithe and dignified, each enveloped in his 'burnous,' and carrying the antiquated long single-barrelled gun.

Judging from the animated conversation which is being carried on, the Bedouins have fraternised with our men; but intonation of voice counts for little in Arab conversation, and the veriest trifles are discussed with the same warmth and eagerness as the most

serious and important matters. Among other traits in the character of the Arab, indicative of his highly nervous temperament as well as of his total lack of the sense of proportion, is the faculty with which he will pass from one mood to another From a state of apathy and seeming total indifference to all around him, he will suddenly, and often without apparent motive, assume an attitude of the most intense excitement, afterwards relapsing, with equal rapidity, into his former state of lethargy and inactivity. Those very men before us, reclining on the ground with graceful indolence, grave, dignified, and now silent to the verge of taciturnity, would at a moment's notice, if so required, leap to their feet and, mounting their horses, career wildly over the plain, brandishing their long guns over their heads and shouting at the top of their voices as if ' possessed.'

Adieu to Oglet-Zellès and this pleasant spot, full of the fascinating, indescribable charm of the desert. I would gladly tarry here did time allow, but our caravan awaits us, so, mounting our ponies, we turn our faces to the north-east, and, followed by our baggage camels and their attendant Arab drivers, rapidly wend our way in single file towards the blue mountains at the foot of which we purpose passing the night. Ain-Moulares is the name of the spot for which we are making, one of the few places in this southern region where water is both plentiful and good. To-morrow we shall cross the mountains and travel northwards towards Feriana, one of the chief villages of Central Tunisia, near the site of the ancient *Thelepte.*

Our road to-day first takes us across some pleasantly undulating plains, and then through a tract of broken country, full of clefts and fissures, the work of years gone by, when the ' oueds ' brought down from the mountains and high plateaux a far greater volume of water than they do now, and probably played an important part in supplying the Saharan lakes, or found their outlet in the inland sea which is supposed to have once existed here, possibly the Lake of Triton itself ! The Oued Seldja, not far distant, must at one time have indeed been an importantriver, to judge from the deeply hollowed-out walls of the mountain gorge through which it runs on its way to the great desert, in whose sands it finally loses itself.

In this broken and rocky district we meet with several species of birds not found in the more level plains. The sweet, rich notes of the blue rock-thrush, the *passero solitario* of the Italians, echo through the cliff caverns, and the handsome black chat (*Saxicola leucura*) is seen perching, as is its wont, on a boulder, whence it drops off suddenly on our approach and vanishes among the dark rocks. Halting for a moment, we shortly see the bird reappear accompanied by its mate, the pair forming a pretty sight as they

chase each other from rock to rock, their tails spread fanwise. The Western pied chat (*Saxicola halophila*), with its silken black and white plumage, as also the white-rumped chat (*Saxicola leuco-pyga*), are both to be seen here, and the desert lark (*Ammomanes algeriensis*), its soft isabelline-coloured tints so closely resembling those of the warm arid rocks, is not uncommon on the hill slopes. Its smaller congener, the lesser desert lark (*A. cinctura arenicolor*), with a black-tipped tail, is not uncommon on the stony plains a little way south, where one may also meet with the graceful desert horned lark (*Otocorys bilopha*) and that grotesque-looking bird the thick-billed lark, with the still more grotesque scientific name of *Rhamphocorys clot-bey*.

Leaving the rugged steppe country behind us, we halt for half an hour by some thick clumps of ziziphus or wild jujube bushes, from which a pair of Moorish magpies (*P. mauritanica*) flutter lightly away as soon as we appear in sight, and a small family party of the Algerian bush-babbler (*Argya fulva*) glides silently off as we approach. The latter species has the peculiar habit of creeping up one side of a bush and down again on the other preparatory to stealing away quietly to some other shrub and hiding itself, by these means often succeeding in escaping detection.

Of both magpies and bush-babblers we find nests and eggs in the high thorn-bushes. The domed nest of the former, which is in an all but impenetrable part of the bush, and its eggs are identical with those of our European magpie. The bush-babbler's nest is built of root fibres and grasses with a softer lining, and its eggs, four or five in number, are of a beautiful unspotted and glossy blue.

While we are engaged on a light lunch one of our camel drivers appears, holding in his hand the dead body of a horned viper (*Cerastes cornutus*) which he had just killed. These vipers are supposed to be very venomous, so much so that in some districts they go by the name of the 'two minutes snake,' death being said to ensue within two minutes of their bite unless radical curative measures be promptly taken! Though I have several times met with the horned viper in South Tunisia, I know of no authentic case of such dire consequences resulting from its bite, but the creature is undoubtedly much dreaded by the Arabs.

Another Saharan snake supposed to be venomous is the 'naja,' a large reptile measuring six feet or more in length.

On our journey yesterday we found the dead body of one of these snakes, which had no doubt been killed by some passing Arabs. Other species of serpents are common on the desert plains, but they are apparently harmless.

Returning to the more level country, we meet with flocks of

the larger sand-grouse basking on the stony mounds and sand hillocks, where they pass most of the day, and whence they fly off, on our approach, with the peculiar 'rattling' sound these birds make with their wings.

A pair of the delicately plumaged cream-coloured courser (*Cursorius gallicus*) rise in front of our horses and mount high into the air, uttering a sharp whistling note.

Crested and short-toed larks are on every side, and now and again one of the latter soars up almost out of sight singing sweetly, and then suddenly drops, like a stone, perpendicularly to the ground. Flights of swallows dash past us hurrying on northwards, and high overhead may be seen both the common and the alpine swift. Together with the former may be also the pallid swift, but at a height it is difficult to distinguish between the two A fourth species of this genus, the small white-rumped swift, inhabits these southern mountains, and I have found it breeding in colonies, together with the house martin, in the neighbouring cliffs, the two species apparently consorting and living together on excellent terms.

At a bend of the 'oued,' along the banks of which we are now travelling, a cuckoo dashes out, and, with hawk-like flight, glides away swiftly in search of fresh covert. The cuckoo is not often seen or heard on these arid plains, but in the wooded country further north it is of frequent occurrence, and its note may often be heard during the spring months.

Along the 'oued' sides we meet with several of the soft-billed migrants, most of them on passage, but a few evidently nesting. The nightingale, white-throat, subalpine and spectacled warblers, as well as flycatchers, are plentiful, but most numerous of all is the handsome rufous warbler (*A. galactodes*), whose rich notes almost rival those of the nightingale. Among the tamarisk bushes, near the silvery thread of water still running in the river bed, may be seen the great reed-warbler and the sedge-warbler, as also the olivaceous and the icterine warblers, and a single example of both the rufous and the Egyptian desert nightjar are observed.

The tamarisk bushes are also the haunt of numerous Spanish sparrows, which congregate in vast flocks and roost here of an evening. The rare desert sparrow (*P. simplex*), though a Saharan bird, is not found in this district, and one must go further south in order to meet with it.

From the dark green oleander clumps our Arab attendants, always keen on sport, dislodge a few Barbary partridges, now in pairs and breeding, and from time to time a stray quail darts off uttering its querulous cry. Golden orioles and turtle-doves, on their northward journey, shelter among the higher bushes. The

charming little palm-dove, so plentiful in the oases, is naturally not found on these treeless wastes.

Leaving the 'oued,' we regain the level plain, and in the distance we see a small herd of gazelles quietly grazing. Our Arabs would like to give chase, but the hour is late, and we dare not linger on our way.

Approaching the mountains, we observe some of the larger birds of prey. A lordly golden eagle sails majestically over our heads, and a pair of Egyptian vultures are visible, soaring on almost motionless wings high up in the heavens. The magnificent but cowardly bearded vulture, or lammergeier, inhabits the highest peaks of these mountains, but neither it nor the griffon vulture, so abundant in some of the northern ranges, is to be seen to-day. A pair of lanner falcons dart out from under the cliff, and a black kite circles gracefully over an Arab 'douar' not far off, ready to pounce down on any scrap of food or offal that may be thrown from the tents. Kestrels are abundant, as are also rock-doves, the two species living and nesting in the same clefts and crannies of the hill sides, apparently in perfect harmony with each other.

The sun has now disappeared behind the western hills, leaving in its wake a golden, rose-tinted sky; above the strongly marked outline of the mountain tops and the short twilight, if such it can be called, is rapidly giving place to darkness. All nature is preparing to rest, and the sounds of birds are hushed, save for the mournful cry of the little owl, repeated at intervals with monotonous insistence.

Before long the refreshing sound of water trickling over rocks tells us that we are nearing our destination, and our thirsty animals prick up their ears and quicken their pace. A few minutes later we reach our old camping ground of three years ago, and, hastily dismounting, lose no time in pitching our tents before the shades of night set in, for darkness falls fast in these southern climes.

Our camp in order and our horses safely tethered, with the camels and their drivers in a circle a little way off, we eat our evening meal and then gather round the camp fire to discuss the events of the day and make plans for the morrow.

From the quarter where our native retainers are resting by their camels the strains of Arab melodies are wafted softly to our ears, and under heaven's glorious canopy of dark blue, studded with its countless star gems, a delightful sense of repose and 'peace with all men' steals over us and we experience to the full the fascinating charm of camp life, 'till Nature's sweet restorer Sleep drowns every thought and claims us for its own.'

JOSEPH I. S. WHITAKER.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT IN TROPICAL AFRICA

The problems which face an African administrator in dealing with crime, punishment, and the administration of justice differ considerably from those with which the men responsible for the maintenance of law and order in this country have to deal.

The most difficult problem is afforded by the police. In many cases their work, whether it be arresting criminals, collecting carriers, or clearing roads, is carried on at a distance of several days' journey from the station and cannot be adequately supervised. Two policemen, let us say, are sent to arrest a man at a certain village. They return and report that they were driven away with spears. Presently a deputation of the villagers arrives and accuses the police of assault, robbery, and rape. What is the administrator to do? If he punishes the police he runs the risk of discouraging them and of finding it increasingly difficult to get his orders executed. If he supports them he risks allowing them to become the terror of the district, which may lead to all the inhabitants taking to the bush whenever they see a policeman approaching. It is quite useless to rely on evidence, as both police and villagers will always back each other up. The only thing he can do is to try to place himself in the position of the villagers, who, he knows, will disobey the Government if they think it safe to do so, but will, if it has shown its strength, be anxious to avoid its displeasure. If he also knows the characters of the police he may be able, by judicious questioning, to elicit something like the truth, but if in doubt he should support the police, on the general principle that tyranny is preferable to anarchy.

A point on which there is considerable difference of opinion is whether the police should be natives of the district or outsiders. Some prefer the latter as being more trustworthy and impartial. I have had both, and prefer natives for the following reasons :—

1. They know the country and also the language, which in tropical Africa is apt to change every few miles.

2. They can be enlisted and discharged with less trouble and without expense.

3. Outsiders, while perhaps more impartial, are also apt to be more tyrannical. They have a habit of abducting women and removing them from the district, whereas the native policeman cannot, in this respect, escape the laws of his tribe.

4. It is a great advantage to have a number of ex-policemen living about a district. They understand that there is some method in the Government's apparent madness, and can act as links between the serving police and the villagers. I have sometimes received useful help even from men whom I had discharged for misconduct.

I believe in short service for African policemen. They usually enlist young, and at first do not mind being continually on the move, but as they accumulate wives and children they find the frequent absences from home increasingly irksome. It is better not to have special men told off as prison warders, orderlies, etc., as the work affords rest and change for the men.

These remarks do not apply to large towns, where the conditions are different.

The question of punishments for the police presents some difficulty. They are continually committing offences, far oftener than soldiers, as they are usually working on their own. Fines fall chiefly on their families. Imprisonment means that one is deprived not only of their services but also of those of the men detailed to guard them, as they must be kept separate from the other prisoners. Only flogging remains, and that I have found the most satisfactory form of punishment. They have every temptation to commit assault, robbery and rape, and a certain amount of these will always go on, but a few public floggings will reduce it considerably.

Men will always desert if harshly treated, and one can easily perceive from their demeanour, conversation on the march, etc., whether they are contented or not. Newly joined recruits often desert, and it is better to let them go, as to punish them may discourage recruiting. Once a recruit whom I had enlisted at a remote village came and said to me: 'When I enlisted I thought that all I should have to do would be to walk behind you carrying a rifle. I do not like all this drill, so am going home, but I thought you would be angry if I went without telling you.'

Chiefs.—The idea of allowing the natives to govern themselves through their own chiefs appeals to idealists, and, I am afraid, to lazy administrators. In practice it has serious disadvantages, as few African chiefs can be trusted to give a decision which in any way conflicts with their own interests, and the administrator is placed in the dilemma of having either continually to upset the decisions of the chiefs or else to connive at injustice.

If the administrator understands the customs of the district, is patient in hearing cases and prompt in giving decisions, the natives will always have recourse to him rather than to the chiefs, and the chiefs themselves will often prefer to have the responsibility taken out of their hands. This is only natural. In Europe we cannot do without independent judges, so why should we expect to be able to do so in Africa ?

Chiefs can generally be classified either as tyrants or weaklings. The former are troublesome, not only on account of the injustices they commit, but because they are always trying to exalt themselves at the expense of the Government. The latter are a nuisance because they cannot maintain order themselves, but can interfere with the Government's efforts to do so.

The veneration paid to chiefs is often religious rather than political. They take the leading part at ceremonies and sacrifices and are usually the principal rainmakers of their districts. As a rule, however, there are qualified persons waiting to step into their shoes, and they find it necessary to maintain a body of adherents who claim as a reward for their allegiance privileges inconsistent with administration of justice. In former times the political power of the chiefs varied with their success or failure in war. Now that their activities in this respect have been curtailed they too often abandon themselves to debauchery. The best way of dealing with them is, I believe, to avoid giving them any definite legal authority, but to encourage those who are well-disposed to make the most of their power and influence. Then when complaints and accusations are brought they can be heard as ordinary cases and not as appeals.

Punishments.—The punishments that can be awarded to African natives, as to others, may be divided into imprisonment, fines, and corporal punishment. To deal first with imprisonment. Though there is no stigma attached to imprisonment, a prisoner being regarded merely as a man who has for some reason or another incurred the displeasure of the Government, yet hard work and the absence of women and beer cause the African native so to dislike imprisonment that quite short sentences act as a sufficient deterrent to most offences. There is always plenty of work about a station—sanitation, water carrying, building, road clearing, etc.—upon which they can be usefully employed. If they are to do the maximum of work it is impossible to avoid giving them opportunities for misconduct and escape, but they will give little trouble if they can be induced to realise :—

(1) That they will be well treated and adequately fed.

(2) That they will be released on the expiry of their sentences.

(3) That they will be caught if they escape.

The first point needs constant attention, as police are always apt to bully prisoners if they get the chance.

It is very difficult to get native subordinates to carry out the second point. The sort of answer one gets when one asks why a man was not released on the proper date is, 'Oh, he was re-thatching the office roof, and I thought you would be so pleased if it was finished before you came back.'

It is important to keep on hunting for escaped prisoners. The power of the Government, in Africa as elsewhere, rests largely on prestige, and once the people can be induced to believe that escape is hopeless they will seldom attempt it. Other means failing, it may be necessary to quarter a detachment of police on the escaped man's village until he is surrendered. It is dangerous to punish the police very severely for allowing prisoners to escape. In that case they will take to shooting escaping prisoners, and even prisoners who they think may be going to escape. The report will then go round that all prisoners are shot and the difficulty of catching offenders will be enormously increased.

The following are some incidents that occurred in connection with prisoners :—

Two prisoners were working outside the station under a policeman. One of them dived into the grass, and the policeman went in pursuit, after handing his hat and bandolier over to the other prisoner, who brought them back to the guard.

One evening a man under a long sentence for murder escaped. Next morning the police went in pursuit, but met him returning. When questioned he said, 'I heard that my child was dead, so went to the funeral. Now I have come back.'

Once when walking along the mountain side in a remote part of the district I saw above a small village of the existence of which I was previously unaware, as a few people had recently moved there to avoid the Government. I passed on, but sent some men to round it up at dawn. The people threw spears at them and escaped, except one man who was caught. I gave him a short sentence for non-payment of taxes, but the next day he escaped. I did not expect to see him again, but two days later met him coming into the station with a sack of corn on his head. He said, 'My wife is ill and I have no one else to bring in my tax, so thought I had better go and fetch it myself.'

Once when visiting a previously unvisited village I found that the inhabitants had, as often happened, disappeared into the bush. I sat down, and presently a man appeared and greeted me warmly, saying, 'You remember me. I was in prison.' After a short conversation he went away and soon returned with all the villagers.

We now come to fines. It is a common practice when a village

has given trouble to impose a collective fine of so many head of stock, or even to confiscate all the stock of the village. This should be avoided if possible. Firstly, it impoverishes the district; secondly, it encourages the police to steal, as they can easily conceal a few extra animals; and, thirdly, it gives the impression that the object of the Government is to make money by fair means or foul. The same remarks also apply to some extent to ordinary fines. The natives, as a rule, know little of higher authorities, and care less. The only power they recognise is that which is visibly exercised. They are apt to believe that their local administrator pays the police, etc., out of the taxes and pockets the balance. Any system of fines, therefore, leads them to form a somewhat undesirable estimate of his character.

Flogging is dealt with elsewhere under the heading of Police. For civilians imprisonment is, as a rule, preferable, but there are cases in which the power to give a few lashes is useful. Such are insolence to officials, offences by servants and boys, brawls among carriers, and minor offences which come up when one is on tour, and when otherwise one would have to detach an escort for the offender or else drag him round with one. For those who think that the flogging of women cannot be justified I will relate the following. One of the police had beaten his wife so severely that he broke her arm. I had him well flogged and cautioned the others. A day or two later one of the corporals marched his wife into the office and said, 'Last night when I came off duty I found no supper. I was going to beat my wife, but thought you would be angry, so brought her here.' I ordered her to be beaten.

Central Governments appear to be obsessed with the idea that local administrators would wallow in an orgy of cruelty and injustice unless their hands were tied by codes of the most minute and detailed regulations. These are a serious handicap to conscientious officials, who have to deal with emergencies unforeseen by those who frame the codes, while those who would not scruple to commit atrocities would certainly not scruple to break regulations.

Crime.—Homicide. In Africa the professional or deliberate criminal is rare, and I do not remember ever having had to deal with a case of robbery and murder. Homicide is fairly common, which is not surprising where no one ever goes about without a weapon of some kind. The chief causes of homicide are :—

1. The custom that a young man must blood his spear before he can marry. This custom is found among savage races all over the world. It is not, as a rule, considered necessary that the victim should be a man killed in fair fight. A man taken unawares, or even a woman, will do as well. The custom is dead, or dying, in districts which have been administered for any length of time,

but in new districts it is not uncommon. The offender is not always easy to detect, as he will sometimes go to a distance from his village and then kill the first solitary person he meets, but the people of his own village all know, and though they will not give evidence against him, and will give him an *alibi* if necessary, yet the relatives of the victim generally find out sooner or later. It is usually safe to accept their evidence, as they would neither wish nor dare to accuse an innocent man.

2. Blood feuds. These are usually the result of a homicide having been committed and the blood price not paid. They can usually be settled by giving the culprit a term of imprisonment—which, as he has also to pay the blood price, he considers most unfair—and then seeing that the blood price for the recent and any previous homicides is paid. In some districts the blood price is a girl, whom the deceased's next of kin may either marry himself or marry to someone else and take the price. I used to substitute stock if possible, but sometimes the culprit had none.

3. It is considered lawful to put to death persons possessed of the evil eye, and also persons who can change themselves into leopards. Fear of the consequences acts as a restraint, but cases occasionally occur, and though one may punish the culprit one cannot convince him that he has not performed a praiseworthy action. These sorcery cases are very difficult to treat. To express scepticism only leads to such retorts as, 'We do not know whether there are any bad magicians in your country; but this is our country, and we know that there are lots of them here.'

I will give a few examples of such cases. A dozen men were sent in by the native officer in charge of a post, who reported that he had found one of them about to be killed by the others. I elicited the following story. A man's cow had died, and, suspecting the evil eye, he sent for the local witch-doctor. The latter collected all the men of the village, made each take a piece of stick and place it in a fire, and then selected one, a recent arrival in the village, as the culprit. The others were about to kill him when they were interrupted.

I dismissed all except the three principal actors, sent for two pairs of leg-irons, fastened the man with the evil eye between the witch-doctor and the owner of the cow, and kept them in prison thus until they swore eternal friendship.

A man became very ill, and his relatives came and complained that a certain man had cast a spell on him by digging up his footprint and keeping it in a jar. I sent for the man, who admitted the spell, but said that the sick man had seduced his wife. He refused to break the spell, but agreed after a day in prison; and the sick man recovered.

A man complained that an unsuccessful suitor of his wife's

had stolen her apron, and that therefore she remained barren. I sent him to fetch the man, who surrendered the apron. The woman became pregnant soon afterwards.

A man accuses a woman of turning herself into a leopard and killing his sheep. The woman is produced :—

'Is it true that you can turn yourself into a leopard ?'

'Yes. I and my father before me. We are all leopard people in my family.'

'Why did you kill this man's sheep ?'

'I did not want to, but so-and-so kept on bothering me till I consented.'

(So-and-so is sent for.)

'Why did you induce this woman to kill this man's sheep ?'

'His son took my son's wife.'

'Where is she now ?'

'He was so frightened when the leopard killed the sheep that he gave her back.'

'Then you had better pay for the sheep.'

'Very well.' Case settled.

A person in leopard shape can be distinguished from an ordinary leopard by the fact that he is impervious to spears. The proper way to treat him, I was told, is to wait until he resumes human shape and then kill him.

There was another case in which it appeared that a certain man kept the bones of his ancestors in pots, and that on demand he would turn them into leopards and hire them out for purposes of intimidation.

Besides the price of blood, tribal law fixes the price for injuries of all kinds. The price for killing a person accidentally or in self-defence is the same as that for murder.

Some men were sitting on a pole, which broke and killed a man sitting below. I had to divide the blood price among those who were on the pole.

It is popularly supposed that the African native leads a free and easy, happy-go-lucky kind of existence. As a fact, however, he is surrounded by a network of customs and superstitions, and spends a large part of his time in performing and attending ceremonies, which are even more numerous than in Europe, as, in addition to those at death, the new year, etc., they take place at various stages of the cultivation, on building a house, in case of disease or drought, etc. Many of them involve a great deal of dancing and beer-drinking. With them, as a rule, the administrator has no official connection, though I once had a case in which a man was nearly killed for creating a disturbance at the ceremony which precedes the sowing. They said he might have ruined the crops.

Rainmakers sometimes cause trouble. Though usually clever both at foretelling rain and inventing excuses, they are occasionally charged with non-fulfilment of contract, and I once had a case in which a village bribed the rainmaker to keep the rain away from a hostile village.

It is the customs with regard to payment for wives, however, that give rise to most of the litigation. Payments may be made in cows, sheep, iron, beads, or cash; in addition, the bridegroom may have to work for his father-in-law for a stated period. Payments may begin at the birth of the bride and continue till her daughter marries. It is quite common for men to divorce their wives and for women to desert their husbands, and in these cases compensation must be paid. In such circumstances it may easily be imagined that endless opportunities are afforded for disputes and sharp practice.

Examples of the sort of conundrums one gets are :—

1. A girl was going from her father's village to that of her future husband when she was struck by lightning and killed. Should the bridegroom pay?

2. Two men who own no stock exchange sisters. One of them runs away from her husband, who thereupon demands his sister back from the other.

3. A man paid a cow towards the marriage price. The girl's father changed his mind and married her to another, so the first man demanded his cow back. The father said that it was sick when it arrived and died almost immediately.

4. A chief took a girl in settlement of an alleged ancient blood feud which was not admitted by her parents. After the chief's death her parents married her to another man. The chief's heir claimed the marriage price.

It will be seen that it is not always easy to give a decision even when the facts are admitted. This they seldom are, and in addition there is the difficulty of deciding whether cases come within the time limit which one has to impose, as otherwise people will demand compensation for injuries inflicted on their remote ancestors.

Most of the cases given above occurred in the Lotuko tribe, who live on the Uganda frontier of the Sudan, but all that I have seen or heard of other tribes leads me to believe that they are typical.

If in the foregoing the character of the natives is shown in a sinister light, it must be remembered that the police reports would give a stranger a poor opinion of the people of this country, while some crimes which are only too common in Europe—cruelty to children, for example—are, as far as my experience goes, unknown in tropical Africa.

RAGLAN.

HOUSING AND RENTS

Of all the problems with which the new Government is confronted the most vital and most urgent and most difficult is that of of Housing. When, however, this problem is described as urgent, it is to be hoped that no legislation will be rushed through without mature consideration. The provision of houses at a low rent is vital to our country. Low house rent is quite as important as cheap food. Everyone agrees that we can only find full employment for our people by the recovery of our export trade. That export trade can only be recovered by lower production costs. In order to enable the workers to maintain themselves in a state of comfort on a lower rate of wage they must have cheap rents It is not the slightest use providing the worker with a 'twelve houses to the acre' scheme if those houses cannot be let at less than 1*l*. per week. Nor is it a wise procedure to build houses which cannot be let at an economic rent under 1*l*. per week and to subsidise such houses by letting them at 10*s*. per week. The only effect is that industry pays a higher charge, and by higher taxation the working costs rise. The real problem is the provision of houses for the man earning 3*l*. a week. Therefore, while we do not want to go back to the old slack methods when houses were put up with no restrictions, we must relax considerably from the twelve houses to the acre ideal. Rows of houses can be built much cheaper than semi-detached or detached houses. There is economy in bricks and slates and every other article required in house building. A good deal has been said and written against the German tenement system—that it is unhealthy. In my view that system is much healthier than our own. We are told that there are more rickety children in proportion to population in Germany than in any country in the world. If that is so, I am sure the cause is not her housing system. If there ought to be rickety children anywhere, we should find them in greater abundance in the East End slums of London, in the Scotland Road area of Liverpool, or in Glasgow or in Edinburgh, where I am credibly informed the population is the most confined. If there is wise provision of open spaces and parks to keep the playing child off the streets and to provide the necessary

lungs for our population, then the tenement system should be fully considered.

It might be of advantage to review the legislation of the past. What has caused the shortage of houses? There was a housing problem undoubtedly before 1909, but it was not so acute that wise legislation then could not have solved the problem without serious cost to the Exchequer. But since 1909 a number of *incidents have occurred the cumulative effect of which has* prevented the building of houses by private enterprise. First there were the Land Tax proposals in the Budget of 1909. This undoubtedly drove the house-building speculator out of the market. He cut down his schemes and ceased to build at the same rate as previously. Was it not natural that he should do so? He feared that, after running the risk of a hazardous speculation, the whole of his profits would be taken from him. There are some people who rail against the speculative builder of the past decade as a scoundrel and a despicable person. He was, in fact, a philanthropist to the nation. Very few speculative builders ever made a living out of the business. If we examine the bankruptcy returns for the last twenty pre-war years, we shall find that the building and allied trades showed more serious losses than any other. They built houses with little capital, they borrowed money at high rates of interest, and were forced to sell at a much lower price than the cost of construction.

Many are the houses tenanted by the workers to-day at rents lower than their economic value. They have been built at a serious loss by the speculative builder. You can search the country over; you will find very few speculative builders who have succeeded in making a living out of their business.

The second incident causing the housing shortage was the five years of war. During this period, as we all know, practically no houses were built. The third cause of housing shortage was the Rent Restriction Acts. These Acts, which are probably the most confused example of legislation ever placed on the Statute-book, were passed in a time of national emergency. There was probably no other alternative but to pass them, but they have undoubtedly prevented building. The speculative builder would not build houses with these restrictive measures tied closely round his neck. What was the use of building a house when the tenant to whom he let it remained its complete master? Further, the speculative builder relied for his business upon the finance of a mortgage. Who would lend money on the security of a house unless they had full protection of sale in case of default? With the Rent Restriction Acts in operation a sale in case of default on the part of the owner might not be possible, as it is well known that sales without vacant possession are never easy.

An additional reason for condemning the Rent Restriction Acts is that some tenants claiming protection under them are not deserving of our sympathy. There are, for example, the people who rent a house at 10s. per week and let two unfurnished rooms at 20s. There are even worse examples than this, which have been examined by the Select Committee set up for the purpose. This procedure is gross profiteering, and such people should not be able to claim protection. What is the use, too, of forcing restrictions that houses shall be built only twelve to the acre when at the same time you overcrowd those houses? It is defeating the very object of the proposal. There is also a man within my knowledge who, while claiming protection as a tenant under the Rent Restriction Acts, has recently bought himself a Daimler motor car. That man would probably build a house for himself if there were no Rent Restriction Acts in operation. If he can afford to buy a Daimler car, he can certainly provide capital to build a house for himself, and should not need protection.

Any renewal of the Rent Restriction Acts which is contemplated in the new Housing Bill should be conditional. I should like to see the tenant claiming protection under the Act made to produce evidence, such as his income tax returns, to the county court judge. Certainly no person with an income over 1000*l.* per annum should be given protection. Such people can afford to build houses for themselves.

Then as a further cause of the house shortage we are faced with the restrictive policy of the trade unions. We hear a great deal about unemployment in the building trades from the Socialists. An analysis of the figures would be interesting. It will be found, I think, that though there are many builders' labourers unemployed, some bricklayers, and some men in other branches, there are very few plasterers unemployed. The work of the plasterer is the bottle-neck through which all employment in the building trades has to pass. And what do we find in this branch of the trade? The plasterers' trade union will not allow any dilution, will not allow any payment by results, will not allow any overtime, and will not allow more than a limited number of apprentices. What is the result? Works and buildings have been delayed in their construction. Not only that: the shortage of plasterers has prevented a large increase of employment in other branches of the trade. More houses could and would be built if the plasterers would take a more enlightened and unselfish view of their responsibilities. You might decide to build any number of houses, but the proposal is limited to the number of houses you can have plastered.

Finally, as a further cause of housing shortage, there was the

deplorable policy adopted by the Coalition Government in 1919. They tried to build houses on the same lines as they produced shells. They had the idea of massed production on the brain. Most of the officials from the Ministry of Munitions were transferred to a new department known as the Department of Building Material Supplies. The same methods were started which put the cost of munitions up to such a high figure. Everything was controlled and a state of semi-nationalisation was attempted. The result was that the price of building materials rose to such an extent that a working man's house was actually costing 1200*l.* without land, drainage, or road costs. Under the Housing Acts of 1919 practically the whole cost of these schemes falls on the State. The municipalities built the houses and were compensated for the outlay over and above the penny rate. There was no incentive placed upon those who spent the money to be economical, and money was expended as if the State purse was bottomless. We are only beginning to realise the wild and foolish extravagance into which the Government of 1919 plunged. A mild estimate is that this policy will have cost the country 9,000,000*l.* annually for sixty years, and this prodigious sum has not even touched the fringe of the problem. It has, in fact, actually prevented houses from being built. For every house built two houses were being lost in production. We have not provided for the needs of our growing population, much less have we tackled the arrears which were staring us in the face.

Now, having examined the causes of the house shortage, we may with advantage examine the problem itself and suggest remedies. There must be, I think, a division in the problem—

1. Slum areas.
2. Shortage of houses.

Dealing with the slum areas first, it is idle to suggest that private enterprise can provide a remedy for the terrible condition in some of our great cities. It is idle, too, to pretend that we can adopt a policy of *laissez faire*. Whether we look at the question from a political point of view or from the point of view of national finance, the problem must be tackled. From the political point of view there is no doubt that slum areas are the most prolific breeders of Socialists. They breed that discontent which is the bread of life for Socialistic propaganda. From the financial point of view the slum areas are a serious economic burden. Disease begins and becomes infected in these blots on our national life. Looking at them from a purely mercenary and selfish standpoint, it is, too, worth while paying a price in the shape of an insurance premium to clear them away. Disease once started infects all areas. Those in high stations suffer in health and in life through disease started in the slums.

Slum areas, however, cannot be dealt with except at a loss, so it is useless to leave this problem to private enterprise, as there can be no private profit. We should view the problem in the same light as it has been seen by the City Fathers in my native city of Liverpool. There, twenty or thirty years ago, the slums were notorious. They are still bad, but there has been a vast improvement. How has it been done? The authorities said rightly that it was no use pulling down slums unless you realised two things: first, that you must provide accommodation for the inhabitants during the period of demolition; second, that it is no use pulling down slum houses where the tenants are paying 4*s*., 5*s*., or 6*s*. a week unless you provide accommodation at something like the same rents. It is here where the twelve houses to the acre scheme has failed. These houses cannot and never will be built to be let at an economic rent of 6*s*. a week. Furthermore, if our population is to be housed on the twelve houses to the acre ideal, our towns will cover a much wider area. Then we come up against the transport problem, and the difficulty of transporting our labouring classes in quick cheap trains to and from their work. I am convinced that any attempt to remove slums and replace them by new houses of the type attempted in 1919 is doomed to failure. I am also convinced that they cannot be replaced by any other means than the tenement system. This has been the system adopted in Liverpool, while we know that the working populations of Germany and New York are mainly housed in this way.

In Liverpool the authorities pulled down the slum areas and replaced them by corporation tenement houses the sanitary arrangements of which are under the management of the corporation officials. This latter point is most important. Many of the slum houses in England are old better-class houses which have been left high and dry by the sweep of the merchant and the manufacturer into the country. They never were suitable for letting to numerous families. There were no sanitary arrangements on an adequate scale, and no encouragement to careful housewives. In all phases of society we find the careless housewife, and probably among the labouring classes we shall find a larger proportion ready to let things go. In any case, they have not the domestic assistance to see that everything is done on the most approved lines. In the West End flat the owner clears away all the refuse, and the tenant is not responsible for keeping anything clean outside his own front door. So it should be in the workmen's tenement house, for otherwise that block of houses will soon develop into a worse slum dwelling than the one you have recently demolished. It may be said that this will cost money. I believe I am correct in saying that the cost in Liverpool was less than a penny rate, or, anyhow, something quite small, which was

never felt. The scheme bestows great benefits upon those working people, and also, I believe, bestows great benefits upon all classes in that great seaport community.

When we come, however, to the housing shortage, we find ourselves upon quite a different plane. In an earlier portion of this article I referred to the Land Taxes of 1909. Those taxes have been rightly condemned by all sections of the community and have been repealed. That does not mean that as far as the land is concerned everything is for the best in the best of all lands. It is my view that we want an equitable review of the leasehold system. It has always seemed to be grossly unjust that the landowner should have power to seize at the end of his lease, not only his land, but the buildings which the leaseholder has erected upon it, without compensation. I know that this practice is seldom acted upon, but, at the same time, by a system of fines and increased ground rents serious penalties are enforced. I know that there are powerful arguments on the landowner's side, and I am not in favour of any scheme which would not be thoroughly equitable and just. It is my view that some scheme should be adopted whereby the tenant under a ground lease would be legally entitled to purchase his freehold in urban areas at the rate of an agreed number of years' purchase of his ground rent. I mention this in passing, because this legislation would have an effect on the house-building problem.

Now as to the main problem. It is obvious that we must abandon the twelve houses to the acre ideal. In pre-war days the working men's dwellings were built on the basis of nearer forty houses to the acre. If the present restrictions are continued, we shall never decontrol houses, and we shall never abolish housing subsidies. If we provide plenty of parks and open spaces, I do not think these idealistic schemes are necessary. Such plans will mean that the houses will never be built. If they are built, they will be so expensive that no working man can afford to pay an economic rent. The only way, as I have stated earlier, that houses can be provided at an economic rent is by building rows of cottages as in the past, or by the tenement system. The restrictions imposed by the Ministry of Health must be considerably relaxed. It is far better to override our objections (and there are many to these systems) in view of the urgency of houses. It is far better to have an inferior house than to have no house at all. I am quite sure that if a *plébiscite* were taken the worker would prefer the cottage in a row of houses to the miserable existence as a lodger or a part-tenant.

I opened with some reference to the Rent Restriction Act which comes to an end in June 1923. A close study of that Act and its working convinced me that in its present form it must come

to an end as soon as possible. It is obvious, however, that some means must be found to give protection to the tenants, who would otherwise be thrown on the streets in great numbers or be forced to pay greatly increased rents. The recommendations of the Onslow Committee are that there shall be gradual decontrol. The Government policy seems to adopt this scheme with modifications. It proposes that decontrol shall be postponed for one or two years, and that decontrol shall be effected by slow stages. In my view you cannot separate the question of rent restriction from the provision of houses. The real solution is to put the house-building business back on its feet again. The business must be rescued from its position of semi-State control: State and municipal house building has failed. How can this object be achieved? We do not want any more temporary legislation, and we should proceed to consider new legislation of a comprehensive and permanent kind. It is stated that the Government are considering the scheme proposed by Mr. E. D. Simon, the ex-Lord Mayor of Manchester, for a Government subsidy of 6*l*. per house. This scheme has attractions, but all subsidies are vicious and doomed to failure. Why not say to the tenant when he ceases to have protection under the Rent Restriction Acts that the Government will give him facilities to build a house for himself? If he goes to an approved building society they will lend him the full amount necessary to build his house, and the Government will guarantee that society against loss on the transaction. We should want to stipulate that the house should be of a certain type, and would not cost more than an agreed figure, but beyond that we should not specify for any State interference. The tenant would then pay his interest to the building society weekly with an agreed addition for a sinking fund, so that in a few years the house would become his own property. That scheme could be made, I am sure, into a sound businesslike arrangement. I do not believe it would cost the State anything. The only risk would be the stability of the building societies and defaulting tenants. In either cases the houses would revert to the State, and for a long period of years they would be readily sold at cost price. The scheme need not be confined to building societies, for co-operative societies, insurance companies, friendly societies—all sound financial institutions—have in the past undertaken this work. I believe that by building houses in rows and tenement houses they can be built to let at an economic rent. It should, of course, be a clear provision of the Government guarantee that the houses would not cost more than an agreed figure. We must not allow the master builder to rush up prices again. The result of this scheme would be that great bodies of our working people would become owners of their own

dwellings. Instead of being careless tenants, they would be owners of bricks and mortar of their own, and I venture to predict that those houses would not develop into slums. They would become models of working men's dwellings—happy, clean, well kept. It was the great Napoleon who worked out the scheme of peasant ownership in land in France. There are five times more landowners in France than in our country. Who can deny that from the thrifty, hard-working Frenchmen we have not a lesson to learn? England is a great industrial nation, and we are dependent upon our great towns for our prosperity. If we had in those towns great bodies of our people owning property of their own we should not have a discontented population, and it would not vote Socialist.

JOHN R. REMER.

CURRENCY AND PRICES

It is probable that no one factor has been responsible for so much of the social disturbance and unrest, which are the outstanding features of the post-war world, as the violent fluctuations in prices, or, in other words, the value of money as expressed in terms of the commodities of everyday use.

The extent of the disturbance due to these fluctuations can hardly be exaggerated. Anyone with a fixed income of, say, 400*l.* a year in 1914, found the real value of that income changed from 400*l.* to about 150*l.* in 1920, and to 220*l.* to-day, expressed in the real value of what it will buy. All pre-war debtors have been enabled to repay their debts in money worth about half the value of the money they borrowed before the war. Business became a gigantic speculation in which the large profits made while prices were rising caused great ill-feeling, and the large losses made during the fall in prices caused loss of business confidence and unemployment. Throughout labour disputes have been frequent, and bitter feeling has been engendered, owing to the necessity for continual wage adjustment, both up and down, only mitigated in part by sliding scales based on the cost of living. Whole classes were ruined or enriched, and this redistribution of wealth took place on an accidental basis, with no relation to justice or social policy.

It is curious how little public attention has been given to the cause of these changes during the last few years. While considerable attention is given, very naturally, to an item of a few thousand, or even million, pounds in the national accounts, changes in the value of money to the extent of hundreds of millions a year, which affect both the national finances and every citizen, pass more or less unchallenged or are accepted as an act of Providence.

A change in prices of 5 per cent. is hardly discussed, while a change of 1*s.* in the Income Tax is a subject of great agitation, yet to anyone with a fixed income they represent about the same gain or loss.

The events of the last five years are, however, beyond recall, and it is the probable development in the future which is of

interest to-day. If the fluctuations of the last four years are to continue, even on a modified scale, the country will enjoy neither stability nor tranquillity.

These fluctuations are not an act of Providence, but a definite result of policy, and our policy during the last three years has been guided by the reports of the 'Cunliffe' Committee, which was appointed at the end of the war 'to consider the various problems which will arise in connection with currency and the foreign exchanges during the period of reconstruction and report upon the steps required to bring about the restoration of normal conditions in due course.'

This Committee issued an interim report in August 1918, and a final report in December 1919, which may be summarised as aiming at the restoration of the pre-war position by deflating the currency until it stands at par with gold, and so bringing our exchange to par with the United States of America. We are now approaching the position when this will be accomplished, and it is opportune to consider the results which will follow.

Before the war prices in all countries using the gold standard moved together and corresponded closely, since the price level was simply the expression of the value of commodities in terms of gold, while the value of gold was kept fixed. The result was that prices in all countries moved gradually up or down, in the main, according to the relation between the volume of gold (together with the credit based on gold) and the volume of trade, modified to a certain extent by changes in the velocity of circulation. In the words of the interim report of the Cunliffe Committee, 'there was therefore an automatic machinery by which the volume of purchasing power in this country was continually adjusted to world prices of commodities in general.'

In England prices rose at an average rate of about 1½ per cent. per annum during the twenty years from 1894 to 1914, while they were steadily falling at about the same pace during the twenty years before 1894. What prospect then is opened up for us in the immediate future when we have reached par with America and a gold basis?

In the first place, it is probable that variations in the price of commodities, as expressed in gold, will be more violent than before. The complex system which used to operate is shattered in many countries, the volume of trade or commodities is likely to be more variable owing to international conditions, the number of countries where the gold standard is effective is so reduced that these countries will react more violently upon each other, and the gold available is badly distributed among the different countries concerned.

The supply of gold for the future is uncertain. Professor

Cassel in his memorandum to the League of Nations of 1921 considers that it may prove inadequate, estimating the necessary annual production at 100,000,000*l.* per annum, as against the present output of about two-thirds of this amount. The future policy of banks and Governments towards the re-establishment of gold reserves and currencies is unknown, and the amount taken by the East during the last few years has been very variable. Thus one of the chief elements in determining the price level, when the gold standard is resumed, will probably be more variable than of old and will have a correspondingly disturbing effect.

If the annual change in prices was about 1½ per cent. before the war, it is quite possible that in the immediate future it may average ten times this figure; indeed, in America prices have risen about 15 per cent. during the last twelve months, although that country has an effective gold standard.

This rise in America is a form of gold inflation, similar to that which took place in the early part of the war, and shows the instability which we may expect from the gold standard in the near future.

In any country using a gold standard a surfeit of gold causes an expansion of credit because credit is based on gold. The results of such an expansion are similar to those caused by paper inflations, and include a rise in prices.

The long and gradual cycles of price movement before 1914 tended to concentrate attention upon one aspect over a period of years, such as the rise in prices during the period 1894 to 1914, but during the last four years we have passed through a full cycle in so short a time as to present a complete picture such as was only visible previously over a whole generation. It should be possible to obtain from this experience data which will be useful in moulding our policy for the future, and certain facts stand out which will hardly be contested by anyone:

1. That countries tend to be industrially prosperous under inflation, and to suffer from trade depression under deflation. A comparison between events in such countries as America, England, Germany and France proves this.

2 In the present disturbed state of the world it is possible to have a considerable and rapid inflation due to gold, as has happened in the United States of America.

3. Continued inflation brings ruin in the end, as has been and is being proved by various Continental countries.

4. Large and quick changes in the value of money bring serious labour and other social troubles.

5. Deflation, carried to an extreme, would make the national debt, as well as private debts, an intolerable burden, expressed

in commodity value, just as Germany, by the opposite process, has practically wiped out her internal debt.

From the above facts it is clear that we cannot deflate nor inflate without grave risk, and in fact that what we need is a stabilised general level of prices. It has been suggested already that merely to return to the pre-war system will not bring this about, which points to the conclusion that the Government, in conjunction with the Bank of England, should control credit and currency with the definite object of stabilisation. The question is, Can this be done, and if so, are there any serious objections to it?

During the last 100 years many theories have been put forward on this subject, notably during the last ten years by Professor Irving Fisher in the United States of America, but it is in this connection that the value of our experience in the last few years appears. Apart from theory, it has become obvious how closely prices follow monetary policy in all countries, especially where, as in most cases, an inconvertible paper currency is in use.

In this country we have lived under an inconvertible currency (in practice) for eight and a half years; during the first five and a half years credit and currency were manipulated by inflation to provide for war expenses, and during the last three years by deflation to carry out the policy of the Cunliffe Committee and restore the pre-war system.

The close correspondence of events during the whole period is remarkable: immediately after the war inflation continued, and during 1919 prices continued to rise, but early in 1920 the break came. In November 1919 the Bank rate, which had been 5 per cent. for over two years, was raised to 6 per cent.; in December the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that the recommendations of the Cunliffe Committee would be followed, and that the currency note issue would be limited; and in April 1920 the Bank rate was raised to 7 per cent. The effect was immediately apparent: the rise in wholesale prices was checked, reaching its maximum in April 1920, and the fall began, which continued rapidly till the end of 1921. During 1921 and the first half of 1922 the Bank rate was steadily reduced till it reached 3 per cent. in July last, at which figure it still stands. This reduction eventually checked the fall in prices early in 1922, and they remained steady till the end of the year.

Since the beginning of 1920 the currency note issue has been continuously reduced, according to the policy laid down, while the floating debt remained fairly constant until the latter part of 1921, since when it has been steadily reduced. This reduction acted as a measure of deflation and thereby possibly helped to prevent an upward reaction in prices.

The slump in prices brought with it unemployment, losses,

bankruptcies, in fact the usual results, and if anyone believes that it was due to world conditions over which we have no control, it is reasonable to ask why, if that were the case, Continental countries who continued to inflate did not experience the same.

The measures taken by the Government and the Bank have controlled credit and prices as a throttle controls an engine; and it appears that the three most important factors in this connection at the present time are, firstly, the control of the Bank rate; secondly, the method employed by the Government to fund or repay floating debt; and thirdly, the control of the currency note issue. Judging from the results obtained already, there would not appear to be any insuperable difficulty in using these methods to maintain the price level at a reasonably stable figure, as measured by an index number.

An index number for commodity prices is already used by the Government to regulate the salaries of its employees as well as by local authorities and many employers of labour, and though it may take time to perfect the system, it should be possible to use an index by which prices would be adjusted to a level accurately enough for practical purposes.

It is often objected that any system which is not based on the rigid maintenance of the gold standard would be a temptation to an unscrupulous Government to inflate the currency for extravagant purposes, but no Government which is determined to live on borrowed money will be deterred from doing so by any standard, while it may be claimed that a steady price level would do much to prevent such unrest in the country as might lead to a Government of this character coming into power.

There is, however, another objection which must be taken more seriously. It is clear that if our prices were maintained at a different level from gold prices, our exchange could not remain at par with countries, such as America, which maintained a gold standard. The consequent fluctuation in exchange, representing the difference between these two levels, would be moderate and gradual, but it must be admitted that there is a strong feeling in favour of maintaining our exchange at par, though it may be questioned whether the importance attached to this has not been over-estimated.

Three factors enter into the monetary side of international trade, viz., the value of money in the foreign country, the value of money in this country, and the rate of exchange between the two currencies. Before the war the exchanges were kept practically fixed, while prices in both countries varied; but at the present time many countries cannot, or will not, play the game according to these rules, with the result that we not only have all the evils of fluctuating prices, but in addition cannot expect in

the near future to get a fixed exchange, except with America and a few other countries.

The only one of these three elements which we can control is the value of money in our own country, and if this were fixed it would at least provide traders with one firm basis, viz., the real value of the pound sterling which they received when selling, or paid when buying. Looking at it in another way, the value of a given quantity of dollars to someone in England is a product of the exchange and the value of money in England, and it does not matter which of these two factors is variable and which is fixed : the value received is the same.

In any case, since one of the two must vary, it is far easier for the few trained business men who deal in foreign currencies to use a varying exchange than it is for the millions of workers to use a currency which varies in purchasing power : the former are experts who can be expected to exercise foresight ; the latter are millions who know little of international trade or finance, and who mistrust the changes in prices and index numbers.

Further, it must be remembered that, whereas variations in foreign exchange affect our foreign trade, variations in the value of our currency, in the form of prices, affect all trade, both home and foreign, and therefore have a far more disturbing effect.

A steady general level of prices, regulated by monetary policy, does not, of course, necessitate fixing the price of any one commodity, but it would tend towards stabilising individual prices, because it would tend to stabilise wages, and also all industries which were wholly or mainly independent of foreign products, including such important basic industries as coal and transport.

The evils of the perpetual alternation of boom and slump, with their consequences of unemployment or overtime and speculation, would be minimised by a stable value of money ; but by far the most important aspect of the whole matter is its bearing on the labour question.

It is idle to hope for any lessening of the mistrust and suspicion which are the most unfortunate features of the industrial position until our measurement of value is a real measure in that it is a fixed quantity, and until an expression such as a wage of 3*l.* a week does not mean something totally different on two dates twelve months apart. If the 3*l.* would always buy the same quantity in a shop, the workman would know where he stood, and an increase or decrease of wages would represent a real increase or decrease, to be judged on its merits.

It has been pointed out by economists that our standard of value is the only one which we allow to vary ; if our standard of length had varied in the same way, the yard measure would have been about 8 feet in 1920, and would be about 5 feet to-day.

Such a state of affairs sounds fantastic, but the variations in our measure of value are as great an anachronism and may become a serious danger under the complicated conditions of the modern world.

At the present time we have a unique opportunity ; no drastic change is required, because the people are quite accustomed to the currency now in use. All that is necessary is for the Government which has regulated the currency to meet war emergencies to use the same methods in order to maintain a stable level of prices, and thereby take a long step forward on the road towards the renewal of business confidence and industrial peace.

VERNON.

AIR POWER

The constant birth of new ideas has demanded the exercise of the greatest care, not only to ensure that no device or suggestion of real value should be overlooked or discouraged, but also to regulate the enthusiasm of the specialist and prevent each new development assuming dimensions out of proportion to its real value.—The Final Despatch of SIR D. HAIG.

THE quotation given above, although it may at first sight appear to be ill chosen as an introduction for a subject which must give rise to much controversy, has been selected with a definite purpose.

It seems to the writer that during the war of 1914–18 there was but little opportunity of examining and perfecting new instruments of war; but now, when immediate danger of a conflict between the British Empire and a first-class Power seems to have been removed, there should be time to listen to the enthusiast and to ensure that new developments in military science are allowed to assume dimensions in proportion to their real value.

The process of adapting aeronautical science to military uses can only be developed by gradual stages, since it takes time not only to perfect a new instrument but to learn how best to use it. Between the years 1914–1918 military aviation, stimulated by the necessities of war, progressed very rapidly in some directions but remained undeveloped in others; thus, aircraft were soon universally recognised as necessary for reconnaissance, observation of artillery fire and co-operation with infantry, as well as for aerial fighting in order to prevent the enemy from carrying out similar duties.

But it was not till the closing stages of the Great War that the direct powers of offence against ground objectives possessed by aircraft were beginning to show themselves.

The leading masters of military science all agree that the larger principles of war are unchanging, but that the methods of applying these principles are liable to change. If we examine records of past campaigns, we can find numerous instances which illustrate the danger of ignoring the modifications rendered necessary in the art of war by the discovery of a new weapon or the evolution of new tactics. Thus:

in 1806, the Prussian army took the field with the old linear tactics, which could no longer cope with the changed battle forms of the Napoleonic

period, and in spite of all its heroism suffered a severe defeat. Again, in 1866 the Austrians had been too late to realise the importance of the breech-loading rifle; they kept to their old percussion rifle and their Napoleonic columns and shock tactics, and were simply decimated by the Prussian infantry, which relied on its weapon and fought in open formation.[1]

History, moreover, teaches us that:

changes of tactics have not only taken place after changes in weapons, which necessarily is the case, but that the interval between such changes has been unduly long.[2]

It seems, therefore, reasonable to assume that the year 1918 closed a chapter in the book of military science and that new weapons such as aircraft, when we have learnt to use them effectively, will necessitate a revision of military tactics.

Military operations during the last great war can be divided, speaking generally, into two main classes: trench warfare, with the frontal 'break-through' battle, and manœuvre warfare, which inevitably resulted from an encounter between two forces one of, which, for numerical or geographical reasons, was compelled to present a front capable of envelopment. On the Western Front trench or static warfare played by far the larger part—so much so that the sharply defined trench line which separated the combatants grew to be regarded as an essential feature of modern war. In fact, to those who spent many months, and even years, on the Western Front it is difficult to visualise war without this well-marked boundary between contending forces. But we must guard against any tendency to assume that the next great war will necessarily develop on similar lines to the last; rather should we carefully examine the records of operations which took place on various fronts and deduce lessons therefrom which may guide us in determining the changes required in the training, equipping and organising of our armed forces that may be rendered necessary by the evolution of science.

The factor most likely to exercise an influence on the art of war is undoubtedly the birth of military aviation. As explained above, it is difficult to gauge the full value of this new arm, which was only tested in its infancy, but it remains, nevertheless, our duty to look into the future and prepare all branches of our military forces so that by their peace training they may be capable of modifying their tactics both offensive and defensive to meet this new development of military science.

[1] *The War of the Future.* By General von Bernhardi.
[2] *Naval Warfare.* By Admiral Mahan.

The subject of this paper, 'The influence of aircraft on military strategy and tactics,' is a wide one, for already many instances can be extracted from the records of the Great War, and of minor operations carried out since, to show that aircraft can often play an important, sometimes even a predominant part in the operations attempted by troops on the ground. But this subject is limited in scope if we only consider the case of war against an enemy possessing an air force similarly equipped. This 'narrowing down' of the issue is most desirable, since, although our air forces have gained more experience in attacking ground objectives than any other air service in the world, our Army has rarely if ever had to undergo attack from aircraft of an enemy which has gained superiority in the air.

The classic examples of ground operations in which air power proved a dominant factor—*i.e.*, the Turkish retreat from Palestine in 1918, the Bulgarian retreat from Salonika, the Afghan campaign of 1919, the Somaliland campaign of 1920, the release of Colonel Jacob's Mission in 1919, and the expedition against the Garfak Neuers in 1920—all are instances showing the effect that can be produced by a few aircraft properly employed. These instances are of interest in that they demonstrate the effect produced by a few aircraft on a defeated or uncivilised enemy; but they do not help us in foreshadowing war against a first-class Power. What will that war be like, and what measures should we take to prepare for it?

All first-class military nations are beginning to develop their air power; they realise that the day is not far off when the movement of troops, and even of ships, in the face of a hostile air force which has gained air superiority will be looked upon as an impossible operation. Thus it seems probable that in the future the declaration of war will be followed at very short interval, or even preceded, by the clash of the opposing air forces. The air battle will continue with unabating intensity until one or other of the contestants has obtained a decisive superiority. From this moment the aircraft of the Power which has lost the initiative wherever they appear will be attacked by concentrations of superior force. It must not be thought, however, that one or two battles in the air will definitely decide the final issue, since scattered forces can be re-formed and new material can be produced; in fact, a defeated air force will be more dangerous than a defeated navy or army, since the mobility and radius of action of aircraft facilitate the use of small forces on raids and 'cut and run' tactics.

We may assume, therefore, that the first step will be a conflict between the rival air forces. Then, when air superiority has been gained the army of the victors will commence to move. What

will the troops who lie unprotected by their own air forces do to stem the advance? Will they move forward over roads or across country to meet the invaders of their territory and thus expose themselves to the continuous attack of hostile aircraft? If they do so their fate is not likely to be a pleasant one, as can be gathered from the few elementary examples given at the end of this article. Under such conditions it seems more probable that the army of the defenders will seek shelter in fortified field defences and rely upon artillery to deal with hostile air and ground forces, and endeavour to reproduce similar conditions to those prevalent on the Western Front during the war 1914–1918?

The second stage of the war of the future will probably consist of an intense aerial bombardment by the superior air fleet. The invading army sheltering in its tanks and covered by artillery fire may gradually be able to penetrate the enemy's country and occupy it; but it may be assumed that before this occurs the enemy's resistance will have to be reduced by systematic aerial bombardment. In this connection it is interesting to survey the gradual increase that has taken place in the proportion of fighting carried out by means of missiles. History tells us that in the days of Agincourt and Crecy our bowmen formed a very small body compared with the army as a whole; but as bows and arrows gave way to rifles and artillery this proportion gradually increased until in the late war the artillery formed the largest proportion of all the armed forces in the field. And yet, even when the longest ranged guns are taken into account, the zone covered by artillery fire is still comparatively narrow. The question which we should attempt to answer is, whether the artillery will continue to increase in numbers, in range, and in hitting power, or whether aircraft will gradually supersede guns and howitzers by performing the functions of the latter from the air?

The writer is inclined to think that the day of the long-range gun and heavy howitzer is done, and that armies of the future will be equipped with comparatively light mechanicalised artillery which will be used to break down immediate opposition on the ground, while all heavy bombardment will be carried out from the air.

The third phase of war as visualised by the writer will be the advance and occupation of the enemy's territory. This will occur when the enemy's resistance has been broken down by attack from the air. In this connection it should be borne in mind that, instead of the zone formerly subjected to attack, all communications, centres of industry, reserve depots, and other vital spots in the enemy's territory will be liable to incessant attack. The enemy's army, though superior in numbers, well equipped and fortified behind strong defences, must eventually

give way owing to loss of communications and dearth of supplies —the inevitable results of a vigorous and sustained air offensive.

In the foregoing pages an attempt has been made to depict the development of a first-class war of the future. It remains now to analyse the various stages and consider the organisation and training which are required to meet these changes in the military art.

The subject under review presupposes the existence of a hostile air force equal in strength and similarly equipped to our own, and it is therefore reasonable to assume that any first-class air Power with whom we might go to war will make every effort to gain early superiority in the air.

There is no reason to suppose that the great fundamental and vital principles of war do not apply to air warfare. These principles, so Clausewitz tells us, are: retaining the initiative, using the offensive as the decisive form of action, concentration of force at the decisive point, the determination of that point, the superiority of the moral factor to purely material resources, the proper relation between attack and defence, and the will to victory. In addition, there is no doubt that the possession of correct information regarding the enemy will, as heretofore, greatly facilitate success. In the first place, we must therefore possess a good air intelligence system which will keep us informed of development in research and in tactics of all our potential opponents; secondly, we should keep ourselves informed of the location of all the main aircraft depots and establishments of foreign Powers, so that in the event of war we should know where to strike most effectively; and, lastly, we must develop our air reconnaissance service in order that, on the outbreak of hostilities, there should be the means available of locating the enemy's main forces: in fact reconnaissance in the air will be just as necessary to the air commander of the future as reconnaissance on the ground, formerly carried out by the cavalry, was essential to the generalissimo of an army.

Lack of space precludes the analysis of aerial warfare, an art which is still in extremly experimental stages; but it is interesting to note that there is now a distinct tendency in some quarters to advocate the development of fighting aircraft on similar lines to ships of war. Thus it is possible that the small, high performance single-seater aeroplane, which owing to its superior speed and powers of manœuvre was considered supreme as a fighting machine during the late war, may eventually revert to the *rôle* of scout, while large aircraft armoured and powerfully armed will 'hold' the air by virtue of their superior 'hitting' power.

Whatever may be the outcome of these developments, it is

likely that the ability of aircraft for inter-communication, for combined action, and for combined manœuvre must rapidly improve, and as these are perfected the size of aerial fleets will grow in numbers and in offensive powers.

One essential feature of air warfare which cannot be disregarded is the fact that aircraft can move freely in three dimensions. The maximum altitude which can be attained by flying continues to increase—it may do so indefinitely; and since altitude confers a great tactical advantage in the air, it follows that air forces which cannot climb as high as their enemy suffer from an overwhelming disadvantage. This factor should be taken into account when deciding what proportion of the Air Force can be detached to co-operate with the other services. In this connection it should be borne in mind that air forces destined to co-operate with the Army require special training and equipment, and are called upon to carry out duties which necessitate flight at comparatively low altitudes. This portion of the Air Force would therefore be of great value in the second and third phases of war as depicted in this paper, but would be of little use in the preliminary air battle against the enemy's main fighting air forces. Moreover, it is well to remember that if air superiority is lost the aircraft destined to perform duties in co-operation with the other services will not be afforded many opportunities of carrying out their work.

Thus the problem which confronts us in drawing up the Air Estimates is complicated by the fact that an air force trained, equipped, and organised to take its part in a war against a minor Power would not be effective in defending the British Empire if it were suddenly to be attacked by a first-class air Power.

On the other hand, if we maintain an Air Force with a view to fighting in a first-class war, should occasion ever arise, we can only afford to detach the minimum number of units for other duties.

Once the enemy's air fleet has been decisively beaten, temporary air superiority will rest with the victor; but this is not enough—great vigilance and continuous attacks will be necessary to prevent the hostile air forces from reorganising and returning to the fight. Nelson once said to his commander-in-chief when the latter mentioned that they had 'done well enough': 'If ten ships out of eleven were taken, I would never call it well enough.'

This maxim, that it is not only necessary to defeat an enemy, but to destroy him, is as true for the Air Force as it is for the Navy or Army.

The subject of air bombardment would not at first sight

appear to come within the scope of this article; but when one considers the probable trend of future warfare, it is impossible to disregard a factor which may exercise a decisive influence on ground operations.

'Communications dominate war,'[3] says Mahan. What, then, will be the fate of a nation which, having been defeated in the air, lies at the mercy of the hostile air force? We need only glance at the records of the last great war to find that aerial bombing, unknown before 1914, was beginning to exercise a considerable influence in all theatres of the war towards the end of 1918.

The material damage which can be caused by bombing is often ignored, owing to the fact that neither the Germans nor ourselves gave serious attention to the development of aerial bombs until the end of the war; and even then the actual, total weight of bombs dropped was very small compared with a day's expenditure of shells.

Towards the end of the war we organised a portion of the Air Force as an independent bombing force, and it is interesting to note that the amount of bombs dropped on German towns by this force during the short time in which they operated was greater than the whole amount of bombs dropped by the Germans. It follows that the British people can hardly realise the effect that could be produced by an efficient bombing force even in the state of development in which it was four years ago.

It may be assumed that in the next great war, after the preliminary collision between the rival fighting air fleets, the combatant with whom victory rests will utilise his temporary superiority in the air to carry out an intensive aerial bombardment of the enemy's country. His first objectives may be the aircraft depots and aerodromes of his opponent, since until he has destroyed these he cannot rely upon retaining his supremacy in the air. Subsequently, when the enemy's aircraft establishments and centres of production are crippled, the attention of the attacker will probably be diverted to the enemy's main lines of communication.

Thus the day may well come when an army, cut off from its base by air attack, may have to surrender through lack of supplies even though it is confronted on the ground by a weaker opponent.

A feature of modern warfare may also be to subject certain areas to intense and continuous aerial bombardment with a view to making it impossible for the defender to remain in the area attacked. This bombardment would probably be followed by the advance of the attacker's army—probably in tanks—in order to occupy the territory evacuated by the defender.

It must not be thought, however, that the attacking force will

[3] *Naval Warfare* Mahan

be able to operate with impunity over hostile territory, since, as can be seen again and again in the history of military science, the discovery of new weapons soon leads to the evolution of counter-measures which tend to detract from their value. Thus, although up to the present the development of anti-aircraft ground defences has somewhat lagged behind, we must be prepared for great improvement in anti-aircraft artillery, in height and range finders, and in other weapons and defence methods. But even if in time ground defences are able to make certain areas almost unapproachable by aircraft, the latter will always possess the advantage of being able to increase their altitude at will and of not being limited in range.

We have seen in the foregoing pages how the first stage of future war will probably consist of a conflict for air supremacy; then, as soon as one or other of the combatants has driven off his enemy's fighting air forces, it will be open to the attacker to employ his bombarding aircraft in order to carry the war into the defender's country. At the same time the attacker's ground forces, freed for the moment from the threat of air attack, will be enabled to advance.

In the following pages an attempt will be made to examine the action of air forces when operating directly with or against troops on the ground; but the writer would like to emphasise the fact that these operations will only be possible when air superiority has been achieved.

The experience of our Air Force in the attack of ground objectives surpasses that of all other nations; on the other hand, our Army has suffered but little from aircraft attack, and is therefore inclined to minimise the danger which exists from this source. The most effective measures for guarding against air attack and the means of utilising the assistance which could be provided by aircraft—these are considerations which should be ever present in the mind of the military commander.

As has already been mentioned, our Army has never yet been forced to operate in the face of an efficient and vigilant air force which has gained superiority in the air. Our enemies in the war 1914–18, however, suffered severe losses on more occasions than one as the result of air attack; and it is to these examples that we should turn for help in estimating the effect of air power in future wars.

It should be borne in mind that during the early stages of the late war, before conditions of trench warfare had developed, aircraft were too few in number to exercise any decisive influence, even had they been used for purposes of offensive action. During

the later stages there was practically no moving warfare, and it so happened that when our troops were engaged in open warfare the air power against them was negligible.

In spite of this lack of experience on our part, we should realise that conditions may be very different next time our Army is called upon to fight a first-class Power, and we should, therefore, at any rate train our ground forces to adopt precautions against observation and attack from the air.

Trench warfare, so common on the Western Front during the war 1914-18, does not lend itself to aircraft action against troops on the ground. Under such conditions troops are sheltered from observation and are protected against machine-gun bullets and projectiles, whereas the attacking aircraft become the target for concentrated fire from many concealed positions. Moreover, stationary warfare is favourable to the establishment of carefully organised anti-aircraft defences, which are able to benefit by an elaborate system of inter-communicating posts.

> It follows that air forces are compelled during stationary warfare to fly far into the enemy's territory to seek their targets; every mile adds to their risk and increases the opportunity of the enemy to attack them. Further, in the face of an enterprising enemy air force, the movements of troops within the radius of action of hostile aircraft are limited as far as possible to the hours of darkness, which diminishes the opportunities of the attacker.[4]

Any pilot of the Royal Air Force who flew on the Western Front during the Great War must often have been struck by the difference in the appearance of the country on either side of the 'lines.' In the area occupied by our own troops it was no uncommon sight to observe bodies of men marching along the roads in close formation, and there was always a certain amount of transport moving about; on the German side the country might have been abandoned, for it was very seldom that any sign of life could be seen in the vicinity of the 'lines.'

This state of affairs was brought about by the different policy adopted by the two air services. Whereas we used our aircraft towards the end of the war very largely to attack favourable ground objectives in the territory occupied by the enemy, the German air service did not attach much importance to the use of aircraft as instruments of offence against troops and hostile communications; they used them for reconnaissance and for the attack of towns far behind the 'lines.'

Towards the end of the war, after the Germans had suffered heavily from our low-flying raids, they began to realise that they had been mistaken in neglecting to develop this form of air activity.

[4] *Open Warfare.* Group Captain E. R. Ludlow-Hewitt, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.C., A.D.C., R.A.F. (Lecture to R. E.).

Many contemporary German writers deplore their mistake in failing to exploit the potential value of aircraft for direct offensive action. Neumann, writing about the German air service, says:

> The chief duties of the Air Force consisted in reconnaissance and artillery observation; bombing was compelled to take a back seat. In spite of the most urgent arguments in favour of developing bombing brought forward by the Chief of the Air Staff again and again, and his recommendation in favour of carrying bombs, even on short raids into enemy territory, this weapon was somewhat neglected during the entire war, and, on the whole, its use was unpopular and left undeveloped.[5]

It follows that our Army has but rarely been forced to undergo attack from the air even during stationary warfare, and it is not, therefore, difficult to understand the apparent lack of realisation of the influence likely to be exercised by air power in the future.

Now let us turn to open warfare and examine the differences which cause it to lend itself peculiarly to air action.

While troops are on the move, anti-aircraft defence labours under great difficulties. Anti-aircraft gunners can no longer benefit by an elaborate system of inter-communicating observation posts, and can receive but little warning of an approaching enemy. Moreover, in open warfare the anti-aircraft defence system, whether it consist of artillery, machine guns, or aeroplanes, must necessarily be split up into detachments, the efficient control of which by one authority is always difficult. This detracts from its effectiveness.

Further, when troops are on the move and cannot take advantage of cover, whether real or imaginary, they are peculiarly liable to panic, most terrible of military disasters, an instructive example of which can be found in the account of the Turkish retreat from Palestine at the end of this article.

Thus it is easy to see that opportunities of offensive air action are infinitely greater in moving than in stationary warfare, and we must therefore assume that aircraft will play a predominating part both during the advance to the battlefield and later when one combatant is retreating before his victorious enemy.

It may be useful to consider some defensive measures which might be adopted by our Army to mitigate the results of attack from the air.

In the first place, the result of the preliminary contest for air supremacy will greatly affect the amount of interference which may be expected from the enemy's aircraft; but in this connection it should be borne in mind that even a decisive victory in the air cannot be relied upon to prevent the enemy's aircraft from interfering with the operations of ground troops.

The destruction of the enemy's fighting air forces, continual

[5] *The German Air Forces.* Neumann.

bombing attacks delivered against his aircraft establishments, and, most of all, the loss in moral which he will suffer as the result of losing freedom of movement in the air are all factors which will tend to discourage the hostile air forces from attempting any major air operations. He will thus probably use his remaining aircraft for carrying out low-flying raids against ground forces, which will be very difficult to prevent even when air supremacy has been attained.

It follows that the Army must be prepared to meet and counter air attack.

This can be done, firstly, by accustoming both officers and men to be ever on the watch for air attack. Horse-drawn transport and artillery will presumably soon be mechanicalised : when this is done the army on the move will lose one of its most vulnerable parts.

In addition, it is probable that the Army will be forced to abandon mass formations of all kinds during daylight and devise methods of concentration which will not offer favourable targets to hostile aircraft. As regards action to be taken on the approach of hostile aircraft, men must be taught how to take cover from the air, to aim and fire at low-flying aircraft, and to re-form after these have dispersed.

Troops moving along a road will generally be extremely difficult to conceal from observation. The only way to avoid discovery is, where possible, for men to leave the road immediately a hostile aeroplane appears and to conceal themselves in any ditches, hedges, or trees which may border it. It is almost superfluous to add that they should on no account turn their faces upwards, as this means instant betrayal.

> Guns and other vehicles which are unable to quit the road at a moment's notice should carry some form of light camouflage covering, which will at least disguise what they are from the enemy. . . .[6]

In this connection

> camouflage painting should be carried out with care and discrimination ; it should aim not only at breaking the outline and confusing the shape of the object to be concealed, but the colours of the various patches should be made to blend with surrounding objects.[7]

As it is with all new weapons, aircraft, to begin with, have far out-distanced all the counter-measures devised to combat them. Anti-aircraft artillery was responsible for only a very small proportion of the casualties in the late war ; but towards the end of hostilities the fire of anti-aircraft guns was improving in accuracy, and it is probable that it will continue to do so. It

[6] *Mobile Artillery and Aircraft.* By Captain H. R. Kilner, M.C., R.S.A.

[7] *Journal of the Royal Artillery.*

may be anticipated that science will attempt to discover new methods of destroying aircraft at a distance, and even if progress is very limited it may be taken for granted that aircraft will gradually be forced to fly at higher altitudes.

In the near future a trustworthy armoured tank chassis carrying anti-aircraft guns and crew will probably be evolved and will be able to follow the army across country. It should be borne in mind, however, that the employment of anti-aircraft guns during moving warfare presents many difficulties. Thus, whereas anti-aircraft guns in stationary warfare can make use of heavy instruments which take a considerable time to set up and are able to employ an elaborate telephonic installation, such instruments will be quite impossible for employment with guns which are used in a war of movement; these latter will be forced to rely on a few light and portable instruments which can be rapidly set up and dismounted.

The anti-aircraft artillery must be prepared to perform the following functions :—

(a) Provide a screen with the advanced line of infantry or advanced guard, to prevent hostile aircraft from reconnoitring the forward area, or disposition of the forward troops.

(b) Protect the main body from hostile observation, especially with regard to gun positions, concentration centres, and movement of troops.

(c) Defend vulnerable points against hostile bombing attacks.*

In addition, it will probably be necessary in time to train special units to fire at low-flying aircraft.

It may be that in the next war aircraft will again be called upon to perform the many duties which were demanded of them in 1918.

The duties which the Air Force is called upon to perform when co-operating with the Army are well known: close reconnaissance contact and counter-attack patrols, observation of artillery fire, photography. These duties and much other work, which is being added to as the result of each combined operation, are now performed by aircraft at the request of the Army; but if the next great war develops on the lines forecasted in the preceding pages it is open to argument whether many of these functions will not cease to be required, or at any rate be reduced to secondary importance.

Thus the writer anticipates that, instead of developing the system of counter-battery work and of zone calls, more use will be made of aerial bombardment to deal directly with opportunity targets.

If we try to visualise a war of the future we may assume that as soon as superiority over the enemy's air forces has been gained, a cer-

* *Journal of the Royal Artillery.*

tain number of units of the fighting air force may become available for use against ground objectives. These units will be additional to those already employed in bombing the enemy's back areas.

And so, as the attacking army commences to advance, information will be sent down, probably by means of R/T,[9] from the reconnaissance aircraft flying over the enemy. This information, whenever it contains news of a favourable target, will be dealt with on the spot by sending up units of the Air Force to attack and destroy the objective indicated. Thus it may easily be realised that as the power of aircraft to act offensively is increased the necessity for heavy artillery fire, and in consequence of aerial observation for artillery, will diminish.

Enough has been said in the foregoing pages to foreshadow the great part that the Air Force is destined to play in the next war.

The dominating factor which should always be kept in view is that ability to fight successfully on the ground will depend primarily on the attainment of superiority in the air. It is therefore essential that the Air Force should be organised and trained on a basis which will assure ability to overcome any possible hostile air force. Consequently, in the event of war, it may be desirable after superiority in the air has been gained to detach portions of the Air Force which were originally destined for aerial fighting to interfere in ground operations ; but this can only be done when the enemy's air forces have been crippled beyond hope of recovery. Numerous instances already exist among the records of the Great War and of minor operations carried out during the last few years which demonstrate the ability of aircraft to exercise a dominating influence over ground forces.

These instances should be brought to the notice of the Army in order that it may be trained to expect, and defend itself as best it can against, air attack.

The history of the Turkish retreat from Palestine and the part played in it by the Royal Air Force is of vital interest ; it clearly demonstrates the effect produced on a retreating enemy by air attack.

In connection with this account it should, however, be borne in mind that the Turkish air force had been almost entirely driven out of the sky before the operations under review took place. Not only were Turkish aircraft attacked and destroyed when they showed themselves, but offensive patrols were kept constantly flying over their main aerodromes.

As a result of this overwhelming superiority in the air our Air Force were able not only to prevent the enemy from benefiting by

[9] Radiotelephone.

aerial reconnaissance, but, when the opportunity occurred, were able to use their whole strength in attacking his ground forces.

The following account is taken from the short history of the Royal Air Force :—

Early on the 21st, a reconnaissance machine reported dense masses of all arms and transport on the road running north-east from Nablus. This was the Turkish 7th Army in retreat, attempting to break out across the Jordan at Jisr Ed Damieh. It was urgently necessary that this movement should be stopped, for, although the cavalry had blocked the enemy retreat *viâ* Beisan, the road to the Jordan could not possibly be closed by our troops for some hours, nor could the crossings over the Jordan be guarded in time. Once more all available machines were mobilised, and then began what has justly been described as perhaps the most terrible disaster ever inflicted by aircraft on a retreating army. The attack was so arranged that two aeroplanes should arrive over the objective every three minutes with an additional formation of six machines every half hour, and this was continued from 8 a.m. till noon. The sides of the road were bordered by steep ravines, and the Turkish columns were caught in a trap with no possibility of escaping. The head of the column was soon reduced to a state of indescribable chaos, effectually blocking the road, and the confusion was rendered worse every minute by those in the rear pressing on in their frenzied efforts to escape. Drivers jumped from their motor lorries, leaving them to run amok ; maddened horses galloped hither and thither, trampling the equally maddened soldiery under their hoofs ; guns and teams became locked together in inextricable confusion ; and never for a moment was there any respite from the pitiless hail of bombs and machine gun bullets from overhead. By the time the British troops arrived on the scene the Turkish 7th Army had ceased to exist ; it was merely a question of rounding up the prisoners and collecting the abandoned guns, motor vehicles, and other war material.[10]

Such an experience has never befallen the British Army ; but let it never be forgotten that the fate of an army which is not protected from air attack will be terrible indeed.

In history there is that notorious attack by sharpshooters upon the columns retreating from Kabul through the Khyber Pass in the Afghan War. The fearfulness of that touched the imagination of the world at that time—out of the 16,000 only one reached Jellalabad. Yet though the lurking horror of sharpshooting from behind the high boulders of that pass must have been terrifying in its deliberateness, it is not to be compared with the infectious horror of panic which overtook the Turks in these passes when they were crowding there in such multitudes, and when the air was alive with aeroplanes dropping bombs and spitting bullets without ceasing.[11]

It is noteworthy that General Liman von Sanders, in his account of the retreat from Palestine, says :

The feeling that they were powerless to retaliate and at the mercy of hostile airmen had a most extraordinarily demoralising effect on both officers and men.[12]

A. A. WALSER.

[10] *Short History of the R.A.F.* Raleigh.
[11] *Nile to Aleppo.* By Hector Dunning.
[12] *Funf Jahre Turkei.* General der Kavallerie Liman von Sanders.

EARLY DAYS ON THE AISNE

I DARESAY that when the First Division crossed the Aisne in September 1914 it was as good a fighting force as ever the British Isles produced. Since the retreat from Mons began the Division had been on the march with hardly a check, until the victory of the Marne turned the tables on the Germans, and they, in turn, were forced to run.

All this trekking did not exhaust the men as much as some of our generals thought. Food, boots and clothing were bad, discomfort very great, and, of course, the mere fact of retreating damped our spirits; but as soon as the news came down that the Germans were on the run all this mattered nothing: most of us thought we should chase the enemy back to Berlin.

The Third Brigade in the great retreat had a very quiet time, hardly ever seeing the enemy, and only being slightly shelled on a few occasions. When I brought up the first reinforcement, and joined my regiment in the first days of September, they were 'fed up.' 'Just like manœuvres at home,' they told me, 'nothing but trekking miles and miles a day and doing nothing; this is a rotten brigade.' The same 'grouse' from the 'Queen's.'

Still we trekked, day after day, shedding a few clothes every now and then to travel lighter; anything rather than 'fall out'; very little to smoke; our food just bully beef and hard biscuits, now and then some jam, and, if by any chance we got into a barn at night, some bacon cooked on a Dixie lid or some most glorious toasted cheese.

At this time there was never any long check. The cavalry and horse gunners were superb; they seemed to clear off the German rearguard without requiring any help from us. It was a fine sight to see a British squadron go hell-for-leather down the main street of a village held by the enemy. Right through they would go, leaving the infantry of the advanced guard to mop up the Germans in the village. Speed was everything, and we were always too quick for them. We did not even give them time to blow up the bridges over the Marne, because about September 9 the First Division started to cross the Marne by the La Ferte Bridge. My regiment was at the head of the advanced guard

that day, and my company the leading one, so I saw the whole action well. There was indeed very little action needed. It appeared to be an ideal spot at which to hold us up. Had the Germans destroyed the bridge and occupied the heights beyond, it would have taken us more than one day to cross, and cost us many casualties. Our gunners made excellent shooting on what enemy were to be seen. Our cavalry were so quickly over the Marne that our guns fired a few rounds on them, thinking they were Uhlans. I saw the rounds fired, and I saw a few British saddles emptied, but it was a trifling incident, and was bound to happen when everything had to be done at lightning speed; pace was everything, forced marching, instantaneous fire action, a relentless pursuit.

After the Marne we had to go more carefully. The Germans were becoming Bosches and beginning to show themselves in their true colours. One day when the leading infantry regiment of the advanced guard (I think it was the Sussex Regiment) came up to an abandoned Red Cross ambulance on the side of the road, machine gun fire was opened on them from the wagon, and the battalion, marching in close order, suffered terribly.

Now we were drawing towards the end of the long marches, and something much more unpleasant was about to begin—the Battle of the Aisne and trench warfare.

Under the hills on our side of the Aisne we had a long halt. Word came back that the enemy were disputing the crossing of this river, that the bridges had gone, and the cavalry and advance guns were forcing a crossing. Long range shrapnel began to fall on us. A pellet fell on me and bruised my shoulder; I kept it for a long time. The Germans in the early days always seemed to fire their shrapnel much too high; it did us little harm therefore, whereas our gunners burst their shells most accurately; the pity was, they had not more to fire.

It is not pleasant to wait huddled together in a road with shrapnel bursting overhead, even though it bursts too high, and we were very glad when the order came to move. I was now about to go under fire for the first time, but felt no actual fear of being killed or wounded, only misgivings as to how I should behave. I had a most trying baptism. We crossed the Aisne in single file by an iron girder without any actual opposition, except for the continual shrapnel fire, owing to the advanced guard being in front of us, and collected again under the hills on the far side, there to await further orders. Stray bullets were coming over now, and we had our first officer killed. For the first time it dawned upon me that somebody was trying to kill me. Inactivity under fire is the most trying thing in the world, and in this war there was so much of it.

I got an order to extend my platoon and advance over the top. Very vague orders we had in those days when no one quite knew what was happening. I was not told what to attack, how far to go, who would support me, or whom I was to support or get in touch with. We crossed over the brow of the hill at the double, extended about three paces, and then slowed down to a steady Aldershot advance. Bullets came whistling along, and every now and then I saw one of my men fall with a thud. There was another line of troops in front of me, and they were lying down about 200 yards from a wood and firing into it. The wood was full of Germans ; the trees were still covered with leaves, but through my glasses I could see an occasional flash of a German helmet, though there was nothing definite to aim at. They had a machine gun going hard, but it was not firing our way. It seemed to me that if we reinforced the firing line it would only give a much bigger target for the concealed enemy to fire at, and they might turn that machine gun on us. There was a small hill on my left which had not been cleared of Germans, and they were now turning their attention to my platoon, so that, as well as getting it from the wood in front, we were being heavily fired on from a flank. According to the book, it was quite wrong to change direction under fire, but I considered I was justified in disobeying the rule, and passed word down my line to swing round and face half left, which my men carried out very well. We then advanced and got into line with the troops in front—the Welsh Regiment, a company commanded by Haggard, who lost his life in a gallant effort to rush a machine gun.

As troops began to arrive over the hill behind us, we gradually got to the edge of the wood, and by a combined rush into the wood itself. As usual, the Germans did not wait to face the bayonet, and withdrew, covered by the thick undergrowth. We formed a line just inside the wood and sent scouts on to see if the Germans really were withdrawing or only trying to trap us. After a long wait we were told that the Gloucesters and Welsh had got round the wood, that the enemy had withdrawn some distance, and that we were to go back to where we started from, re-form and advance as a battalion in quite a different direction. Apparently the other companies of my regiment had not moved, as an order had come to stand fast just after we had gone over the hill.

As a battalion we then advanced in artillery formation through the woods up towards the main plateau and the 'Chemin des Dames.' We seemed now to be following the line of advance of the advanced guard. The Germans had some bigger guns in action, and we were unknowingly bumping up against their formidable Aisne position. A 'coal-box' burst right in the middle

of the platoon on my right, practically wiping it out. Some more kept bursting all round, and it was most unpleasant.

On emerging from the wood we found ourselves behind the guns of the advanced guard, and we had a considerable halt. The battery in front of us roused our admiration and sympathy. The guns were in line right in the open, and on the nearer side of still more rising ground. 'Coal-boxes' were falling now just short of them, now beyond them. Then one would burst in between two guns; any moment we expected to see a gun and its detachment blown to pieces, but while we watched not one was hit, and not for one instant did the gunners cease firing or show any signs that they noticed the 'coal-boxes.'

It was beginning to get dusk when we moved off again, and bearing to the woods on our right, got into close formation inside them. We were nearing the position we were told to take up for the night, and D Company was sent on as an advanced guard through the wood. The undergrowth was very thick, and darkness was falling rapidly. It was very hard to keep direction, and when we eventually reached the top, D Company had disappeared, and we had obviously arrived at the wrong place. What with the darkness and the difficulty of finding anyone, our C.O. decided to stop where he was—just north of Chivy village. Later on the Brigadier came up, and while agreeing we were in quite the wrong place decided we had better stay where we were. Ultimately it turned out that the Third Brigade had gone a good deal too far ahead, and ought by rights to have been annihilated—in fact, for this night the First Division was the only one across the Aisne, and a strenuous counter-attack by the enemy might have been a serious thing with an unbridged, unfordable river behind us. However, we were happy in our ignorance. About 8 p.m. I was sent off with a patrol of about six men to work away to the left through the woods and try to find D Company. We soon discovered that Germans were in the wood, too, and decided it was nicer outside, so kept along the outer edge, and for quite a time a party of Germans kept level with us just inside. They were obviously lost, and as it was a matter of time before somebody captured them we did not worry about them. After going some distance and meeting nobody, but hearing all the time the yells of the wretched wounded, who were lying somewhere in the undergrowth, but very difficult to find, I came across a machine gun detachment of the Gloucesters, and a little further on the battalion itself, nicely dug in at the edge of the wood. They had seen nothing of our D Company, so I returned and reported.

Before it had got quite dark we had seen a most glorious advance of the First Brigade—the advanced guard In my

opinion, it was the finest sight I saw in France. The attack might have taken place on Laffan's Plain. Line after line in extended order, just the correct distances, just the correct intervals, on they went; nothing could stop them. Shrapnel was ploughing into them; every man of one line would appear to go down, but the line behind advanced steadily through them—Guards and Black Watch—great hefty men, beautifully led. They went right up to and across the Chemin des Dames, and were about to attack the factory beyond, when ammunition failed, and they had to retire. Their casualties, naturally, increased, yet they withdrew in the same cool, orderly way as that in which they advanced. Doubtless, for an advanced guard, they went too far, unsupported, and became involved in a general attack on a position they knew nothing about. Certainly the Aisne position was unknown even to the General Staff. I have heard it said that this great position was prepared by the Germans before the war, and that they had always considered it a stronghold on which to retire in case things went wrong. It seems inconceivable that our Intelligence should not have known, and yet our method of approaching it must prove that it came as a complete surprise. Even our own Brigadier passed through us with his cavalry orderlies and a platoon of the Welsh as escort the day after we arrived in the wood beyond Chivy, but the whole lot were wiped out, and he came back himself crawling on all fours. No one could believe the Germans had seriously stopped running.

Next morning I had a very unpleasant experience. I had been sent out about 4 a.m. with my platoon to take up a position some hundred yards in front to cover my company while they dug themselves in. While still dusk I sent out patrols a long way ahead, and in various directions. They all came back and reported they had seen nothing. When the dawn came it was very foggy, a regular cold misty September morning. We began to stretch our legs a little, and came across a trench full of dead Germans, and another with some dead and wounded Black Watch. The latter we helped back. In the former trench we were engaged in collecting souvenirs, field glasses, revolvers, watches, and anything warm to put on, etc., when I suddenly saw a line of Germans loom through the fog with their hands up and rifles slung. I said to my corporal, 'Here are some Germans who want to surrender.' All through the German retreat we had had this sort of thing, Germans done up and cut off quietly surrendering. We saw, therefore, nothing unusual in this. I suggested to my corporal that we should go and collect their rifles. We were just setting off when I heard a guttural voice shout out, rather to one side of us, 'Which is the officer?' I answered, 'I am; come and lay down your rifles.' He replied, 'You have five minutes to collect your

men and surrender, and you will be perfectly safe.' I glanced towards the line of Bosches, and saw, to my amazement, not a thin line holding their hands up, but a very thick line with their rifles levelled at us, and sounds of more Germans coming up from behind them. Fighting seemed out of the question, so I shouted out, 'All right; I will collect my men,' and walked towards them. Luckily they had refrained from firing, thinking probably, as I did, that the German officer was arranging to surrender. I told them we must run like hell back to the trench, and ordered my corporal to fire a round to warn the company digging. So we turned round and ran as hard as the heavy ground would let us. Only two men were hit, and we got them in afterwards. The Germans came rolling on—enormous men they looked—but they, in their turn, got a nasty surprise, because, although my company was taken too much by surprise to be able to fire effectively, C was on higher ground on our right, and by excellent shooting stopped them dead; only a few got into the wood and never got out. The second captain of my company, Y—— (killed the next day, and the greatest loss we could possibly have suffered) accounted for four of them. He and another officer with an orderly were wandering about just inside the wood looking for the company on our left, when four Germans suddenly rushed towards them. They fired from the hip—a typically German habit—and by pure chance shot the orderly's rifle out of his hands. Y——, who was one of the crack revolver shots of the army, killed all four with his revolver, the last at about 12 yards range. I examined them all; they were all shot in the chest or stomach and stone-dead. About the coolest piece of shooting imaginable. Y——'s death was a real tragedy.

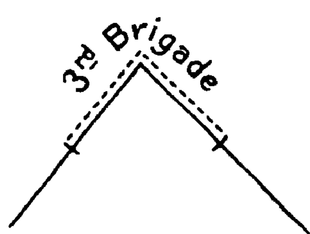
Later in the day we left the edge ot the wood and lay out in the open further up the hill. We tried to stay on the top, but were blown out by guns we could see firing at us. Without pick and shovel to dig ourselves in with, we could not even stay where we were. The men scooped some sort of shelter with their regulation entrenching tools, but officers did not carry them, and we dug with our hands. Poor Y—— was ploughing with his hands, and had just sat up to draw attention to his successful effort, when he was shot through the back, the bullet piercing his lungs, and he just coughed himself to death. We could do nothing for him: to stand, or even kneel, for a second was practically suicide. The bullet that killed him appeared to come from such close range that I had a quick glance over the top and saw a group of six German corpses. The next morning I said to one of my men—'Tiger Smith' we called him, a regimental boxer, and a man who feared nothing—that I believed one of the corpses had moved an arm. That night Smith walked out alone to those corpses and kicked

up a large healthy Prussian and brought him in. I told him to take him back to Battalion Headquarters, but a shot in the wood behind made me rather doubtful if he ever got his prisoner so far, and I thought it diplomatic not to ask too many questions. (This Prussian must have been a very gallant man, and, no doubt, attacked Smith with his fists or tried to bolt, preferring death to capture.) We were driven back into the wood once more by very accurate shrapnel fire (one pellet laid my ankle bone open and numbed my leg, and I thought it had been blown off), but we collected picks and shovels and resumed our old place on the hill, some fifty yards below the crest, and dug ourselves into deep holes in record time. When darkness came we linked these holes up and thus completed a trench line which we were destined to hold for a considerable time without Véry lights, barbed wire, or much support from our guns, which were now very short of ammunition. Every night the Germans made determined attacks. The weather was atrocious: we had no cover; some men had waterproof sheets, which they made capes of; some had picked up Burberrys; some had nothing at all, and it got very chilly in the early morning. Our greatest danger was the shortage of rifle oil. During one night attack in pouring rain all the rifles of my platoon jammed. We had been ordered to construct overhead cover, and had done this by laying rafters of small trees across the trench, branches on top of them and earth on top of the lot. Earth, water and mud were therefore always coming through; our vision was narrowed, and the use of the bayonet was out of the question. So when the rifles jammed, and the Germans were coming nearer and nearer, preceding each attack by heavy rifle fire, we got out of the trench and lined up behind, using the overhead cover construction as a parapet. I suppose our sudden silence or the 'smell' of cold steel frightened the enemy, because they soon ceased advancing, and, to our great relief, their firing gradually died away. I know in my next letter home I asked for tubes of vaseline or some tins of Rangoon oil before anything else.

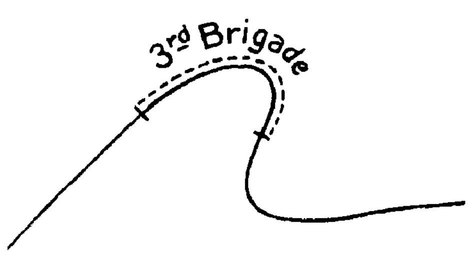
We were eventually withdrawn from our advanced and dangerous position by a piece of luck. I was ordered back a few nights later with the R.S.M. to meet and guide a draft coming to join the battalion. I had been about fourteen days in the bowels of the earth, no chance of washing, shaving or sleeping, and was so stiff that I could hardly walk, and my eyes were so strained from constant gazing into the darkness that I thought I should lose my sight.

It was a pouring wet night when the R.S.M. and I went off to meet the draft, and blowing hard. I had very vague ideas of where to meet it, and now forget the name of the place. After wandering about a long time and not knowing quite if we were behind

the British lines or in front of them, we came to a house with a faint green lamp hung up outside. I went in and found it was Divisional Headquarters. I must have been something of an apparition—a Balaclava cap, hair, eyes and ears caked in mud, half a beard, and my right puttee off and boot cut open because of my sore ankle. There were several very smart staff officers inside, sitting round a table drinking port. A large fire was burning in the grate. They were most awfully good to us, and the port was excellent. They asked me who I was, my regiment, where I had come from, and what for, etc. As soon as I said my regiment was the South Wales Borderers they seemed greatly interested, and said the General must see me at once. I was, therefore, immediately ushered into a smaller room, where I found General Lomax and one or two senior officers of the staff examining a large map. The General asked me to place my finger as near as possible on the spot I had come from. I did so, and at once evolved great excitement. I gathered that we were in quite the wrong place, and the whole Third Brigade in the utmost danger and unless withdrawn that very night, it would most probably be entirely cut off. It appeared that we were at the extreme point of an inverted *V*, and even worse than that, because one side of the *V* was badly broken into, and if the other side had to give a little ground we should disappear. I suggested to the General that we were like this :



whereupon he took the pencil, and said : ' No, it's more like this,'



and drew rather a startling picture.

He then said that I was to go back with a staff officer, who would give instructions for our withdrawal at once. I told him of our very miserable plight, and how we were beating off attacks

by day and night, and the appalling conditions—just waterlogged holes. He was most genuinely sympathetic, and got up and shook my hand before I left. I saw the shell fall on his headquarters at, I think, Hooge Château, in the first Battle of Ypres, which killed most of the staff, the General succumbing to his wounds later on. The R.S.M. and I went back to our regiment in a Vauxhall landaulette. The staff officer went to Brigade Headquarters, where instructions were sent to commanding officers. I fell in with the headquarters of the Gloucesters, who very kindly gave me a berth in a most comfortable barn, and sent a messenger to tell my colonel where I was. At daylight the Brigade withdrew, and we got into line with the rest of the Division.

My regiment occupied a group of quarries, and I had an argument with a senior captain over one of them which I had been told to occupy. I had to give way to seniority, and, as fate would have it, the senior captain, his two subaltern officers, and nearly his whole company were shot down later on by a surprise night attack, when the Germans managed to get a machine gun up a woody salient and fire point-blank into the quarry. With a relief, a few changes of position, and leading a much more peaceful life, we remained in this vicinity until the French relieved us, and we departed for Belgium.

H. M. B. SALMON.

THE CULT OF PESSIMISM

BRAVE men, we are told, lived before Agamemnon; and frogs undoubtedly croaked before Aristophanes immortalised their chorus of Breke-koax-koax-koax. The log that Noah kept in the Ark has, unfortunately, not come down to us. But we may conjecture that it was enlivened with a few scathing remarks on the part of the ladies concerning the discomforts of the voyage, regrets for the delightful world now, alas, engulfed by the flood, and misgivings about the dull and dreary existence which lay before them. Certainly it was the male members of the crew that sailed this floating menagerie who originated the phrase current in the British Navy from its earliest times until this day that the service is going to the devil. The Israelites in the wilderness sighed grievously for the fleshpots of Egypt, while the prospect of unlimited milk and honey in the Promised Land soon ceased to intrigue the weary sojourners in the desert. Indeed, they were not in what Voltaire styled '*ce meilleur des mondes possibles.*' From Hebrew prophet to Max Nordau the pale cast of thought has centred on the glories of the past, the degradation of the present, and despair for the future. There were always 'giants in those days.' Nestor boasts to Achilles and his brothers in arms that in times past he had lived with men abler in counsel, greater in every way, than themselves, such as Pirithous and Dryas, with whom no mortal living in these degenerate days would dare to engage in combat.

κείνοισι δ'ἂν οὔ τις
τῶν οἳ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι μαχέοιτο.

Once, indeed, we learn from Homer that 'the smallest worm will turn being trodden on'; and the flow of depreciation, for the most part accepted without challenge, provoked from the youth of the day the sharp rejoinder that we are greatly better than our fathers.

ἡμεῖς δὴ πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

Elijah was easily convinced that all the children of Israel had gone astray, that all the prophets had been slain by the sword, and he, only he, was left. In his case the correction was promptly

supplied. There were left 7000 in Israel, all the knees which had not bowed down to Baal and every mouth which had not kissed him. Other travellers in the Slough of Despond have not been so fortunate. It has been for posterity to discover that the croaking was, after all, much ado about nothing. Cassandra's lugubrious predictions of ruin on ruin, rout on rout, confusion worse confounded, though destined to find no credence, were but too exactly fulfilled. The moral which the tradition is frequently used to point is that prophecies of evil should be readily believed. 'Remember Cassandra,' they tell us, 'and how her words were scorned, but yet came true. Take warning from this.' A strange logic to argue thus from the less to the greater, from the particular to the general. We may find in many countries and various ages countless melancholy prophecies which subsequent history has triumphantly falsified.

Fame, Milton assures us, is the last infirmity of noble minds. Did he, perhaps, mean the fame of every century but this, every country but his own? To defame the present seems to afford unqualified enjoyment to many minds, some of which have indeed been noble. Perhaps David went to the extreme of extremes in his denunciations of the world in which he lived. The Lord looked down from heaven, he insists, to see if there were any that would understand, and seek after God; but they were all gone out of the way, they were altogether become abominable; there was none that doeth good, no not one. Remarkable words these from a man whose own record was not exactly immaculate. Of Jeremiah's voluminous lucubrations this is a mild specimen: 'The land mourned and the herbs of every field withered for the wickedness of them that dwelt therein; the beasts were consumed, and the birds.' The *rôle* of Jeremiah is an easy one in any land, and at any time. Lucretius and Juvenal found it so. Did not Carlyle achieve greatness by ingenious manipulations of the same theme? The sage Diogenes is chiefly remembered as the man who carried a lantern in broad daylight through the streets of Athens in a vain search for an honest man. In the face of jeremiad vituperations, one is irresistibly reminded of Lord Palmerston, who, when his colleagues were wasting time in hurling invectives broadcast, said: 'Gentlemen, let us assume that everyone and everything is damned, and then get to business.' What country lacks its golden age, its good old times? To the fantastic mind of the Hindoo the existing era is the Kali Yug, the evil age, in contrast with the palmy days of an inconceivably remote past, when the children of Indra and Bhawani possessed the land, and everyone was prosperous and happy.

Virgil, Dante's adored guide, Dryden's poet who surpassed in majesty, Tennyson's loved Mantovano, lord of language,

> Wielder of the stateliest measure
> Ever moulded by the lips of man,

who sang with enthusiastic inspiration the early beginnings of Rome and foretold her coming greatness:

> Hinc populum late regem belloque superbum,

even Virgil fell into the morbid rut of pessimism. True, when he wrote, shortly after the murder ot Julius Cæsar, the Republic was in the throes of dissolution, and in the grip of a protracted civil war. Was this the end of Rome's glory? Did Virgil's faith in the destiny of his country fail him? The coming event of the great Roman Empire seems to have cast no shadow before in the poet's mind. He might pray the gods of his country, Romulus and Vesta, not to hinder the youthful Octavian from remedying the miseries of this distracted age. But it is a half-hearted hope. He is overwhelmed with gloom, sunk in despair. Right and wrong have been reversed; new phases of crime appear day by day. Agriculture is ruined, the men torn from their homes, and the fields left to moulder. He can look forward to nothing that is good.

> Omnia fatis
> In pejus ruere ac retro sublapsa referri.

War, foreign and internecine, rules the land.

> Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum;
> Vicinæ ruptis inter se legibus urbes
> Arma ferunt; sævit toto Mars impius orbe.

And all this on the very eve of the birth of the vast Empire!

Horace, snapper up of unconsidered trifles which his magic art wove into the most exquisite of lyrics, staunch patriot, devout worshipper of the gods, who could rise to the highest heights, who wrote in letters of blood and fire the magnificent story of Regulus author of the deathless *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*, poet soldier, farmer, *persona grata* at court, but who preferred his Sabine farm to the

> Fumum et opem strepitumque Romæ,

could not avoid the mire of despondency, or resist the temptation of prophesying evil. Gone, he tells us, was the bold peasantry, the hardy soldier-breed who had fought Pyrrhus and Hannibal, and who, their military service completed, returned home to hew the tree and plough the field. Our fathers had sunk from their fathers' level; we were more debased, and our children would be baser still.

> Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
> Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
> Nos nequiores, mox daturos
> Progeniem vitiosiorem.

The contemporaries of William Shakespeare, the famous actor-manager of the Globe Theatre, entertained no doubt that he was the creator of the plays that bear his name. A later cult ascribes them to Bacon. Each individual is entitled to his own opinion on this knotty point. The supporters of either view will continue to weigh the arguments *pro* and *con* in accordance with their own predilections. Whether the actual author be

> Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> [who] Warbles his native wood-notes wild,

or Bacon,

> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind,

we possess in the plays an unrivalled national treasure. In the more restricted sense of the word, Shakespeare (if we may call him so) was not a dramatist. The unities of the drama were ignored by him. His plots are not always convincing. What compels our unbounded admiration is the loftiness and majesty of his lines and his marvellous insight into human nature. He grasps the motives of men and women, and lays them bare in a lightning flash; he appeals to the heart rather than to the head. With all this, his exalted patriotism, his sturdy common sense, have almost always saved him from the pessimism into which the Roman poets fell. In *King John* and *Henry VI.* there was room enough for the darkest forebodings of future national calamity. But he steers clear of these shoals. Once in *Richard II.* for a moment he gives way. After John of Gaunt's magnificent peroration on this royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle, he strikes the minor key, when Gaunt exclaims:

> This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
> Dear for her reputation through the world,
> Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
> Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
> England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
> Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
> With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
> That England, that was wont to conquer others,
> Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
> Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
> How happy then were my ensuing death.

And yet, if time-honoured Lancaster could have lived to see the achievements of Henry V. and the greatness of England under Elizabeth, he might have seen reason to withdraw this desperate lament for the evils which to him darkened the present and obscured the future.

It would be easy to multiply instances of this morbid self-depreciation, this insistence that if previous cries of Ichabod had

been but a vain clashing of cymbals, yet each new concatenation of circumstances represented the real handwriting on the wall, the final "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,*" that springs up from generation to generation. But space forbids. There were always men of light and leading who were convinced not that England was on the verge of ruin, but that she was actually plunged into the abyss. "*Troja fuit,*" but England survives. I will pass on to the eighteenth century. Looking back from this distance of time on the fierce storms, the wild tornadoes and hurricanes, of that tempestuous period, we can weigh in their due proportion the buffets and rewards that fortune then distributed. The enormous growth, the preponderating influence, the far-flowing ascendency of England, these are the outstanding features of the picture that rivet our attention. It was not nothing that the century commenced with the union of England and Scotland and the birth of Great Britain, not nothing that the two Stuart invasions were quelled. France's dream of a world-wide empire in Europe, America and Asia was rudely broken. We can lift up our hearts when we picture to ourselves Hawke on a gloomy November evening, reckless of rocks and shoals, pursuing the French fleet under Conflans into Quiberon Bay, and leaving their shattered ships of the line to rust and moulder away on the beach:

> For England was England and a mighty brood she bore
> When Hawke came swooping from the West.

Do not our hearts burn within us when we think of Wolfe's exploit at Quebec, which transferred Canada from the French to the English flag, and Clive's victories in the East, which decided that England, and not France, should possess India? A boastful Frenchman, holding forth to an Englishman in India a few years ago, laid stress on the fact that everywhere the English had merely followed the French. 'Why,' said the Frenchman in conclusion, 'we showed you the way into India.' 'Certainly, Monsieur,' was the reply, 'but you must admit that we showed you the way out.' Duncan at Camperdown and Nelson at Aboukir Bay, and a few other men at a few other places, illume the eighteenth century. True, we lost Minorca, and the loss was felt acutely by the people. A blow to our national pride, it had no lasting or even serious effect on the issue of events. Also the American colonies. Their independence in the fulness of time was inevitable. It is unimaginable that the vast country of the United States, as it now exists, could even nominally be subject to any outside ruler. Nevertheless, the parting of the ways was a rough and disagreeable process that has left unpleasant memories behind it. Needless to say, the downfall of England was foretold, as it has been foretold countless times before and after; but it was after the separation, and not before, that the giant acquired his full strength.

Throughout the fluctuations of this marvellous century there was of course the usual crowd of croakers, pamphleteers, libellers, caricaturists and lampoonists, who gloried in the imaginary shame of their country. One of these scribblers is damned in some degree to everlasting fame. A man named Brown, in a book which he entitled *Brown's Estimate*, convinced the οἱ πολλοί, only too willing to be convinced, that we were a race of cowards and scoundrels, that nothing could save the country from irretrievable disaster, and that the ruin before us was richly deserved. These stormy petrels need not trouble us. *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.* But many of the foremost men in England, highly placed statesmen, men of affairs, leaders of public opinion, and men of letters, were ready, nay, eager, to proclaim that to contend with the power of France was a hopeless task, ready to exclaim with Belarius that the game was up, assert that the wearied Titan could do no more, and insist that our sun had set for good and all.

> Impiaque æternum timuerunt sæcula noctem.

Listen to the Earl of Chesterfield: 'We are undone both at home and abroad: at home by our increasing debt and expenses, abroad by our ill luck and ill capacity. The French [1759] are masters to do what they please in America. We are *no longer a nation*. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect.' Thus Chesterfield, who had been one of the King's principal secretaries of state, deemed a man of shrewd and solid observation, notwithstanding his letters to his natural son on meticulous points of etiquette and the art of seduction made easy. It seems impossible. ''Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'

What says Edmund Burke, the virile opponent of a regicide peace, determined supporter of the war with France, famed for his eloquence, political knowledge, strength of character, and pure patriotism, for fierce but too often misplaced zeal, for his fanatical and vindictive persecution rather than prosecution of Hastings, for his intemperate notions of honesty? How did the kaleidoscopic drama present itself to this many-sided mind? If he did not rival Chesterfield, he did his best to emulate him. Pessimism mingled with vituperation permeates his speeches and writings. *Ex uno discitis omnes.*

'The hour of Great Britain's final degradation is not yet come.' Evidently it was not far off.

Let us turn to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum,

a man of immense faults which, balanced with his greatness, sink into insignificance. To him we can apply Cowper's aphorism on England, and say: 'Chatham, with all thy faults, I love thee yet.' We can by no means always follow Macaulay, but we shall not go

far wrong in accepting his estimate of Pitt: 'The ardour of his soul had set the whole kingdom on fire. It inflamed every soldier who dragged the cannon up the heights of Quebec, who boarded the French ships amongst the rocks of Brittany.' 'He was the first Englishman of his time; and he had made England the first country in the world.' The Great Commoner bestrode the narrow world like a Colossus; but even Homer, it is said, sometimes nods. There were occasions when Pitt's haughty spirit sank into despondency, and he could hardly bear to face the future. It is difficult to credit it, but we have the unimpeachable testimony of his own confidential writings. The people had responded to his clarion call with magnificent enthusiasm; they had placed the national resources in men and money unstintedly at his disposal. And yet he could permit himself to stigmatise them as degenerates, and actually feared to let them have knowledge of disaster.

The day is come [he says in a most confidential document (1757)] when the very inadequate benefits of the Treaty of Utrecht, the indelible reproach of the last generation, are become the necessary but the almost unattainable wish of the present, when the Empire [1] is no more, the ports of the Netherlands betrayed, the Dutch Barrier Treaty an empty sound, Minorca, and with it the Mediterranean, lost, and America itself precarious.

This is stiff enough, but merely introductory to what follows. Incidentally, Pitt was wrong on a point of fact. The loss of Minorca did not mean the loss of the Mediterranean. The flag of England, though not unchallenged, continued to fly proudly on that great sea.

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena doloris? [wrote Pitt on the news of Byng's retreat from Minorca]. I dread to hear of America. Asia may perhaps furnish its portion of ignominy and calamity.

Now follows the nadir of Pitt's depression. In September 1757 he wrote to his wife: 'Most calamitous news this night. Holburne's fleet is ruined by a hurricane off Cape Breton. *This matter must yet be unspoken of.* I fear we do not stand in the smile of Heaven. May a *degenerate people* profit in the school of misfortune.' This from Pitt! *Et tu!*

Two other writers of the foremost eminence who belonged to this memorable century were oppressed with deep forebodings. The loved and loving Oliver Goldsmith, tender, pathetic, humorous author of the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*, who, in contrast with the prevailing fashion, which concentrated on high life in London, gave us vivid pictures of villagers, farmers, and poor country clergymen, expressed alarming views on the condition of the rural population. The rich might, indeed, grow richer, but that could

[1] The so-called Holy Roman Empire. Voltaire said that it was not holy, not Roman, and not an empire.

not save the country from its approaching downfall, and preserve the agriculturist, the backbone of England.

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
> Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied.

Dr. Johnson's ponderous volumes have long since been interred with his bones, but his conversation lives after him. An intimate and familiar figure with us until this day, he rivets our attention without commanding our admiration. Regarded by his contemporaries as a giant among literary men, he generously assisted Goldsmith in his career; and he did for Goldsmith what Goldsmith had done for Thomas Moss. Moss wrote the line

> A livery servant drove me from the door.

Goldsmith strengthened this by substituting the phrase that is yet in our ears—'a pampered menial.' In like manner Johnson, veteran Tory, improved upon Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* with the line

> Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay.

Johnson is impatient of any leisurely retrocession; the predicted ruin is to be accomplished without delay.

The end of this prodigious century found us engaged in the most stupendous struggle with a foreign Power that our island history ever experienced until August 1914 held our breath. If there were croakers in the seven years' war they croaked as gently as any sucking dove in comparison with their successors in the twenty-two years' conflict with Napoleon and the succeeding decades. The country was ruined, ruined, ruined. Its best blood had been spilt, its treasure wasted, in a hopeless task, and nothing remained but to make the best terms we could. Yet the country did not make terms; and, in spite of the croakers, the end of the titanic struggle was St. Helena. There is still an England.

In the whirl and welter of this war and upheaval there flashed a meteor. Before he was twenty-four Byron woke up to find himself famous. His illuminating genius threw its piercing searchlight on all the high and on all the dark places of the earth. Nothing escaped his penetrating vision. No Church was too sacred, no institution too exalted, no statesman too venerated or loved, to escape the arrows of his scorn, the bolts of his satire. A rebel against religion, contemptuous of family or country, defying the accepted canons of society, he was yet the spoilt child of his family, his country and society. His country adored him, and society pressed on him a warmer welcome than he seemed to

appreciate. No poet enjoyed such popularity in his lifetime. With all this he was a burning patriot—for enslaved Greece. In his glorious poem *The Isles of Greece,* he apostrophises that unhappy land as ' my country.' For Greece he feels ' a patriot's shame ' ; the heroes of Thermopylæ are a ' remnant of our Spartan dead.' To achieve freedom for Greece he gave his life, dying at Missalonghi, perhaps *felix opportunitate mortis.* But his own country ? In his view England is sunken in decay ; her former fame and worth are vanished, and she is rushing upon ruin, to perish hopeless and abhorred, deep in ruin as in guilt. This some years after St. Helena :

> I've no great cause to love that spot of earth
> Which holds what might have been the noblest nation ;
> But though I owe it little but my birth
> I feel a mixed regret and admiration
> For its decaying fame and former worth,
> Seven years (the usual term of transportation)
> Of absence lay one's old resentments level
> When a man's country's going to the devil.

Over and above blackguarding one's own country there is a wide-spread temptation to which many men and women have taken a pride of yielding. The former weakness is possibly intelligible even when inexcusable, but where the satisfaction lies in proclaiming that we are the object of hatred and contempt to other nations it is impossible to comprehend. But Byron revels in this singularly distasteful form of amusement. He rubs it in like Sophocles in his *Electra*

> παρουσίαν μεν οἶισθα καί σύ ποῦ φίλων
> ὡς ὄυτις ἡμῖν 'εστιν.

> Alas, could she but fully truly know
> How her great name is now throughout abhorred ,
> How eager all the earth is for the blow
> Which shall lay bare her bosom to the sword ;
> How all the nations deem her their worst foe,
> That worse than worst of foes, the once adored,
> False friend who held out freedom to mankind,
> And now would chain them to the very mind.

Just one more of these poets, this time a poet laureate. Southey wrote prose as well as verse, and his poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling may be responsible for his utterances in prose. In two volumes of *Colloquies* he holds forth on the ' Progress and Prospects of Society.' To adapt a coarse verdict once given on the manners and customs of a certain people, Southey's view, when condensed, comes to this : progress none, prospects beastly. The country is hastening to destruction. There is nothing but deterioration before it, unless indeed the Supreme Being interferes to prevent causes from producing their natural effect.

Pace the poets, England has survived. But if poets have

prophesied falsely, perhaps commercial magnates may be better qualified to answer Pilate's sarcastic question, 'What is truth?'

Cobden, in 1860, wrote thus about our Indian empire: 'I look on our rule in India as a whole with the eye of despair. The English people in Parliament have undertaken to be responsible for governing 150 millions despotically in India. [Cobden underestimated the population.] They have adopted the principle of a military despotism, and I have no faith in such an undertaking being anything but a calamity, and a curse on the people of England. We shall suffer all kinds of *trouble, loss and disgrace*. Every year will witness an increased drain of men and money to meet the loss entailed upon us. It is from an abiding conviction in my mind that we have entered upon an impossible and hopeless career in India that I can never bring my mind to take an interest in the details of its government.'

I cannot pause to rebut the preposterous errors of fact with which this pronouncement bristles. But Cobden was not as Daggerwood in *New Hay at the Old Market*, who boasted that he had a soul above buttons. To reject the imperial task of reducing chaos to order in a distracted country, to belittle the glory of raising India to a height of unprecedented prosperity, but to enable Lancashire cotton spinners to pile up enormous fortunes by clothing the people of India with the products of their looms, this was the policy that appealed to Cobden and Bright.

The decade that succeeded the close of the long Napoleonic war is a mirror that exactly reflects the present scenario of our country. There is no need to say, 'Look here upon this picture and on this.' The one covers both. The newspapers of a century or so ago teem with references to the prevailing distress. Then, as now, the country had emerged victorious from a war of unprecedented magnitude. It had exhausted itself in the prosecution of a life-and-death struggle of which no one during its continuance could with certainty foretell the ending. The nation's manhood, its accumulated resources, its future credit, had been unstintedly, recklessly, given and used. The limit of endurance had been well-nigh reached. For years the energies of the people, which should have been devoted to the arts and crafts and the various processes of production, had been employed in nothing but destruction. Was it peace or a solitude that had followed on the clash of arms? Not only our own country, but all, were prostrate, gasping. And by the irony of fate it was not the enemy whom we had crushed, but we ourselves, the victors, *clari giganteo triumpho*, who had to pay the cost. The burden seemed greater than we could bear. A load of debt whose total seemed so enormous that it ceased to convey any intelligible meaning beyond that of immensity overshadowed us. We had to think

in continents of arithmetical figures. A few hundred millions more or less mattered nothing. Even to pay the interest on these incalculable sums necessitated a taxation that a few years before would have been regarded as unimaginable. It strangled commercial enterprise; it lowered the standard of living; it caused widespread unemployment and misery, which in its turn necessitated the pernicious system of doles for workmen who otherwise would have starved. The taxes, moreover, were assessed unfairly, and were collected in a way that entailed a maximum of inconvenience. Who could ever have believed that our annual budget would have exceeded the total of the previous national debt? Newspapers a century ago and to-day bewail in identical terms the stagnation of trade, the hindrances to enterprise, the timidity of capital, the dearness of food, the recurrence of industrial strife, the decay of agriculture, the currency debased or changed from gold to paper, and with all this the country overflowing with abuse of a Government which was in great degree responsible for these evils, and unwilling or unable to provide any remedies. 'The session of Parliament is wearing away,' says *The Times* in April 1821, 'and not one act performed for the relief of those distresses which are stated to be so urgent, and the existence and severity of which no one denies.'

Agriculture was in the depths of depression, and the problem of rent and wages presented similar conditions in each century. 'Whence do the distresses of our working people proceed?' (*The Times*, September 25, 1821). 'The manufacturer has lost the custom of the farmer because the farmer is unable to pay his rent. The labourer gets inadequate wages from the farmer because the same farmer is unable to pay his rent.' The rent had not fallen with the price of wheat; therefore, continues *The Times*, ample reduction in rent of land was required throughout the country.

The need for drastic economy in public expenditure was proclaimed as insistently a century ago as now, and the *modus operandi* was on the same lines. Our fighting forces were dangerously reduced. *The Times* of August 2, 1821, chronicles a reduction in the army of 13,000 men, 'the necessity for which arises from the impoverished state of the country, and its inability to maintain the present rate of expenditure.' The ordnance department at Sheerness was broken up, officers and clerks being put on half-pay, while the foreman and workmen, some of whom had been between twenty and thirty years in that service, were discharged without a shilling. (Now, at all events, they would have been granted a pension or gratuity.) High sinecure appointments in other Government departments were left untouched, while numbers of the humbler low-paid employees were cast adrift.

The year 1817 is referred to again and again as the year of 'general ruin and disaster.' In *The Times* of March 24, 1817, the system of relief in force is condemned in the most emphatic terms. The poor laws aggravated and consummated the very worst evils that can befall a nation. Public money was wasted to indulge and pamper the profligate meanness of the idle. All sense of shame had been gradually destroyed in the people's breasts. The English labourer was degraded into a stubborn and thankless mendicant. The whole frame of society was vitiated. 'We exhibit the characteristics of a community threatened with dissolution of those first principles by which the homes and happiness of nations are upheld.' On March 27 *The Times* returns to the subject: 'In many parishes—nay, through entire districts—the land is deserted by its industrious occupants, from utter want of ability to pay the rates.'

If we were to believe all these prophets and seers, and accept their interminable tale of woe, England ought ere now to have been wiped off the map of the world. She would long ago have ceased to exist. Or there might have been a poor, miserable, degraded remnant, known only for its folly and its vices, surviving under the heavy heel of a foreign conqueror. And yet there is an England not altogether unsuccessful, not absolutely inglorious. From the terrible distresses of a century ago, in spite of all the croakers, she rose phœnix-like to unexampled prosperity in the great Victorian era. And, strange to say, in spite of our present discontents, England is now the envy of the world. She is the one and only nation that has taken upon herself the burden left by the world-war, the one nation that pays her way and balances her budget, that not only pays the interest on her enormous debt, but has actually repaid some portion of the principal. Other things she has done, the wisdom of which it is premature to judge of. They show, at all events, that England is not an inert lifeless log, but a living tree whose sap, though chilled by a terrible winter, is ready in due season to flow through every fibre of its being, and bring forth blossom and fruit in abundance.

The antidote to pessimism for us Englishmen is our own history. We are alive, and while we live we can, not faintly, but confidently, seize the larger hope, remembering Theocritus:

ἐλπίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀνέλπιστοι δὲ θανόντες.

E. C. Cox.

P.T.O.